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THE

ADVENTURES

OF

TELEMACHUS,

The Son of ULYSSES,

WRITTEN BY

The Archbiſhop of CAMBRAY:

A

NEW TRANSLATION.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS,

The Son of ULYSSES.

BOOK the THIRTEENTH.

The ARGUMENT.

Idomeneus relates to Mentor his confidence in Proteſilaus, and the artifices of this favourite, who had conſpired with Timocrates to deſtroy Philocles, and to betray Idomeneus himſelf. He owns, that being prejudiced by theſe two men againſt Philocles, he had ordered Timocrates to go and kill him in an expedition wherein he commanded his fleet; that Timocrates having failed in his attempt, Philocles had ſpared his life, and retired to the iſle of Samos, after having reſigned the command of the fleet to Polymenes, whom Idomeneus had appointed to ſucceed him by an order under his own hand; and that notwithſtanding Proteſilaus's treachery, he could not prevail on himſelf to part with him.

AND now the fame of Idomeneus's mild and gentle reign allures from all parts crouds of people who come to incorporate themſelves with his, and to ſeek their happineſs under ſo amiable a government. Already the fields, which had been ſo long over-run with thorns and brambles, promiſe rich harveſts and fruits till then unknown; the earth opens her boſom to the ploughſhare, and prepares her riches to recompenſe the huſbandman; hope dawns every where. Flocks of ſheep are

ſeen bounding on the graſs in the valleys and on the hills, and herds likewiſe of bulls and heifers that make the lofty mountains echo with their lowings: theſe cattle fattened the fields. Mentor found the means of procuring them; for he adviſed Idomeneus to make with the Peucetes, a neighbouring nation, an exchange of all the ſuperfluous things which were no longer ſuffered in Salentum, for theſe flocks and herds which the Salentines wanted.

At the ſame time the city and adjacent villages were full of lovely youths, who had long languiſhed in want, and had not dared to marry for fear of increaſing their miſeries. When they ſaw that Idomeneus entertained ſentiments of humanity, and was willing to be their father, they were no more apprehenſive of hunger, or any other plagues which heaven inflicts on the earth. Nothing was now heard but ſhouts of joy, and the ſongs of ſwains and huſbandmen celebrating their nuptials: inſomuch that one would have thought one had ſeen the god Pan with multitudes of Satyrs and Fauns interſperſed among the nymphs, and dancing to their tuneful flutes in the ſhade. All was ſerene and ſmiling; but their joys were moderate, and their pleaſures only a refreſhment after long fatigues, which quickened and made them the purer.

The old men, ſurpriſed to ſee what they durſt not hope for in the whole courſe of their long lives, wept through an exceſs of joy and love; and lifting up their trembling hands to heaven, O great Jupiter, ſaid they, bleſs the king who reſembles you, and is the choiceſt preſent you ever beſtowed upon us. He is born for the good of mankind; return him all the bleſſings we receive from him. Our children's children, deſcended from theſe marriages which he encourages, will owe every thing, even their very birth to him, and he will truly be the father of all his ſubjects. The lads and laſſes who married, expreſſed their raptures by ſinging the praiſes of the author of their raviſhing joys. Their

mouths, and their hearts ſtill more, were inceſſantly filled with his name; they thought themſelves happy in ſeeing, and were apprehenſive of loſing him; for every family would bitterly have bewailed his loſs.

Upon this, Idomeneus owned to Mentor that he had never felt ſo ſenſible a pleaſure as that of being beloved, and of making ſo many people happy. I could not have believed it, ſaid he; I thought that all the grandeur of princes conſiſted in making themſelves feared; that the reſt of mankind were born for them; and all I had heard of kings who were the darlings and delight of their people, ſeemed a meer fable to me: I am now convinced that it was truth. But I muſt inform you how my heart was poiſoned in my very infancy with regard to regal authority, which was the cauſe of all the misfortunes of my life. Hereupon Idomeneus began the following narration:

Proteſilaus, who is a little older than I, was of all the young men he whom I loved the moſt: his ſprightly daring temper hit my taſte. He entered into my pleaſures, he flattered my paſſions, and made me ſuſpicious of another young man, whoſe name was Philocles, whom I likewiſe loved. The latter feared the Gods, had a great ſoul, and commanded his paſſions; he placed greatneſs not in raiſing but in conquering himſelf, and in doing nothing mean. He often told me freely of my faults; and even when he durſt not ſpeak, his ſilence and the grief of his countenance gave me ſufficiently to underſtand what he meant to reproach me with.

At firſt his ſincerity pleaſed me. I often proteſted to him, that I would hear and confide in him as long as I lived, in order to be preſerved from flatterers. He told me all that I muſt do to tread in the ſteps of Minos, and to render my kingdom happy. He had not ſo profound a wiſdom as you, Mentor; but I now perceive that his maxims were good. By degrees the artifices of Proteſilaus, who was jealous and very ambitious, gave me a diſguſt of Philocles. The latter not being forward

or officious, ſuffered the other to get the aſcendant, and was contented with always telling me the truth, when I was willing to hear it; for it was my good, and not his own advancement that he ſought.

Proteſilaus inſenſibly perſuaded me that he was a perſon of a moroſe and haughty temper, who cenſured all my actions, and aſked nothing of me, becauſe his pride would not let him ſtoop to be obliged, and made him aſpire to the reputation of a man who is above all preferments. He added, That this young man who told me ſo freely of my failings, ſpoke of them as freely to others; that he let people ſee that he had very little eſteem for me; and that by thus leſſening my reputation, and by making a ſhew of an auſtere virtue, he ſought to open himſelf a way to the throne.

At firſt I could not believe that Philocles had any ſuch deſign; for there is in true virtue a certain candour and ingenuity which can neither be counterfeited nor miſtaken, provided we conſider it with attention. The perſeverance however of Philocles in condemning my weakneſſes began to tire me; and Proteſilaus's complaiſance and unwearied diligence in finding me new pleaſures, made me ſtill more impatiently bear with the auſterity of the other.

Mean time Proteſilaus, unable to brook my not crediting all his inſinuations againſt his rival, reſolved to ſpeak to me no more about him, but to convince me of their truth by ſomething ſtronger than words. He accompliſhed his deſign of deceiving me in the following manner. He adviſed me to ſend Philocles to command a fleet which was to attack that of Carpathus. In order to induce me to it, You know, ſaid he, that my commendations of him cannot be ſuſpected; I own that he has courage, and a genius for war; he will ſerve you better than any man, and I prefer your intereſt to all my reſentment againſt him.

I was extremely glad to find Proteſilaus's heart, to whom I had entruſted the adminiſtration of my moſt im-

portant affairs, ſo upright and juſt. I embraced him in a tranſport of joy, and thought myſelf exceedingly happy in having repoſed all my confidence in one who ſeemed ſo much above paſſion and ſelf-intereſt. But alas! how greatly are princes to be pitied! This man knew me better than I knew myſelf: he knew that kings are uſually ſuſpicious and indolent; ſuſpicious through their continual experience of the artifices of the corrupt perſons about them; and indolent, becauſe pleaſures tyrannize over them, and they are habituated to have others to think for them, without taking the trouble of it themſelves. He was ſenſible therefore that it would not be difficult for him to make me ſuſpicious and jealous of a man who would not fail to perform great actions, eſpecially as his abſence would give him all opportunities of ſpreading ſnares for him.

Philocles at his departure foreſaw what would befall him. Remember, ſaid he, that I ſhall no longer have it in my power to defend myſelf; that my adverſary only will have your ear; and that while I am ſerving you at the hazard of my life, I ſhall run the riſk of having no recompence but your diſpleaſure. You are miſtaken, ſaid I; Proteſilaus does not ſpeak of you as you do of him: he praiſes you, he eſteems you, he thinks you worthy of the moſt important employments. Should he offer to ſay any thing againſt you, he would loſe my confidence. Fear nothing, go your ways, and mind only to ſerve me well. He departed, and left me in a ſtrange ſituation.

I muſt confeſs, Mentor, that I plainly ſaw how neceſſary it was for me to have ſeveral perſons to conſult, and that nothing was more prejudicial either to my reputation or the proſperity of my affairs, than to give myſelf up to one only. I had experienced that the wiſe counſels of Philocles had ſaved me from ſeveral dangerous errors, into which Proteſilaus's haughtineſs would have made me fall. I clearly perceived that there was in Philocles a fund of probity and juſt principles, which

was not ſo viſible in Proteſilaus; but I had ſuffered the latter to aſſume a certain peremptory air, which I now could hardly reſiſt. I was tired with being continually between two men whom I could not reconcile; and in this irkſome ſituation was ſo weak as to chuſe rather to run the riſk of prejudicing my affairs, than not to enjoy my liberty. I durſt not even tell myſelf the ſhameful motive, of this reſolution; and yet this ſhameful motive, which I dared not diſcover, operated ſecretly in the bottom of my heart, and was the true ſpring of all my actions.

Philocles ſurpriſed the enemy, obtained a compleat victory, and was haſtening to return, in order to prevent the ill offices of which he was apprehenſive. But Proteſilaus, who had not yet had time to deceive me, wrote him word that I ordered him to make a deſcent on the iſle of Carpathus, to reap the fruits of his victory. And indeed he had perſuaded me that I might eaſily make a conqueſt of that iſland; but then he managed matters ſo, that Philocles wanted ſeveral things which were neceſſary to ſuch an enterpriſe, and tied him down to certain orders which occaſioned various diſappointments in the execution of it.

Mean while he made uſe of a very corrupt domeſtic of mine, who took notice of the minuteſt things, to give him an account of them; though they appeared ſeldom to ſee each other, and never to agree in any thing. This domeſtic, whoſe name was Timocrates, came one day to tell me as an important ſecret, that he had diſcovered a very dangerous affair. Philocles, ſaid he, deſigns to make uſe of your naval forces to render himſelf king of the iſland of Carpathus. The commanders of the troops are his creatures; all the ſoldiers are won over by his profuſe liberalities, and yet more by the pernicious licentiouſneſs in which he permits them to live. He is puffed up with his victory. Here is a letter he wrote to one of his friends about his project of making himſelf king, which it is impoſſible to doubt of after ſo evident a proof.

I read the latter, and it ſeemed to me to be Philocles's hand, which Proteſilaus and Timocrates had counterfeited with great exactneſs. This letter threw me into a ſtrange ſurpriſe. I read it again and again; and could not perſuade myſelf that it was written by Philocles, when I recalled to my troubled mind all the ſtrong proofs he had given me of his diſintereſtedneſs and integrity. And yet what could I do? How could I not credit a letter, in which I thought I certainly knew the hand-writing of Philocles?

When Timocrates ſaw that I could no longer withſtand his artifice, he puſhed it yet further. May I preſume, ſaid he, with ſome heſitation, to deſire you to take notice of one particular in this letter? Philocles tells his friend that he may talk in confidence with Proteſilaus concerning ſomething which he expreſſes only in a cypher: Proteſilaus is certainly engaged in the deſign of Philocles, and they are reconciled at your expence. You know that it was Porteſilaus who urged you to ſend Philocles againſt the Carpathians. He has lately ceaſed to ſpeak againſt him as he often did heretofore. On the contrary, he extolls him, he excuſes him on all occaſions: they for ſome time viſited each other with great civility. Without doubt Proteſilaus has concerted meaſures with Philocles to ſhare the conqueſt of Carpathus with him. You yourſelf know how he preſſed the undertaking of this enterpriſe contrary to all rules, and that he expoſes your naval forces to deſtruction, to gratify his ambition. Do you believe that he would be thus ſubſervient to that of Philocles, if there were ſtill a miſunderſtanding between them? No, no, there is no doubt but that they are cloſely united together to raiſe themſelves to an high pitch of power, and perhaps to ſubvert the very throne on which you yourſelf reign. In ſpeaking to you in this manner, I know that I expoſe myſelf to their reſentment, if, notwithſtanding my ſincere advice, you ſtill leave your authority in their hands. But no matter, provided I tell you the truth.

These last words of Timocrates made a deep impression upon me. I no longer doubted of the treason of Philocles, and mistrusted Protesilaus as his friend. Timocrates in the mean while was incessantly saying, If you wait till Philocles has conquered the isle of Carpathus, it will be too late to put a stop to his designs. Hasten therefore to make sure of him while you can. I was shocked at the deep dissimulation of men, and knew no longer in whom to confide; for having discovered Philocles's treachery, there was not a man on the earth whose virtue could cure me of my suspicions. I resolved to put the perfidious wretch to death as soon as possible; but I dreaded Protesilaus, and knew not what to do with regard to him: I was afraid to find him guilty, and afraid likewise to trust him.

At length I could not help telling him, in my confusion, that I was grown jealous of Philocles. He seemed surprised at it; he represented to me his upright and moderate conduct; he magnified his services; in a word, he did all that was necessary to convince me that he had too good an understanding with him. On the other side, Timocrates lost no opportunity to make me take notice of their friendship, and to induce me to destroy Philocles, while it was in my power to do it. See, my dearest Mentor, how unhappy kings are, and how liable to be made the tools even of those who seem to tremble at their feet.

I thought I should act a master-piece of policy, and disconcert the measures of Portesilaus, by privately sending Timocrates to the fleet to put Philocles to death. Protesilaus played the hypocrite to the last, and deceived me the more effectually, the more naturally he acted the part of one who is deceived himself. Timocrates departed, and found Philocles under great difficulties in his descent. He was in want of every thing; for Protesilaus, not knowing whether his forged letter would effect the ruin of his enemy, was willing to have another expedient ready at the same time, the miscarriage of

an enterprife of which he had given me very raiſed expectations, and could not fail to irritate me againſt Philocles. The latter ſuſtained this difficult war by his courage, capacity, and the love which the ſoldiers had for him. Though the whole army knew that this deſcent was raſh, and would be fatal to the Cretans, yet every one laboured as much to make it ſucceed, as if his life and happineſs depended on its ſucceſs: every one was contented hourly to hazard his life under a leader ſo wiſe and ſo intent on making himſelf beloved.

Timocrates had every thing to apprehend in attempting to diſpatch a general in the midſt of an army who ſo paſſionately loved him; but mad ambition is blind. Timocrates thought nothing difficult to gratify Proteſilaus, with whom he imagined he ſhould ſhare an abſolute dominion over me after the death of Philocles; and Proteſilaus could not bear a man of probity, whoſe very ſight was a ſecret reproach of his crimes, and who by opening my eyes might ruin all his projects.

Timocrates ſeduced two captains who were continually with Philocles; he promiſed them great rewards in my name, and then told Philocles that he came by my order to acquaint him with ſome ſecert affairs, which he was to communicate to him in the preſence of theſe two captains only. Whereupon Philocles having ſhut himſelf up with them, Timocrates ſtabbed him with a poniard, but it ſlipt aſide, and did not penetrate far. Philocles, with great compoſure of mind, wreſted it from him, and made uſe of it againſt him and the other two; and calling out at the ſame time, ſome ſoldiers ran to the door, broke it open, and diſengaged Philocles from the hands of the three aſſaſſins; who being confuſed, had made but a faint attack upon him. They were ſeized, and would have been torn in pieces by the enraged army, had not Philocles withheld them. He then took Timocrates aſide, and aſked him who had put him upon committing ſo black a deed. Timocrates, terrified with the apprehenſion of death, immediately ſhowed him

the order I had given him under my own hand to kill Philocles: and, as traytors are always cowards, endeavoured to ſave his life by diſcovering Proteſilaus's treachery.

Philocles, though he was ſhocked at finding ſo much malice in mankind, acted a very moderate part. He declared to the whole army that Timocrates was innocent; he provided for his ſafety, and ſent him back to Crete. He then reſigned the charge of the army to Polymenes, whom I had appointed, by an order written with my own hand, to command when Philocles ſhould be ſlain. And laſtly, having exhorted the ſoldiers to continue faithful in their allegiance to me, he went by night on board a ſmall bark, which carried him to the iſle of Samos, where he now lives in peace, poverty and ſolitude; making ſtatues to get his bread, and not caring to hear of falſe and unjuſt men, but eſpecially of kings, whom of all men he deems the blindeſt and moſt unhappy.

Here Mentor interrupted Idomeneus. Well, ſaid he, were you long in diſcovering the truth? No, replied Idomeneus: I perceived by degrees the artifices of Porteſilaus and Timocrates: they quarreled with each other, (for the wicked find it very difficult to continue united) and their diſſention plainly ſhewed me the deep abyſs into which they had plunged me. Well, anſwered Mentor, did you not reſolve to get rid of them both? Alas! replied Idomeneus, are you ignorant of the weakneſſes and difficulties which princes labour under? When they have once delivered themſelves up to corrupt and preſumptuous men, who have art enough to make themſelves neceſſary, they can no longer hope for the leaſt freedom. Thoſe whom they deſpiſe the moſt, are the very perſons whom they treat the beſt, and on whom they heap their favours. I abhorred Proteſilaus, and yet I continued him in his power. Strange illuſion! I was overjoyed that I knew him, and yet had not reſolution enough to reſume the authority I had given him. Beſides, I found him good-natured, complaiſant, induſtrious in flattering my paſſions, zealous for my intereſt;

in ſhort, I found reaſons to excuſe my weakneſs to myſelf, becauſe I was a ſtranger to true virtue, for want of chuſing men of probity to conduct my affairs. I thought that there were none on the earth, and that integrity was only a beautiful phantom. What ſignifies it, ſaid I, to make a great ſtir to get out of the hands of one corrupt man, only to fall into thoſe of another, who will not be more diſintereſted nor more ſincere than he? Mean time the fleet under the command of Polymenes returned. I thought no more of the conqueſt of the iſle of Carpathus, and Proteſilaus could not diſſemble ſo deeply, but that I diſcovered how vexed he was to hear that Philocles was ſafe in Samos.

Mentor interrupted Idomeneus in order to aſk him, If he continued, after ſo black a piece of treachery, to entruſt all his affairs to Proteſilaus. I was, replied Idomeneus, too averſe to buſineſs, and too ſupine to be able to get out of his hands; for I then muſt have diſconcerted the ſcheme I had laid down for my own eaſe, and have been at the trouble of inſtructing ſomebody elſe, which I had not reſolution enough to undertake: I rather choſe to ſhut my eyes, that I might not ſee Proteſilaus's artifices; and only eaſed my mind by letting ſome of my particular confidents know, that I was not a ſtranger to his villanies. Thus did I fancy that I was but half deceived, ſince I knew that I was deceived. Sometimes, however, I made Proteſilaus himſelf ſenſible that I bore his yoke with impatience; and often took a pleaſure in contradicting him, in publicly cenſuring ſome of his actions, and in determining contrary to his opinion; but as he knew my ſloth and ſupineneſs, he gave himſelf no concern about any diſcontent of mine. He obſtinately returned to the attack; ſometimes in an importunate, and ſometimes in a cringing and inſinuating way. And when he perceived that I was exaſperated againſt him, he then particularly doubled his diligence to furniſh new amuſements which were likely to molliſy or embark me in ſome affair, wherein he might have an

opportunity to render himſelf neceſſary, and to make the moſt of his zeal for my honour.

Though I was upon my guard againſt him, yet this way of ſoothing my paſſions always got the better of me. He knew my ſecrets; he eaſed me under my difficulties; he made every body tremble at my power. In ſhort, I could not reſolve to part with him; and, by maintaining him in his poſt, I put it out of the power of all honeſt men to ſhew me my true intereſt. From this time there was no freedom of ſpeech in my counſels; truth fled far from me, and error, which paves the way to the downfal of princes, was a judgment upon me for having ſacrificed Philocles to Proteſilaus's cruel ambition. Even they, who had moſt zeal for my perſon and the good of the ſtate, thought themſelves under no obligation to undeceive me, after ſo dreadful an example. I myſelf, my dear Mentor, was afraid leſt truth ſhould break through the cloud, and reach even to me, in ſpite of all my flatterers; for not having the reſolution to follow it, its light was troubleſome to me: and then I was conſcious that it would have occaſioned me the bittereſt compunction, and not have reſcued me from ſo unhappy a ſituation. My effeminacy, and the aſcendant which Proteſilaus had inſenſibly gained over me, plunged me into a kind of deſpair of ever recovering my liberty. I was unwilling to view my ſhameful condition myſelf, or to ſuffer others to do it. You know, my dear Mentor, the vain pride and falſe glory in which kings are bred up; they will never be in the wrong. To hide one fault they commit a hundred. Rather than own that they are miſtaken, and give themſelves the trouble of rectifying their errors, they ſuffer themſelves to be deluded all their lives long. Such is the condition of weak and indolent princes, and ſuch was mine preciſely, when I was obliged to go to the ſiege of Troy.

At my departure I left the management of my affairs to Proteſilaus, and he governed in my abſence with pride and inhumanity. The whole kingdom of Crete groan-

ed under his tyranny; but nobody durſt ſend me word of the oppreſſion of my people; knowing that I was afraid of ſeeing the truth, and that I gave up to Proteſilaus's cruelty all who ventured to ſpeak againſt him. But the more fearful people were of diſcovering the evil, the more violent it grew. He afterwards conſtrained me to diſmiſs the valiant Merion, who had attended me with great glory to the ſiege of Troy. He was grown jealous of him, as he was of all whom I loved, and who gave any proofs of virtue.

You muſt know, my dear Mentor, that this is the ſource of all my misfortunes. It was not ſo much my ſon's death that occaſioned the revolt of the Cretans, as the vengeance of the Gods, who were incenſed at my crimes, and the hatred of the people, which Proteſilaus had drawn upon me. When I ſhed my ſon's blood, the Cretans, tired of my rigorous government, had loſt all patience; and the horror of this laſt action only induced them to make a public diſcovery of what long ſince had been concealed in their hearts.

Timocrates attended me to the ſiege of Troy, and gave an account privately in his letters to Proteſilaus of all the diſcoveries he could make. I plainly perceived my thraldom, but endeavoured not to think of it, deſpairing of a remedy. When the Cretans revolted at my arrival, Proteſilaus and Timocrates were the firſt who fled. They would without doubt have deſerted me, had I not been conſtrained to fly almoſt as ſoon as they. Be aſſured, my dear Mentor, that men who are inſolent in proſperity, are always the moſt abject cowards in adverſity. Their heads turn as ſoon as abſolute power forſakes them; they become as cringing as they were proud, and paſs in a moment from one extreme to the other.

Mentor ſaid to Idomeneus, But whence comes it, as you ſo thoroughly know theſe two wicked men, that you ſtill keep them about you, as I ſee you do? I am not ſurpriſed at their following you, as they could do

nothing better for their own intereſt, and I think that you have done a generous action in affording them an azylum in your new ſettlement; but why do you deliver yourſelf up to them again after ſo many fatal trials?

You know not, anſwered Idomeneus, how uſeleſs all experience is to effeminate, ſupine, and unthinking princes. They are diſſatisfied with all things, and have not courage to redreſs any thing. So many years of familiarity were chains of iron which linked me to theſe two men, who beſet me every hour. Since I have been here, they have put me upon the exceſſive expences which you have ſeen; they have exhauſted this riſing ſtate; they have drawn this war upon me, which but for you I ſhould have ſunk under. I ſhould ſoon have experienced at Salentum the ſame misfortunes which I ſuffered in Crete; but you at length have opened my eyes, and inſpired me with the courage I wanted, to deliver myſelf from bondage. I know not what you have done to me; but ſince you have been here, I find myſelf quite another man.

Mentor then aſked Idomeneus, how Proteſilaus behaved in the preſent change of affairs. Nothing is more artful, replied Idomeneus, than his conduct ſince your arrival. At firſt he uſed all indirect methods to make me ſuſpicious. He himſelf, indeed, ſaid nothing againſt you, but ſeveral perſons came and told me that theſe two ſtrangers were much to be feared. One, ſaid they, is the ſon of the deceitful Ulyſſes; the other wears a diſguiſe, and has a deep head: they are uſed to wander from kingdom to kingdom, and who knows that they have not formed ſome deſign upon this? Theſe adventurers themſelves relate that they have cauſed great confuſions in the countries through which they have paſſed. Ours is an infant unſettled ſtate, and the leaſt commotions might overturn it.

Proteſilaus ſaid nothing, but he endeavoured to make me ſee the danger and extravagance of all the reformations which you made me undertake. My own intereſt

was the argument he made uſe of: if you let your ſubjects abound, ſaid he, they will work no longer, but grow proud, intractable, and be always ready to revolt. Nothing but weakneſs and poverty makes them pliable, and hinders them from reſiſting authority. He has often endeavoured to reſume his former aſcendant over me, covering it with a pretended zeal for my ſervice. By eaſing the people, ſaid he, you debaſe the royal power, and thereby do the people themſelves an irreparable injury; for it is neceſſary for their own quiet that they ſhould be kept humble.

To all this I anſwered, that I ſhould eaſily keep the people firm in their allegiance to me by making myſelf beloved by them; by remitting nothing of my authority, though I lightened their burden; by reſolutely puniſhing all offenders; by giving children a good education, and by being ſtrict in keeping all my ſubjects up to a plain, ſober, and laborious life. How! ſaid I, is it not poſſible to make people obedient without ſtarving them to death? What inhumanity! what brutal policy! how many nations do we ſee mildly governed, and yet loyal to their princes! that which cauſes rebellions, is the reſtleſs ambition of the grandees of a ſtate, when they are entruſted with too much power, and their paſſions ſuffered to ſtretch beyond bounds; it is the neglecting to puniſh the licentiouſneſs of other orders in the ſtate; it is the multitude of the great and the vulgar who live in luxury, in pomp and idleneſs; it is the too great number of military men, who have neglected all the employments which are uſeful in time of peace; in ſhort, it is the deſpair of the injured people; it is the cruelty and pride of princes, and their luxury, which makes them incapable of watching over the members of the ſtate, in order to prevent diſturbances: theſe are the cauſes of rebellions, and not the permitting the labourer to eat the bread in peace, which he has earned by the ſweat of his brows.

When Proteſilaus ſaw that I was immoveable in theſe

maxims, he took a courſe quite contrary to his former, and began to act agreeable to principles which he could not deſtroy; pretending to reliſh them, to be convinced of their truth, and to be obliged to me for having enlightened his underſtanding in theſe matters. He anticipates all my deſires to eaſe the poor, and is the firſt to repreſent their wants to me, and to cry out againſt extravagance. You yourſelf know that he praiſes you, that he pretends to repoſe a confidence in you, and does every thing to pleaſe you. As for Timocrates, he begins to loſe the good graces of Proteſilaus, having had thoughts of rendering himſelf independent. Proteſilaus is jealous of him, and it was partly by their differences that I diſcovered their perfidy.

Have you then, ſaid Mentor to Idomeneus with a ſmile, been ſo weak as to ſuffer yourſelf to be tyrannized over for ſo many years by two traytors, whoſe treaſons you knew! ah! you know not, replied Idomeneus, the aſcendant which artful men have over a weak and indolent prince, who gives up the management of his affairs to them. Beſides, I have told you already, that Proteſilaus now enters into all your ſchemes for the public good.

Mentor with a grave air proceeded thus: I but too plainly ſee how much the wicked prevail over the good in the courts of kings: you are a ſad example of it. But you ſay that I have opened your eyes as to Proteſilaus, and yet they are ſtill ſo far cloſed, as to leave the adminiſtration of your affairs to him, though he is not worthy to live. Know that the wicked are not incapable of doing good: they do that, or evil, indifferently, when it ſubſerves their ambition. They do themſelves no violence in committing evil, becauſe no ſentiment of goodneſs, nor no principle of virtue withholds them; neither is it any pain to them to do good, becauſe their depravity inclines them to do it in order to ſeem good, and thereby impoſe upon the reſt of mankind. Properly ſpeaking, they are incapable of virtue,

though they appear to practiſe it; but to the reſt of their vices they are capable of adding hypocriſy, the moſt deteſtable of all. As long as you are abſolutely determined to do good, Proteſilaus will be ready to do it alſo, in order to preſerve his authority; but if he finds you ever ſo little inclined to ſlacken, he will uſe all arts to make you relapſe into your errors, that he may be at liberty to reſume his fraudful and cruel diſpoſition. Can you live with honour and in peace, while ſuch an one is hourly about you, and you know that the wiſe, the faithful Philocles lives in poverty and diſgrace in the iſland of Samos?

You ingenuouſly acknowlege, Idomeneus, that bold and wily men who are preſent, have an abſolute aſcendant over weak princes; but you ought to add, that princes labour under another and no leſs an unhappineſs, the eaſily forgetting the virtue and ſervices of the abſent. The multitudes who ſurround princes, are the cauſe that no one makes a deep impreſſion upon them: they are ſtruck only with what is preſent, and flatters them; every thing elſe is ſoon effaced. Virtue eſpecially but ſlightly affects them, becauſe virtue, inſtead of flattering them, contradicts and condemns them for their follies. And is it any wonder that they are not beloved, ſince they love nothing but their grandeur and their pleaſures?

End of the thirteenth Book.

THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS,

The Son of ULYSSES.

BOOK the FOURTEENTH.

The ARGUMENT.

Mentor prevails on Idomeneus to ſend Proteſilaus and Timocrates to the iſle of Samos, and to recall Philocles, in order to replace him with honour near his perſon. Hegeſippus, who is charged with this commiſſion, executes it with joy. He arrives with theſe two men at Samos, where he finds his friend Philocles contentedly leading an indigent and ſolitary life. Philocles does not conſent without much reluctance to return to his countrymen; but when he knows that it is the pleaſure of the Gods, he embarks with Hegeſippus, and arrives at Salentum, where Idomeneus, who is no longer the ſame man, receives him in a friendly manner.

HAVING ſpoken theſe words, Mentor convinced Idomeneus that it was neceſſary to put away Proteſilaus and Timocrates, as ſoon as poſſible, and to recall Philocles. The only difficulty which with-held the king from it, was his apprehenſion of the ſeverity of Philocles. I own, ſaid he, that I cannot help being a little apprehenſive of his return, though I love and eſteem him. I have from my earlieſt youth been accuſtomed to praiſes, to an officiouſneſs and complaiſance which I cannot hope to find in Philocles. Whenever I did

any thing which he diſliked, his gloomy looks ſufficiently ſhewed that he condemned me; and when he was in private with me, his manners, though reſpectful and decent, were rough and auſtere.

Do you not obſerve, anſwered Mentor, that princes who are corrupted by flattery, think every thing rough and auſtere which is free and ingenuous? Nay, they go ſo far as to imagine that a man is not zealous for their ſervice, and is an enemy to their authority, who has not a ſlaviſh ſoul, and is not apt to flatter them in an unrighteous uſe of their power. All freedom and generoſity of ſpeech appears to them inſolent, cenſorious, and ſeditious. They are ſo delicate, that every thing which is not flattery, galls and provokes them. But let us go farther: ſuppoſing that Philocles is rough and auſtere, is not his auſterity more valuable than the pernicious adulation of your counſellors? Where will you find a man without failings? And is not the failing of telling you the truth too freely, that which you ought to apprehend the leaſt? Or rather, is it not a failing which is neceſſary to correct yours, and to overcome that antipathy to the truth which flattery has given you? You ſtand in need of a man who loves nothing but truth; who loves you more than you love yourſelf; who will tell you the truth whether you will or not, and force your intrenchments; and Philocles is this neceſſary man. Remember that a prince is exceedingly happy, if one ſuch generous perſon, who is the moſt precious treaſure of his kingdom, be born in his reign; and that the greateſt puniſhment which he has to apprehend from the Gods, is the loſing ſuch an one, if he renders himſelf unworthy of him for want of knowing how to make a proper uſe of him. As for the failings of men of virtue, you ſhould contrive means to know them, but ſhould not let them deprive you of their ſervice. Rectify them, but never give yourſelf blindly up to their indiſcreet zeal. Give them a favourable hearing, honour their virtue, let the public ſee that you know how to diſtinguiſh it; and a-

bove all, take care to be no longer what you have hitherto been. Princes who have been ſpoiled as you were, contenting themſelves with deſpiſing corrupt men, make no ſcruple to employ them, and to heap benefits upon them. On the other hand, they boaſt that they can diſtinguiſh men of virtue, but they give them only empty praiſes; not daring to truſt them with employments, nor to admit them into their familiarity, nor to beſtow favours upon them.

Hereupon Idomeneus ſaid, that he was aſhamed of having ſo long delayed to deliver oppreſt innocence, and to puniſh thoſe who had impoſed upon him. And Mentor had now no difficulty at all to determine the king to diſcard his favourite; for as ſoon as favourites are rendered ſuſpected and troubleſome to their maſter, the weary and embarraſſed prince ſeeks only to get rid of them. His friendſhip vaniſhes, ſervices are forgotten, and the fall of favourites gives him no pain at all, provided he ſees them no more.

The king immediately gave ſecret orders to Hegeſippus, who was one of the principal officers of his houſhold, to arreſt Proteſilaus and Timocrates, and to convey them in ſafety to the iſland of Samos; to leave them there, and to bring back Philocles from this place of his exile. Hegeſippus, ſurpriſed at this commiſſion, could not help weeping for joy. Now, ſaid he to the king, you are going to win the hearts of your ſubjects. Theſe two men have been the cauſe of all your misfortunes, and of all thoſe of your people. For theſe twenty years have all men of virtue groaned under them, and their tyranny was ſo cruel, that they hardly durſt to do that: they bear down all who attempt to come at you by any canal but theirs.

Hegeſippus then diſcovered to the king a great number of perfidious and inhuman actions committed by theſe two men, which had never come to Idomeneus's ear, becauſe no body durſt to accuſe them. He gave him an account likewiſe of his diſcovery of a ſecret con-

ſpiracy to deſtroy Mentor. The king ſhivered with horror at what he heard.

Hegeſippus haſtened to ſeize Proteſilaus in his houſe. It was not ſo large, but more commodious and pleaſanter than the king's. The architecture was in a better taſte, and Proteſilaus had embelliſhed it with the riches he had extracted out of the blood of the unfortunate. He happened at that time to be in a marble ſaloon near his baths, negligently lying on a purple couch embroidered with gold; he ſeemed weary and ſpent with his toils, and his eyes and brows diſcovered I know not what of trouble, of melancholy and wildneſs. The great officers of ſtate were ranged around him on carpets, adjuſting their faces to his, and obſervant even of the minuteſt glance of his eyes. His mouth was hardly open, when every body cried out with admiration of what he was going to ſay. One of the principal perſons of the company repeated to him with ridiculous exaggerations, what Proteſilaus himſelf had done for the king. Another aſſured him that Jupiter having deceived his mother had begotten him, and that he was the ſon of the father of the Gods. A poet came and ſung verſes to him, wherein he affirmed, that Proteſilaus, being taught by the muſes, had equalled Apollo himſelf in all the various works of wit. Another poet, yet more baſe and impudent, ſtyled him in his verſes the inventor of the polite arts, and the father of the people whom he rendered happy, and deſcribed him with the horn of plenty in his hand.

Proteſilaus heard all theſe praiſes with a cold, heedleſs, and ſcornful air, like a man who is very conſcious that he merits yet greater, and that he is too condeſcending in ſuffering himſelf to be praiſed. There was a flatterer who took the liberty to whiſper in his ear a ſarcaſm againſt the policy which Mentor was endeavouring to eſtabliſh. Proteſilaus ſmiled, and the whole aſſembly burſt out into a laugh, though it was impoſſible for the greater part of them to know what had been ſaid;

but Proteſilaus reſuming his ſevere and haughty air, every one was awed and ſilent again. Several of the nobles waited for the happy moment when Proteſilaus might condeſcend to come and hear them, and ſeemed anxious and confounded becauſe they had ſome favours to aſk of him. Their ſuppliant poſture ſpoke for them. They appeared as ſubmiſſive as a mother at the foot of the altar, imploring the Gods to reſtore her only ſon to health. All ſeemed pleaſed, and to love and admire Proteſilaus, though they harboured in their hearts an implacable enmity againſt him.

At this very inſtant Hegeſippus enters, ſeizes Proteſilaus's ſword, and tells him that he was going by the king's command to carry him to the iſland of Samos. At theſe words all Proteſilaus's arrogance fell like a looſened rock from the top of a ſteep mountain. Lo! he now throws himſelf quaking with fear at Hegeſippus's feet, he weeps, he faulters, he ſtammers, he trembles, he embraces the knees of a man whom an hour before he did not deign to honour with a look. All his flatterers ſeeing him ruined paſt redemption, changed their adulations into mercileſs inſults.

Hegeſippus would not allow him time either to take a laſt farewel of his family, or to fetch ſome private papers. Every thing was ſeized, and carried to the king. Timocrates being arreſted at the ſame time, was extremely ſurpriſed; for he imagined as he had quarrelled with Proteſilaus, that he could not be involved in his ruin. They depart in a bark which was got ready for them, and arrive at Samos, where Hegeſippus leaves theſe two wretches; and to fill up the meaſure of their misfortunes, he leaves them together. Here they furiouſly reproach each other with the crimes they had committed, and which were the cauſe of their fall; deſpairing of ever ſeeing Salentum again, and condemned to live far from their wives and their children; I do not ſay far from their friends, for they had none. The very men who had ſpent ſo many years in pomp and pleaſure, be-

ing now left in an unknown country, where they had no means of getting their bread but by their labour, were, like two wild beaſts, continually ready to tear each other in pieces.

Hegeſippus in the mean time enquired in what part of the iſland Philocles lived, and was told that it was on a mountain at a good diſtance from the city, where a cave ſerved him to dwell in. Every body ſpoke with admiration of this ſtranger. Since he has been in this iſland, ſaid they, he has offended no body. Every one admires his patience, his labour, and tranquillity of mind. Though he has nothing, he always ſeems ſatisfied; and though he lives here quite out of the way of buſineſs, deſtitute of money and without authority, yet he obliges all who deſerve it, and has a thouſand ingenious ways of doing good offices to all his neighbours.

Hegeſippus goes towards the cave, and finds it open and empty; for Philocles's poverty and ſimplicity of manners were ſo great that he had no occaſion to ſhut the door when he went out. A coarſe bulruſh-mat ſerved him for a bed. He ſeldom kindled a fire, becauſe he eat nothing dreſſed; living all the ſummer on freſh-gathered fruits, and on dates and dried figs in the winter; and ſlaking his thirſt at a fountain which poured in cryſtal ſheets from a rock. He had nothing in his cave but carving tools, and a few books which he read at ſet hours, not to embelliſh his wit or gratify his curioſity, but to inform his mind when he unbent it from labour, and to learn to be good. As for ſculpture, he applied himſelf to it only for the ſake of exerciſe, to avoid idleneſs, and to get his bread without being obliged to any body.

Hegeſippus, as he entered the cave, admired the ſtatues which Philocles had begun; particularly a Jupiter, whoſe ſerene countenance was ſo full of majeſty, that he was eaſily known to be the father of Gods and men. In another part was a Mars with a rugged, fierce and threatening aſpect. But what was moſt ſtriking, was a Minerva en-

couraging the arts; her countenance was ſoft and noble; her ſtature tall and eaſy, and her attitude ſo lively, that one would have thought ſhe was going to walk. Hegeſippus having viewed the ſtatues with pleaſure, went out of the grotto, and at a diſtance, under a large tree, beheld Philocles reading on the graſs; he goes towards him; Philocles ſees him, and knows not what to think. Is not that Hegeſippus, ſaid he to himſelf, with whom I ſo long lived in Crete? But what probability is there that he ſhould come to ſo remote an iſland? Or is it not rather his ghoſt returned ſince his death from the Stygian ſhore?

While he was thus doubting, Hegeſippus came ſo near him, that he could not but know and embrace him. Is it then you, ſaid he, my dear old friend? What chance, what tempeſt has thrown you on this ſhore? Why have you left the iſland of Crete? Is it ſuch a misfortune as mine, that tears you from our native country?

Hegeſippus anſwered, It is not a misfortune, but on the contrary the goodneſs of the Gods which brings me hither. He then related to him Proteſilaus's long tyranny, his intrigues with Timocrates, the evils into which he had plunged Idomeneus, the fall of that prince, his flight to the coaſts of Heſperia, the building of Salentum, the arrival of Mentor and Telemachus, the wiſe maxims which Mentor had inſtilled into the king's mind, and the diſgrace of the two traitors: he added, that he had brought them to Samos to ſuffer the baniſhment which they had cauſed Philocles to ſuffer; and concluded with ſaying, that he had orders to conduct him to Salentum, where the king, who was ſenſible of his innocence, would intruſt him with his affairs, and load him with riches.

Lo that cave, replied Philocles, properer to harbour wild beaſts than to be inhabited by men. I have there for many years taſted more comfort and peace of mind, than I ever did in the gilded palaces of the iſland of Crete. Men no longer deceive me; for I neither ſee them, nor

hear their flattering and poiſonous diſcourſe. I have no further need of them; for my hands, hardened to labour, eaſily furniſh me with the ſimple food which is neceſſary for me. A ſlight cloth, as you ſee, ſuffices to cover me. Having now no wants, and enjoying the utmoſt tranquillity and all the ſweets of liberty, which my books teach me how to make a good uſe of, what ſhould I go in queſt of among jealous, fraudful, and inconſtant men? No, no, my dear Hegeſippus, do not envy me my happineſs. Proteſilaus, by endeavouring to betray the king and to deſtroy me, has betrayed himſelf, and done me no harm at all: on the contrary, he has done me the greateſt good; he has delivered me from the hurry and ſlavery of public affairs, and to him I am indebted for my dear ſolitude, and all the innocent pleaſures I here enjoy. Return, Hegeſippus, return to the king; help him to ſupport the miſeries of his greatneſs, and what you deſire me to do for him, do yourſelf. Since his eyes, ſo long ſhut againſt the truth, have at laſt been opened by the wiſe perſon you call Mentor, let him be retained in his ſervice. As for me, it is not proper after my ſhipwreck that I ſhould quit the haven into which the ſtorm has ſo happily thrown me, and commit myſelf again to the mercy of the winds. O how greatly are kings to be pitied! how worthy thoſe who ſerve them, of compaſſion! If they are wicked, how miſerable do they render mankind, and what tortures are prepared for them in the black gulf of Tartarus! If they are good, what difficulties have they to overcome! What ſnares to avoid! What evils to ſuffer! Once again, my dear Hegeſippus, leave me, I ſay, in my happy poverty.

While Philocles was talking thus with great vehemence, Hegeſippus beheld him with wonder. He had formerly ſeen him in Crete, during his adminiſtration of the moſt important affairs, meagre, languiſhing, exhauſted; for his ardent and auſtere temper made him wear himſelf away in fatigues; he could not without indignation ſee vice unpuniſhed; he required a certain

exactneſs which is never found in buſineſs; his employments therefore ruined his tender health; but at Samos Hegeſippus beheld him plump and vigorous. The bloom of youth in ſpite of his years was renewed on his countenance. A ſober, quiet and laborious life had given him as it were a new conſtitution.

You are ſurpriſed, ſaid Philocles with a ſmile, to ſee me ſo altered. I owe this freſhneſs and perfect health to my ſolitude. My enemies have given me what I could never hope to find in the moſt elevated ſtation. Would you have me quit ſubſtantial bleſſings to purſue imaginary ones, and to plunge myſelf again in my former miſeries? Be not more cruel than Proteſilaus; at leaſt do not envy me the happineſs I derive from him.

Hegeſippus then repreſented to him, but in vain, every thing which he thought proper to move him. Are you then, ſaid he, inſenſible of the pleaſure of ſeeing your friends and relations again, who long for your return, and whom the bare expectation of embracing you overwhelms with joy? But can you who fear the Gods, and love to do your duty, eſteem as nothing the ſerving your king, the aſſiſting him in all his good deſigns, and the rendering ſo many people happy? Is it allowable for a man to abandon himſelf to a ſavage philoſophy, to prefer himſelf to all the reſt of mankind, and to love his own eaſe more than the happineſs of his fellow-citizens? Beſides, it will be thought that it is out of reſentment that you refuſe to ſee the king; if he deſigned to do you an injury, it was becauſe he did not know you: it was not the true, the good, the juſt Philocles whom he deſigned to deſtroy; it was a very different perſon whom he deſigned to puniſh. But now he knows you, and does not miſtake you for another, he feels all his former friendſhip revive in his heart; he expects you; he already ſtretches out his arms to embrace you, and impatiently numbers the days, the hours, till he ſees you. Is your heart ſo hardened as to be inexorable to your king and to all your deareſt friends?

Philocles, who was moved when he firſt perceived Hegeſippus, reſumed his auſtere air on hearing this diſcourſe. Like a rock againſt which the winds rage, and all the groaning billows break in vain, he remained immoveable; nor intreaties nor arguments could find any paſſage to his heart. But the moment Hegeſippus began to deſpair of prevailing upon him, Philocles having conſulted the Gods, diſcovered by the flight of birds, the entrails of victims, and divers other omens, that he was to go with Hegeſippus.

Hereupon he oppoſed it no longer, but prepared for his departure; though not without regretting the deſert where he ſo many years had lived. Alas! ſaid he, muſt I leave you, my delightful grotto, where peaceful ſlumbers nightly came to refreſh me after the toils of the day! Here the fatal ſiſters, in the midſt of my poverty, ſpun my days of a gold and ſilken thread. He fell on the earth, and weeping adored the naiad who had ſo long ſlaked his thirſt with her limpid wave, and the nymphs that dwelt on all the neighbouring mountains. Echo heard his wailings, and with a plaintive voice repeated them to all the rural deities.

Philocles then went to the city with Hegeſippus, in order to embark. He imagined that the unhappy Proteſilaus, overwhelmed with ſhame and indignation, would avoid ſeeing him; but he was miſtaken: for corrupt men have no ſhame, and are always ready to ſtoop to any kind of meanneſs. Philocles modeſtly kept out of the way, that he might not be ſeen by this wretch; being apprehenſive that the ſight of a proſperous rival, who was going to be raiſed on his ruin, would increaſe his miſery. But Proteſilaus eagerly ſought after Philocles, and endeavoured to move his pity, and to engage him to ſolicit the king that he might return to Salentum. Philocles was too ſincere to promiſe, that he would try to get him recalled; for he knew better than any one how pernicious his return would have been. He talked to him however with great mildneſs; he pitied him,

endeavoured to comfort him, and exhorted him to appeaſe the Gods by the purity of his manners, and an exemplary patience under his ſufferings. And as he had heard that the king had ſtript Proteſilaus of all his ill-gotten wealth, he promiſed him two things which he afterwards faithfully performed: one was, to take care of his wife and children, who remained at Salentum, in a frightful ſtate of poverty, expoſed to public indignation; the other was, to ſend Proteſilaus, in this remote iſland, ſome ſupplies of money to alleviate his miſery.

Mean while the ſails ſwelling with a favourable gale, Hegeſippus grows impatient, and haſtens the departure of Philocles. Proteſilaus ſees them embark; his eyes are motionleſs and fixed on the ſhore; they then purſue the bark as it cleaves the waves, and is continually driven farther off by the winds: and even when he could ſee it no longer, its image remains in his mind. At length diſtracted, furious, deſpairing, he tears off his hair, rolls himſelf on the ſand, upbraids the Gods with their rigour, and calls relentleſs death to his aid, but calls in vain; for death, regardleſs of his prayers, deigns not to deliver him from his numerous woes, nor has he the courage to deliver himſelf.

Mean time the bark, favoured by Neptune and the winds, quickly arrives at Salentum. The king being told that it was entering the port, immediately ran with Mentor to meet Philocles. He tenderly embraced him, and expreſſed a great concern for having ſo unjuſtly perſecuted him. This confeſſion, inſtead of ſeeming a weakneſs in a prince, was looked upon by all the Salentines as the effort of a great ſoul, which riſes above its errors by owning and reſolving to repair them. Every body wept with joy to ſee this virtuous lover of the people, and to hear the king talk with ſo much wiſdom and goodneſs.

Philocles received the king's careſſes with a reſpectful modeſt air; he was impatient to ſteal away from the acclamations of the people, and followed Idomeneus to

the palace. Mentor and he quickly repoſed as much confidence in each other, as if they had paſſed their lives together, though they never ſaw one another before; for the Gods, who have not given eyes to the wicked to know the good, have given eyes to the good to know one another. They who reliſh virtue, cannot be together without contracting a friendſhip, by means of the virtue they love. Philocles ſoon aſked the king's leave to retire to a ſolitary place near Salentum, where he continued to live in poverty as he had done at Samos. The king and Mentor went almoſt every day to viſit him in his retirement, where they concerted the means of ſtrengthening the laws, and of giving a ſolid form to the government for the good of the public.

The two principal things which they conſidered, were the education of children, and the manner of living in time of peace. As to children, ſaid Mentor, they are leſs the property of their parents than of the public; they are the children of the people, and are their hope and ſtrength; it is too late to correct them, when they are corrupted; it avails little to exclude them from employments, when they have rendered themſelves unworthy of them; it is better to prevent the evil than to be obliged to puniſh it. The king, added he, who is the father of all his people, is ſtill more particularly the father of all the youth; they are the bloſſom of the whole nation, and the fruits muſt be prepared in the bloſſom. Let not the king therefore diſdain to be watchful, and to cauſe others to be watchful of the education of children. Let him be ſteady in cauſing the laws of Minos to be obſerved, which ordain that children be educated in a contempt of pain and death; that honour be placed in ſlighting pleaſures and riches; that injuſtice, lying, ingratitude, and luxury be accounted infamous vices; that they be taught from their tendereſt infancy to ſing the praiſes of heroes who were beloved of the Gods, who have done generous actions for their country, and have diſtinguiſhed their courage in battle; that the charms of muſic

ſtrike their ſouls, in order to ſoften and purify their manners; that they be taught to be kind to their friends, faithful to their allies, juſt to all mankind, even to their moſt cruel enemies; and that they be leſs apprehenſive of death and tortures, than of the leaſt upbraiding of their conſcience. If children are early imbrued with theſe important maxims, and the melody of muſic inſinuate them into their hearts, there will be few who will not burn with a love of glory and virtue.

Mentor added, That it was of great importance to inſtitute public ſchools, in order to habituate the youth to the hardeſt bodily exerciſes, and to prevent effeminacy and idleneſs, which ruin the beſt conſtitutions. He was likewiſe for having a great variety of games and ſhows, that might be a ſpur to the people, but eſpecially ſuch as would exerciſe and render their bodies active, pliant and vigorous; and to theſe he annexed rewards in order to excite a generous emulation. But what he was moſt zealous for, as being moſt conducive to purity of manners, was, that young men ſhould marry betimes, and that their parents, without any views of intereſt, ſhould leave them to chuſe wives of agreeable tempers and perſons, to whom they might be conſtant in their love.

But while they were thus concerting means to keep the youth chaſte and innocent, and to make them laborious, tractable, and fond of glory, Philocles, who delighted in war, thus addreſt himſelf to Mentor: In vain will you employ our youth in all theſe exerciſes, if you let them languiſh in a perpetual peace, wherein they will have no experience of war, nor no need to give proofs of their valour. You will thereby enfeeble the nation; its courage will inſenſibly be unnerved, its manners corruped by pleaſures, and other warlike nations will find no difficulty in making a conqueſt of it. And thus by endeavouring to avoid the evils of war, they will fall into the miſeries of ſlavery.

Mentor anſwered, the evils of war are more terrible than you imagine. War exhauſts a people, and con-

tinually expoſes them to the danger of being ruined, even when they obtain the greateſt victories. With whatever advantages a man enters into a war, he is never ſure of ending it without being liable to the moſt tragical reverſes of fortune. With whatever ſuperiority of forces he engages in battle, the leaſt miſtake, a panic, a nothing, ſnatches the victory out of his hands, and transfers it to his enemies. And though he held victory as it were in chains in his camp, yet he deſtroys himſelf in deſtroying his foes. For he depopulates his own country; he leaves the lands almoſt uncultivated; he interrupts trade; and what is much worſe, he weakens the beſt laws, and winks at a depravity of manners. The youth no longer addict themſelves to letters. The neceſſity of the times obliges him to tolerate a pernicious licentiouſneſs in the army. Juſtice, government, every thing ſuffers in the confuſion. A king who ſheds the blood of ſuch multitudes, and cauſes ſo many calamities, in order to acquire a little glory, or to extend the bounds of his kingdom, is unworthy of the glory he purſues, and deſerves to loſe what he poſſeſſes for having endeavoured to uſurp what he has no right to.

But the courage of a nation may be exerciſed in times of peace. You already know what bodily exerciſes we inſtitute; the prizes to excite emulation, and the maxims of glory and virtue, with which the ſongs of the great actions of heroes will fill the ſouls of children almoſt from their very cradles: add to theſe helps, that of a ſober and laborious life. But this is not all: as ſoon as any nation in alliance with yours, is engaged in a war, the flower of your youth muſt be ſent thither, eſpecially thoſe who have diſcovered a genius for war, and are the beſt qualified to profit by experience. You will thereby maintain an high reputation among your neighbours, who will court your alliance, and be afraid of loſing it. And thus without having a war at home and at your own expence, you will always have a warlike and intrepid body of youth. Notwithſtanding you have peace

in your own kingdom, you muſt not fail to treat thoſe with great honour who have a talent for war; for the true way to avoid war and to maintain a laſting peace, is to cultivate arms, to honour men who excell in the profeſſion of them, always to have ſome who have been trained up in foreign countries, and who know the ſtrength and diſcipline of neighbouring nations, and their manner of making war; and to be equally incapable of making it through ambition, and of dreading it through effeminacy. By being thus always prepared for it on occaſion, one is hardly ever reduced to the neceſſity of making it at all.

As for your allies, when they are ready to engage in a war with each other, it is your part to become their mediator. You thereby acquire a more ſolid and unqueſtionable glory than that of conquerors; you win the love and eſteem of ſtrangers; they all ſtand in need of you, and you reign over them by the confidence they repoſe in you, as you reign over your ſubjects by your authority. You are the repoſitory of their ſecrets, the arbiter of their treaties, the maſter of their hearts. Your fame flies to the moſt diſtant countries, and your name is like a ſweet perfume which diffuſes itſelf from country to country even to the remoteſt nations. If a neighbouring people attack you in theſe circumſtances contrary to the rules of juſtice, it finds you warlike, prepared, and, what is a much greater ſecurity, beloved and ſuccoured: all your neighbours are alarmed for you, and perſuaded that the public ſafety depends on your preſervation. This is a much ſtronger rampart than all the walls of cities, or the moſt regular fortifications: this is ſubſtantial glory. But how few princes are there who are wiſe enough to purſue it, or rather, who do not fly from it! They purſue a deluſive phantom, and leave true honour behind them for want of knowing it.

When Mentor had ſpoken thus, Philocles looked upon him with aſtoniſhment; and then turning his eyes on the king, was charmed to ſee how greedily Idome-

neus ſtored up in his heart all the words which poured like a torrent of wiſdom from the mouth of this ſtranger.

Thus did Minerva, in the form of Mentor, eſtabliſh all the beſt laws and moſt uſeful maxims of government at Salentum; not ſo much to make the kingdom of Idomeneus flouriſh, as to ſhow Telemachus, when he ſhould return, a ſtriking example of the effects of a wiſe adminiſtration with regard to the happineſs of the people, and the laſting glory of the prince.

End of the fourteenth Book.

THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS,

The Son of ULYSSES.

BOOK the FIFTEENTH.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus in the camp of the allies wins the affection of Philoctetes, who was at firſt prejudiced againſt him on account of his father Ulyſſes. Philoctetes relates to him his adventures, with which he interweaves the particulars of the death of Hercules, occaſioned by the poiſoned tunic which the Centaur Neſſus had given to Dejanira. He informs him how he obtained of this hero his fatal arrows, without which the city of Troy could not have been taken; how he was puniſhed for betraying his ſecret, by all the miſeries he ſuffered in the iſle of Lemnos; and how Ulyſſes employed Neoptolemus to engage him to go to the ſiege of Troy, where he was cured of his wound by the ſons of Eſculapius.

IN the mean time Telemachus was ſignalizing his courage amidſt the dangers of war. When he departed from Salentum, he was very aſſiduous to win the affection of the old captains, whoſe reputation and experience were the moſt conſummate. Neſtor, who had ſeen him before at Pylos, and who always loved Ulyſſes, treated him as if he had been his own ſon; giving him inſtructions which he enforced by various examples, and relating to him all the adventures of his youth, and all

the moſt remarkable things which he had ſeen performed by the heroes of the laſt age. The memory of this wiſe ſenior, who had lived thrice the age of man, was as it were an hiſtory of ancient times engraved on braſs and marble.

Philoctetes had not at firſt the ſame affection for Telemachus as Neſtor had. The hatred which he had ſo long harboured in his heart againſt Ulyſſes, prejudiced him againſt his ſon; and he could not without uneaſineſs ſee all that he thought the Gods were doing in favour of this youth, in order to render him equal to the heroes who had ſubverted the city of Troy. But at length the prudent deportment of Telemachus entirely overcame the reſentment of Philoctetes, who could not help loving his engaging and modeſt virtue. He often took him aſide, and ſaid, my ſon (for I no longer ſcruple to call you ſo) your father and I were, I own, a long while enemies to each other. I own alſo that my heart was not appeaſed after we had ſubverted the haughty city of Troy; and that I found it difficult when I ſaw you, to love virtue in the ſon of Ulyſſes: with this I often reproached myſelf. But virtue, when it is gentle, unaffected, ingenuous and modeſt, at length overcomes every thing. Philoctetes was afterwards inſenſibly engaged to tell him what had kindled in his heart ſo much enmity againſt Ulyſſes.

I muſt, ſaid he, begin my hiſtory higher. I every where attended the great Hercules, who freed the earth from ſo many monſters, and in whoſe ſight the other heroes were but as feeble reeds near a large oak, or little birds in the preſence of the eagle. His misfortunes and mine proceeded from love, the ſource of all the moſt terrible diſaſters. Hercules, who had conquered ſo many monſters, could not conquer this ſhameful paſſion: Cupid, the cruel boy, made him his ſport. Nor could he recollect without bluſhing with ſhame, that he had formerly been ſo forgetful of his glory, as to ſpin with Omphale queen of Lydia, like the moſt abject and effe-

minate of mankind; ſo far was he hurried away by his blind paſſion. An hundred times has he confeſſed to me, that this part of his life had tarniſhed his virtue, and almoſt effaced the glory of all his labours. How great, ye Gods! is the weakneſs and inconſtancy of men! they think themſelves all-ſufficient, though they can withſtand nothing. Alas! the great Hercules was entangled again in the ſnares of love, which he had ſo often deteſted. He conceived a paſſion for Dejanira: ſhe was his wife, and happy had he been had he been conſtant to her; but Iole's youth, on whoſe face the graces were pictured, quickly raviſhed his heart. Dejanira, burning with jealouſy, bethought her of the fatal tunic, which the centaur Neſſus had bequeathed her at his death, as a certain means to awaken the love of Hercules, as often as he ſhould ſeem to neglect her, and to be fond of another. This tunic, imbrued with the venomous blood of the centaur, contained the poiſon of the arrows with which that monſter was ſlain. You know that the arrows with which Hercules killed this perfidious centaur, had been dipt in the blood of the Lernæan Hydra, and that this blood poiſoned thoſe arrows to ſuch a degree that all their wounds were incurable.

Hercules having put on this tunic, preſently felt the devouring fire, which inſinuated itſelf even into the marrow of his bones. He roared in an horrible manner, making mount Oeta and all the deep vallies ring with his cries; nay the ſea itſelf ſeemed to be moved: the moſt furious bulls in their conflicts could not have made a more terrible bellowing. The ill-fated Lychas, who had brought him this tunic from Dejanira, preſuming to approach him, Hercules ſeized him in the tranſports of his anguiſh, and as a ſlinger whirls a ſtone in his ſling, in order to caſt it the farther, whirled him ſwiftly round, and then with his potent hands hurled him from the top of the mountain into the billows of the ſea; where he was immediately transformed into a rock, which ſtill retains an human ſhape, and being continually beaten

by the angry waves, alarms the wary pilot at a diſtance.

After this misfortune of Lychas, believing I ſhould no longer be ſafe with Hercules, I thought of hiding myſelf in the deepeſt caverns of the earth. With one hand I beheld him eaſily uproot the lofty firs and ancient oaks, which for ſeveral ages had braved the winds and the tempeſts; with the other, he vainly endeavoured to tear the fatal tunic from his back; it was glued to his ſkin, and as it were incorporated with his limbs: as he tore that, he tore off his ſkin and his fleſh, and drenched the earth with torrents of blood. At length his virtue getting the better of his anguiſh, he cried out, You ſee, my deareſt Philoctetes! the evils which the Gods inflict upon me; they are righteous; I have offended them; I have violated conjugal love; having vanquiſhed ſo many enemies, I meanly ſuffered myſelf to be vanquiſhed by a beautiful ſtranger; I periſh, and I am willing to periſh to appeaſe the Gods. But alas! my dear friend, whither do you fly? My exceſſive tortures have indeed made me commit an act of cruelty on the wretched Lychas, for which my conſcience upbraids me; he knew not that he preſented me poiſon, nor deſerved to ſuffer. But do you think that I can forget my friendſhip for you, and that I would rob you of your life? No, no, I ſhall never ceaſe to love Philoctetes. Philoctetes ſhall receive my fleeting ſoul in his boſom; he ſhall collect my aſhes together. Where are you then, my dear Philoctetes! Philoctetes! the only hope which is left me here below?

This ſaid, I immediately ran towards him; he ſtretches out his arms to embrace me, but draws them back again, for fear of kindling in my boſom the cruel fire with which he himſelf was conſumed. Alas! ſaid he, even this conſolation is no longer allowed me. As he ſpeaks thus, he collects together the trees he had torn up by the roots: he makes a funeral pile of them on the top of the mountain; he aſcends it with tranquillity; he overſpreads it with the ſkin of the Nemean lion, which

he had ſo long worn on his ſhoulders, when he travelled from one end of the earth to the other to deſtroy monſters, and deliver the diſtreſſed; he leans on his club, and bids me light the pyre.

My hands trembling with horror could not deny him this cruel office; for his life was ſo racked with tortures, that it was no longer a gift of the Gods. I was moreover apprehenſive leſt the violence of his pangs ſhould tranſport him to act ſomething unworthy of the virtue which had aſtoniſhed the univerſe. Perceiving the flames begin to catch the pyre, Now cried he, my dear Philoctetes, I am convinced of the ſincerity of your friendſhip; for you love my honour more than my life: may the Gods reward you for it! I bequeath you what I have of the moſt valuable in the world, theſe arrows dipt in the blood of the Lernæan Hydra. You know that their wounds are incurable; they will render you as invincible as I have been, and no mortal will dare to contend with you. Remember that I die your faithful friend, and never forget how dear you have been to me. And if you are really touched with my ſufferings, you will afford me the laſt conſolation in your power, a promiſe never to diſcover to any mortal either my death, or the place where you conceal my aſhes. Alas! I promiſed, nay I ſwore it as I bedewed his pyre with my tears; a beam of gladneſs darted from his eyes. But he was ſuddenly involved in curling flames, which ſtifled his voice, and almoſt ſnatched him from my ſight. However, I beheld him again through the fire with a countenance as ſerene as if it had been crowned with flowers, perfumed and encircled by his friends, amidſt the merriments of a ſumptuous banquet.

Soon did the fire conſume all his earthly and mortal part; ſoon was there nothing leſt of what he had received frum his mother Alcmena at his birth: but he preſerved by Jupiter's decree that ſubtle and immortal ſubſtance, that celeſtial flame, the true principle of life, which he had received from the father of the Gods. He

aſcended therefore to drink nectar with them under the gilded roofs of ſhining Olympus; where the immortals gave him for his wife the lovely Hebe, the Goddeſs of youth; who uſed to pour the nectar into Jupiter's cup, before Ganymede was preferred to that honour.

For my part, I found an inexhauſtable ſource of ſorrows, in the very arrows he bequeathed me in order to raiſe me above the heroes. The confederate kings quickly undertook to revenge Menelaus on the infamous Paris, the raviſher of Helen, and to ſubvert the empire of Priam. The oracle of Apollo gave them to underſtand that they muſt not hope for an happy iſſue of that war, unleſs they had the arrows of Hercules.

Your father Ulyſſes, who in all their councils conſtantly diſcovered the greateſt wiſdom and art, undertook to perſuade me to accompany them to the ſiege of Troy, and to carry the arrows thither, which were, he thought, in my poſſeſſion. Hercules had not been ſeen for a long while; there was no talk of any new exploit of his; monſters and wicked men began to appear again with impunity. The Greeks knew not what to think concerning him; ſome ſaid that he was dead, and others that he was gone as far as the frozen Bear in order to tame the Scythians; but Ulyſſes maintained that he was dead, and undertook to make me confeſs it. As he came to me while I was yet inconſolable for the loſs of the great Alcides, he found it very difficult to accoſt me; for I could not bear the ſight of men, nor the thoughts of being torn from the deſerts of mount Oeta, where I had ſeen my friend die; I needed but to recall the image of that hero to my mind, and to weep at the ſight of thoſe ſcenes of ſorrow. But ſoft and powerful perſuaſion hung on your father's lips; he ſeemed almoſt as much afflicted as I; he poured forth floods of tears; he inſenſibly won my heart and my confidence, and moved me with pity for the kings of Greece, who were going to fight in a juſt cauſe, and could not ſucceed without me. He could not however extort from me the ſecret of Hercules's

death, which I had ſworn never to reveal; but he no longer doubted of it, and preſſed me to ſhow him where I had concealed his aſhes.

Though I had, alas! an abhorrence of being guilty of perjury, by revealing a ſecret which I had promiſed the Gods never to reveal; yet was I ſo weak as to evade the oath which I durſt not violate: the Gods have puniſhed me for it: I ſtamped with my foot on the earth where I had depoſited the aſhes of Hercules. I then went and joined the confederate kings, who received me with the ſame joy as they would have received Hercules himſelf. As I was paſſing through the iſland of Lemnos, I had a mind to ſhow all the Greeks the efficacy of my arrows, and going to ſhoot a deer which was ruſhing into a wood, I heedleſsly let the arrow fall from my bow on my foot, where it made a wound which I ſtill feel. I was immediately racked with the ſame tortures which Hercules himſelf had ſuffered, and filled the iſland both night and day with my wailings; black corrupted blood iſſuing from my wound, infected the air, and diffuſed a ſtench through the whole Grecian camp, which was enough to ſuffocate men of the moſt robuſt conſtitutions. The whole army was ſtruck with horror at my diſtreſs; every one concluding that it was a judgment which the righteous Gods had inflicted upon me.

Ulyſſes, who had engaged me in this war, was the firſt to forſake me. I have ſince been convinced that he did it, becauſe he preferred victory and the common intereſt of Greece to all motives of friendſhip and decency with regard to any particular perſon. It was no longer poſſible to ſacrifice in the camp, ſo much did the horror and infection of my wound, and the violence of my ſhrieks diſturb the whole army. But as ſoon as I ſaw myſelf deſerted by all the Greeks at the inſtigation of Ulyſſes, his conduct ſeemed to me to be full of the moſt ſhocking inhumanity and the blackeſt treachery. Alas! I was blind, and did not ſee that it was juſt that the wiſeſt

men ſhould be my enemies, as well as the Gods whom I had offended.

I remained, during almoſt the whole ſiege of Troy, all alone, without ſuccour, without hope, without comfort, a prey to the moſt terrible tortures in this deſert and ſavage iſland, where I heard but the roaring of the billows that daſhed againſt the rocks. In the midſt of this ſolitude I found an empty cave, in a rock that lifted its two points like two heads to the heavens, and poured forth a limpid ſpring. This cave was a harbour for wild beaſts, to whoſe fury I was expoſed both night and day. I heaped ſome leaves together for a bed: my whole furniture was a wooden bowl rudely wrought, and ſome tattered cloaths, with which I bound up my wound to ſtop its bleeding, and with which I likewiſe uſed to cleanſe it. Here, abandoned by men, the object of the wrath of the Gods, I ſpent my time in ſhooting doves and other birds which flew around the rock, with my arrows. And when I had killed any for my ſuſtenance, I was forced with extreme pain to crawl along the earth to pick up my prey. In this manner did my hands provide me wherewithal to ſubſiſt on.

The Greeks indeed, when they went away, left me ſome proviſions; but they did not laſt long. I uſed to kindle my fire with flints. This life, dreadful as it was, as it was remote from falſe ungrateful men, would have ſeemed pleaſant to me, had I not been borne down by my pains, and inceſſantly ruminating on my dire miſchance. What! ſaid I; entice a man from his native country, under pretence of his being the only one who could avenge Greece, and then leave him in this deſert iſland while he was aſleep! For I was aſleep when the Greeks departed. Judge how great was my ſurpriſe, and how many tears I ſhed, when I awaked and ſaw their veſſels ploughing through the waves. I ſearched every corner of this ſavage and frightful iſland, but alas! I found in it nothing but ſorrow. In fact, there is neither harbour, nor trade, nor hoſpitality, nor does any man

willingly land there. One ſees but wretches who have been driven upon it by ſtorms, and one cannot hope for ſociety but from ſhipwrecks; and even thoſe durſt not take me along with them: they dreaded the wrath of the Gods and that of the Greeks. Here for ten long years did I ſuffer pain and hunger; here I fed my devouring wound, and even hope itſelf was extinguiſhed in my heart.

Returning one day from ſeeking ſome medicinal herbs for my wound, I ſaw in my cave an handſome graceful youth, but of an haughty air and heroic ſtature. Methought I beheld Achilles himſelf, ſo much had he of his features, looks and gait; his age only convinced me that it could not be he. I obſerved both pity and confuſion blended together in his face; he was moved at ſeeing with what pain and how ſlowly I crawled along; my piercing and doleful cries, which the echoes of every ſhore reſounded, melted his very heart.

O ſtranger! ſaid I, while I was yet a good way off, what diſaſter has brought you to this uninhabited iſland? I know the Grecian habit, that habit which is ſtill ſo dear to me. Oh! how I long to hear thy voice, and to find on thy lips the language which I learnt in my infancy, and which I have ſpoke to nobody for ſo long a time in this ſolitude. Be not ſtartled at the ſight of ſo wretched a creature; you ought rather to pity him.

Neoptolemus had hardly told me that he was a Greek, when I cried out, O inchanting words after ſo many years of ſilence and never-ceaſing pain! O my ſon! what misfortune, what ſtorms, or rather what propitious winds have brought you hither to end my woes! He replied, I am of the iſland of Scyros; I am returning thither, and am ſaid to be the ſon of Achilles: you know the whole.

So ſhort an anſwer not ſatisfying my curioſity, I ſaid, O ſon of a father whom I greatly loved, thou darling of thy grandſire Lycomedes, what brings you hither? whence come you? He replied, that he came from the ſiege of Troy. You were not, ſaid I, in the firſt ex-

pedition. Why, ſaid he, were you? I plainly ſee, anſwered I, that you are a ſtranger to Philoctetes's name and misfortunes. Alas! wretch that I am, my perſecutors inſult me in my miſeries! Greece is ignorant of my ſufferings; my ſorrows increaſe; the Atridæ have brought me to this; may the Gods requite them for it!

I then told him how the Greeks had deſerted me. As ſoon as he heard my complaints, he made his. After the death of Achilles, ſaid he—I immediately interrupted him, ſaying, How! Achilles dead! O my ſon! excuſe my breaking in upon your narration by the tears I owe your father. You comfort me, replied Neoptolemus, by your interruption. How delightful it is to me to ſee Philoctetes bewail my father!

Neoptolemus reſuming his diſcourſe, ſaid, After the death of Achilles, Ulyſſes and Phænix came to me, aſſuring me that they could not ſubvert the city of Troy without me. They had no difficulty to perſuade me to go with them; for my grief for the death of Achilles, and my deſire of inheriting his glory in that famous war, were ſufficient motives to induce me to do it. I arrive at the ſiege, the army gathers around me, and every one ſwears that he beholds Achilles again; but he, alas! was no more. Young and unexperienced, I thought I might expect every thing from perſons that beſtowed ſuch praiſes upon me. I immediately aſk the Atridæ for my father's armour; they cruelly reply, you ſhall have every thing elſe that belonged to him; but as for his armour it is deſigned for Ulyſſes.

Upon this I am troubled, I weep, I rave: but Ulyſſes without the leaſt emotion ſaid, Young man, you have not borne your part with us in the perils of this long ſiege; you have not merited ſuch arms, and already talk too haughtily; you ſhall never have them. Unjuſtly robbed by Ulyſſes, I am now returning to the iſle of Scyros, leſs incenſed againſt him than againſt the Atridæ. May all who are their enemies, be beloved of the Gods! O Philoctetes! I have told you all.

I then aſked Neoptolemus why Ajax Telamon did not prevent ſuch a piece of injuſtice. He is dead, anſwered he. Dead! cried I; and Ulyſſes not dead; he on the contrary proſpers in the army! I then inquired after Antilochus the ſon of the wiſe Neſtor, and Patroclus ſo dear to Achilles. They are dead alſo, ſaid he. Hereupon I once again cried out, How! dead! What, alas! do you tell me! Thus cruel war mows down the good and ſpares the wicked. Ulyſſes then is living; and ſo no doubt is Therſites! Theſe are the doings of the Gods, and yet we celebrate their praiſes!

While I was in this rage againſt your father, Neoptolemus went on to deceive me, adding theſe melancholy words. Far from the army of the Greeks where evil prevails over good, I am going to live contented in the rude iſland of Scyros. Farewell, I go; may the Gods heal your wound.

I inſtantly ſaid, O my ſon, I conjure you by the manes of your father, by your mother, by all that is deareſt to you in the world, not to leave me alone in this miſerable condition. I am not ignorant how burdenſome I ſhall be to you, but it would be diſhonourable in you to forſake me; throw me into the prow, the ſtern, the ſink itſelf, or wherever I may incommode you the leaſt. None but great ſouls know how much glory there is in being good. Leave me not in a deſert, where there is no human footſtep; take me into your own country, or into Eubœa, which is not far from mount Oeta, Trachinium, and the pleaſant banks of the river Sperchius: ſend me back to my father. Alas! I fear he is dead: I deſired him to ſend me a ſhip: either he is dead, or thoſe who promiſed to tell him my diſtreſs, did not do it. O my ſon, I fly to you for ſuccour. Remember the inſtability of all human things: who is in proſperity, ſhould apprehend the abuſing it, and relieve the diſtreſſed.

This is what the exceſs of my anguiſh prompted me to ſay to Neoptolemus; he promiſed to take me with him. I then burſt into exclamations again. O happy

day! O lovely Neoptolemus, worthy of thy father's glory. Ye dear companions of this voyage, permit me to bid this diſmal manſion adieu. Lo! where I have lived; imagine what I have ſuffered; nobody elſe could have borne it: but neceſſity was my tutor, and ſhe teaches men what they would never otherwiſe know: they who have never ſuffered, know nothing; they know neither good nor evil, they are ſtrangers to mankind, they are ſtrangers to themſelves. This ſaid, I took my bow and my arrows.

Neoptolemus deſired me to let him kiſs thoſe celebrated arms which had been conſecrated by the invincible Hercules. I replied, you may do what you pleaſe, I can deny thee nothing; it is thou, my ſon, who now reſtoreſt me the light, my country, my aged father, my friends, myſelf; you may touch theſe arms, and boaſt of being the only Greek that has deſerved to touch them. Hereupon Neoptolemus enters my grotto to admire my arms.

Mean while I am ſeized with exquiſite pains; I rave; I no longer know what I do; I aſk for a ſharp ſword to cut off my foot, and cry out, O much deſired death, why comeſt thou not? O young man! burn me this inſtant as I burnt the ſon of Jupiter. O earth, earth, receive a dying wretch that can riſe no more! In this agony I fell ſuddenly, as uſual, into a ſound ſleep; a copious diſcharge of ſweat began to relieve me; black corrupted blood iſſued from my wound. During my ſleep it had been eaſy for Neoptolemus to have taken my arms and gone away; but he was the ſon of Achilles, and was not born to deceive.

When I awaked I perceived his confuſion: he ſighed like one who knows not to diſſemble, and acts contrary to his inclination. Wilt thou deceive me, ſaid I? What's the matter? You muſt go with me, ſaid he, to the ſiege of Troy. I inſtantly replied, Ah! what ſaid you, my ſon? give me back the bow; I am betrayed; rob me not of my life. Alas! he anſwers not; he looks calmly

upon me; nothing moves him. O ye ſhores! ye promontories of this iſland! ye ſavage beaſts! ye ſteepy rocks! it is to you I make my complaints; for I have but you to whom I can complain: my groans are familiar to you. Muſt I be betrayed by the ſon of Achilles? He robs me of the ſacred bow of Hercules; he would drag me in triumph to the Grecian camp; not perceiving that this were triumphing over a corps, a ſhadow, a phantom. Oh! had he attacked me in my vigour! Nay, even now he does it unawares. What ſhall I do? O my ſon! reſtore my arms; be like thy father, be like thyſelf. What ſayeſt thou? Nothing! Thou ſavage rock, to thee I return naked, miſerable, abandoned, deſtitute of food. In this den ſhall I die all alone; having my bow no longer to kill the wild beaſts, they will devour me: no matter. But, my ſon, you ſeem not a bad man; ill advice prompts you to this; return me my arms, and begone.

Neoptolemus with tears in his eyes and a low voice ſaid, Would to the Gods that I had never departed from Scyros! Mean time I cry out, Ah! what do I ſee? Is not that Ulyſſes? I inſtantly hear his voice; he replies, yes, it is Ulyſſes. Had Pluto's ſable realm yawned, and ſhown me diſmal Tartarus, which the Gods themſelves dread to ſee, I ſhould not, I own, have been ſeized with greater horror. I then exclaimed again, witneſs thou Lemnian earth! and thou, O ſun! canſt thou behold and ſuffer this? Ulyſſes, perfectly calm, replied, Jupiter commands, and I obey. Dareſt thou name Jupiter, ſaid I? ſeeſt thou this youth who was not born for fraud, and hurts himſelf in doing what you force him to do? We come not, ſaid Ulyſſes, to injure or deceive you; we come to deliver you, to cure you, to give you the glory of ſubverting Troy, and to carry you back to your own country; it is you, and not Ulyſſes, who are Philoctetes's enemy.

I then ſaid to your father every thing which rage could dictate. Since thou deſertedſt me on this ſhore,

ſaid I, why do you not leave me here in peace? go, ſeek renown in battle and every kind of pleaſure; ſhare your happineſs with the Atridæ, and leave me my miſery and pain. And why would you force me away? I am nothing now, I am already dead. Why do you not think at preſent, as you did heretofore, that I am not able to go; that my wailings and the ſtench of my wound would interrupt the ſacrifices? O Ulyſſes, author of my woes, may the Gods——but the Gods hear me not; nay, they ſtir up my enemy againſt me. O my native country! never ſhall I ſee thee more! Puniſh, ye Gods! if there be one juſt enough to pity me, puniſh Ulyſſes, and I ſhall think myſelf cured.

While I was ſpeaking thus, your father, quite compoſed, beheld me with an air of compaſſion, like a man who inſtead of being provoked at, bears with and excuſes the diſtraction of a wretch ſoured by misfortunes. Like a rock on the top of a mountain which derides the fury of the winds, and lets them waſte their rage while it remains immoveable; your father ſilently waited till my anger had ſpent itſelf. For he knew that the way to reduce mens paſſions to reaſon is not to attack them till they begin to grow languid through a kind of wearineſs. He afterwards addreſt me thus. O Philoctetes! what have you done with your reaſon and your courage? This is the time to uſe them. If you refuſe to go with us in order to fulfill the glorious deſigns of Jupiter with regard to you, farewell; you are unworthy of being the deliverer of Greece and the ſubverter of Troy. Remain at Lemnos; theſe arms I bear away ſhall give me the glory which was deſtined to you. Let us begone, Neoptolemus; it is in vain to talk to him; pity for a ſingle perſon ought not to make us neglect the common ſafety of Greece.

Upon this I was like a lioneſs robbed of her young, that fills the woods with her roarings. Thou cave, ſaid I, I will never forſake thee, thou ſhalt be my grave! O manſion of my woes! Nothing now to ſubſiſt on, no

remains of hope! O lend me a ſword to ſlay myſelf! O that the birds of prey were able to bear me hence! I ſhall no longer ſhoot them with my arrows. O precious bow, conſecrated by the hands of the ſon of Jupiter! Dear Hercules! if thou ſtill retaineſt the leaſt compaſſion, art thou not filled with indignation? Thy bow is no longer in the hands of thy faithful friend; it is in the impure, the fraudful hands of Ulyſſes. Ye birds of prey, ye ſavage brutes, no longer fly this cave, my hands are no longer armed with arrows; I, wretch that I am, can do you no harm, come, devour me; or rather may mercileſs Jupiter's thunder ſtrike me dead!

Your father having tried all other means of perſuading me, at laſt thought that it would be beſt to return me my arms. He accordingly made a ſign to Neoptolemus, who immediately reſtored them. Hereupon I ſaid, O worthy ſon of Achilles, you prove yourſelf to be ſo; but ſuffer me to diſpatch my enemy. I was going to ſhoot an arrow at your father, but Neoptolemus withheld me, ſaying, Reſentment diſturbs your reaſon, and hinders you from ſeeing the baſeneſs of the action you are going to commit.

As for Ulyſſes, he ſeemed as unconcerned at my arrows as my reproaches. I was ſtruck with his intrepidity and patience, and aſhamed of having endeavoured in the firſt tranſports of my rage to make uſe of my arms to kill him who had cauſed them to be reſtored to me; but as my reſentment was not yet appeaſed, I could not bear to be obliged for them to one I ſo greatly hated. Neoptolemus in the mean while ſaid, Know that the divine Helenus, the ſon of Priam, coming out of the city of Troy by the command and inſpiration of the Gods, unveiled futurity to us. Ill-fated Troy ſhall fall, ſaid he; but it cannot fall till it is attacked by him who has Hercules's arrows: neither can that man be cured till he comes before the walls of Troy, where the ſons of Æſculapius will cure him.

I now felt a conflict in my boſom; being affected with

Neoptolemus's frankneſs and juſtice in reſtoring me my bow, but unable to prevail with myſelf to live if I muſt ſubmit to go with Ulyſſes: a faulty ſhame held me in ſuſpenſe. Shall I be ſeen, ſaid I to myſelf, in the company of Ulyſſes and the Atridæ? What will the world think of me!

While I was in this uncertainty, I all of a ſudden hear a voice more than human, and ſee Hercules in a bright cloud encircled with rays of glory. I eaſily recollected his manly features, his robuſt body, and plain manner; but he had a loftineſs and majeſty which were never ſo conſpicuous in him while he was ſubduing of monſters. He beſpoke me thus:

You hear, you ſee Hercules. I have left lofty Olympus to tell you the commands of Jupiter. You know by what labours I obtained immortality. You muſt go with the ſon of Achilles to tread in my ſteps in the paths of glory. You ſhall be cured, and ſhall kill Paris, the author of ſo many woes, with my arrows. After the taking of Troy, ſend rich ſpoils to your father Pæan on mount Oeta, and let them be placed on my grave as a monument of the victory owing to my arrows. And you, ſon of Achilles, I tell you that you cannot be victorious without Philoctetes, nor Philoctetes without you. Go therefore like two lions in queſt of prey together. I will ſend Æſculapius to Troy to cure Philoctetes. Above all, ye Greeks, love and practiſe religion; every thing elſe dies, but that lives for ever.

Having heard theſe words, I cried out, O happy day! O pleaſing light! that after ſo many years doſt manifeſt thy ſelf at laſt! I obey thee, I will depart the moment I have bid theſe ſcenes adieu. Farewell, dear cave! Thou nymph of theſe humid meads, farewell; I no more ſhall hear theſe murmuring billows. Farewell, thou ſhore, where the bleak winds ſo oft have pierced me. Farewell, ye promontories, where echo ſo often repeated my groans. Farewell, ye ſweet ſprings, that were ſo bitter to me. Farewell, thou Lemnian land; let my de-

parture be happy ſince I am going whither the will of the Gods and my friends calls me.

We then departed, and arrived at the ſiege of Troy. Machaon and Podalirius by the divine ſcience of their father Æſculapius cured me, or at leaſt put me in the condition wherein you now ſee me. I have no pain; I have recovered all my ſtrength, but am a little lame. I killed Paris, as the huntſman ſhoots a timorous fawn with his arrows. Ilion was ſoon reduced to aſhes; you know the reſt. The remembrance however of my ſufferings made me retain ſome averſion to Ulyſſes, and his virtue could not appeaſe my reſentment; but the ſight of a ſon that reſembles him, and whom I cannot forbear loving, begets a tenderneſs in my heart for the father himſelf.

End of the fifteenth Book.

THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS,

The Son of ULYSSES.

BOOK the SIXTEENTH.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus quarrels with Phalantus about ſome priſoners whom they both claim; he fights with and overcomes Hippias, who deſpiſing his youth, had forcibly carried away thoſe priſoners for his brother Phalantus. But Telemachus, little ſatisfied with his victory, privately laments his raſhneſs and error, which he would be glad to repair. At the ſame time Adraſtus, king of the Daunians, being informed that the confederate kings were ſolely intent on making up the breach between Telemachus and Hippias, goes and attacks them unawares. Having ſurpriſed an hundred of their ſhips to tranſport his troops to their camp, he immediately ſets it on fire, begins the attack on Phalantus's quarters, kills his brother Hippias, and very much wounds Phalantus himſelf.

WHILE Philoctetes was thus relating his adventures, Telemachus remained as it were ſuſpended and motionleſs, and fixed his eyes on the great man that was ſpeaking. All the different paſſions which had agitated Hercules, Philoctetes, Ulyſſes and Neoptolemus, were ſeen as they were repreſented in their turns on the artleſs countenance of Telemachus. During the courſe of this narration he ſometimes cried out and interrupted

Philoctetes, without thinking on what he did; ſometimes he appeared thoughtful, like one who is maturely weighing the conſequences of things: and when Philoctetes was deſcribing the confuſion of Neoptolemus who knew not to diſſemble, Telemachus ſeemed to be in the ſame confuſion; one would at that inſtant have taken him for Neoptolemus himſelf.

Mean while the confederate army was marching in good order againſt Adraſtus king of the Daunians, who deſpiſed the Gods, and ſought only to deceive men. Telemachus found it very difficult to behave with prudence among ſo many princes who were jealous of each other. He was to render himſelf odious to none, and to make himſelf beloved of all. Now though he was naturally frank and good-natured, yet he was not over-complaiſant; he ſeldom conſidered what might oblige others; he was not fond of money, but then he knew not the art of giving. Thus with a noble and well-diſpoſed heart, he ſeemed neither obliging, nor friendly, nor liberal, nor grateful for the care which was taken of him, nor attentive to diſtinguiſh merit. He followed his own inclination without reflection. His mother Penelope had bred him up in ſpite of Mentor, in an haughtineſs and pride, which ſullied all his amiable qualities. He looked upon himſelf to be of a different nature from the reſt of mankind; others ſeemed to him to be ſent into the world by the Gods only to pleaſe him, to ſerve him, to prevent all his wiſhes, and to make him their ſole arbiter in all things, as though he were a God. The happineſs of ſerving him was in his opinion a ſufficient recompence for theſe who did it. Nothing muſt ever be impoſſible in which his ſatisfaction was concerned, and the leaſt delays moved his haſty temper.

Had any one ſeen him thus in his natural diſpoſition, he would have thought him incapable of loving any thing but himſelf, and that he was affected with nothing but his own glory and pleaſure. This indifference however as to others, and perpetual regard for himſelf, pro-

ceeded only from the ferment he was continually thrown into by the violence of his paſſions. He had been fondled and humoured by his mother from his cradle, and was a ſignal inſtance of the misfortunes of a high birth. The calamities he ſuffered even from his greeneſt years had not been capable to qualify this haughtineſs and vehemence of his temper. Though he had been deſtitute of all things, forſaken and expoſed to numerous evils, yet had he loſt nothing of his pride: that continually roſe up again, as the pliant palm inceſſantly riſes of itſelf, whatever efforts are made to depreſs it.

While Telemachus was with Mentor, theſe failings did not appear, and were daily decreaſing. Like a fiery courſer that bounds over the ſpacious meadows, that ſtops neither at ſteepy rocks, nor precipices, nor torrents, and that obeys but the voice and hand of a ſingle perſon who knows to manage him; Telemachus, full of a noble ardor, could not be reſtrained but by Mentor alone: but then a look of his would inſtantly ſtop him in his ſwifteſt career; he immediately comprehended its meaning; he recalled every ſentiment of virtue to his heart, and his reaſon in a moment rendered his countenance calm and ſerene: Neptune when he lifts his trident, and threatens the ſwelling billows, does not more ſuddenly ſtill the lowering tempeſts.

When Telemachus was alone, all his paſſions that had been reſtrained like a torrent by a ſtrong dike, took their natural courſe; he could not brook the arrogance of the Lacedæmonians and of Phalantus who was at their head. This colony, which had founded Tarentum, was compoſed of young men who were born during the ſiege of Troy, and had never had any education. Their illegitimate birth, the diſſolute lives of their mothers, and the licentiouſneſs in which they had been bred up, gave them ſomething of wildneſs and barbarity; they reſembled a band of robbers more than a colony of Greeks.

Phalantus ſought all opportunities of contradicting Telemachus. He often interrupted him in council, de-

ſpiſing his advice as that of an unexperienced youth; he bantered and treated him as an effeminate ſtripling; he made all the chiefs of the army take notice of his ſlighteſt failings; he endeavoured to ſow jealouſies every where, and to render Telemachus's high ſpirit odious to all the allies.

One day Telemachus having taken ſome Daunians priſoners, Phalantus pretended a right to them, alleging that he, at the head of his Lacedæmonians, had defeated that party of the enemy, and that Telemachus, finding the Daunians already vanquiſhed and put to flight, had no trouble but the giving them quarter, and the conducting them to the camp. Telemachus on the contrary maintained, that he had hindered Phalantus from being defeated, and had gained the victory over the Daunians. They both pleaded their cauſe in an aſſembly of the confederate princes; where Telemachus being ſo far tranſported as to threaten Phalantus, they would inſtantly have fought, had they not been with-held.

Phalantus had a brother, whoſe name was Hippias, famous through the whole army for his valour, ſtrength and dexterity. Pollux, ſaid the Tarentines, did not wield the ceſtus better, nor could Caſtor have excelled him in the management of an horſe: he was almoſt equal to Hercules in ſtature and ſtrength. The whole army was afraid of him; for he was ſtill more quarrelſome and brutal than ſtrong and valiant.

Hippias ſeeing with what haughtineſs Telemachus menaced his brother, goes immediately to ſeize the priſoners, in order to convey them to Tarentum, without waiting for the deciſion of the aſſembly. Telemachus being privately told of this, went out trembling with rage. Like a foaming boar in purſuit of the hunter that has wounded him, did Telemachus rove up and down the camp, looking with eager eyes for his enemy, and brandiſhing the dart with which he deſigned to kill him. At length he meets him, and his rage redoubles at the ſight.

He was no longer the wiſe Telemachus, inſtructed by

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Pl. VII. R. Cooper sculp

Minerva in the form of Mentor; he was a madman, or a furious lion. He immediately cries out to Hippias, Stay, thou baſeſt of men, ſtay; we will ſoon ſee if thou art able to rob me of the ſpoils of thoſe I have vanquiſhed: thou ſhalt not lead them to Tarentum; go, inſtantly deſcend to the gloomy banks of Styx. He ſaid, and threw his javelin; but throwing it with ſo much fury that he could take no aim, it miſſed Hippias. Hereupon Telemachus draws the golden-hilted ſword, which Laertes had given him at his departure from Ithaca as a pledge of his love. Laertes himſelf had uſed it with great glory in his youth, and dyed it in the blood of ſeveral famous leaders of the Epirots, in a war wherein he was victorious. Telemachus had hardly drawn his ſword, when Hippias, reſolving to make an advantage of his ſtrength, ruſhed upon him in order to wreſt it out of his hands. The ſword is broken between them; they ſeize and cloſe with each other. Lo! they now reſemble two fierce brutes, that ſtrive to tear one another in pieces; fire ſparkles in their eyes, they ſhrink up, they ſtretch out, they ſtoop down, they riſe again, they ſpring forwards, they thirſt for blood. Lo! they are engaged hand to hand and foot to foot, twiſting their two bodies together ſo that they ſeemed to be but one. But Hippias being of a maturer age, ſeemed as if he would overpower Telemachus, whoſe tender youth was not ſo nervous. And now Telemachus being out of breath, feels his knees tremble; and Hippias ſeeing him ſtagger, redoubles his efforts. The ſon of Ulyſſes had been ſlain, and ſuffered the puniſhment due to his temerity and paſſion, had not Minerva, who was watchful of him at a diſtance, and had let him fall into this extremity of danger only for his inſtruction, determined the victory in his favour.

The Goddeſs herſelf did not quit the palace of Salentum, but ſent Iris the ſwift meſſenger of the Gods. Iris flying with nimble wings cleaves the immenſe ſpaces of air, leaving behind her a long track of light which looked like a cloud of a thouſand different colours; ſhe did

not reſt herſelf till ſhe came to the ſea-ſhore, where the numberleſs army of the allies was encamped. She ſees at a diſtance the ſtrife, the ardor and efforts of the two combatants; ſhe trembles at the ſight of the danger the young Telemachus is in; ſhe approaches involved in a bright cloud which ſhe formed of ſubtle vapours, the inſtant Hippias, conſcious of his ſtrength, thought himſelf victorious; ſhe covered Minerva's youthful pupil with the ægis which the wiſe Goddeſs had entruſted to her. Telemachus, whoſe ſtrength was exhauſted, immediately begins to feel freſh vigour. As he revives, Hippias is diſpirited, and finds himſelf terrified and oppreſt by ſomething divine. Telemachus preſſes hard upon him, attacking him ſometimes in one poſture and ſometimes in another; he makes him reel; he gives him no time to recover himſelf; at laſt he throws him on the ground and falls upon him. A huge Idæan oak, felled by a thouſand ſtrokes of the hatchet with which the whole foreſt reſounded, does not make a more terrible noiſe in its fall; the earth groans; all things around it are ſhaken.

Mean while Telemachus recovered his reaſon as well as his ſtrength. Hippias was ſcarcely fallen beneath him, when the ſon of Ulyſſes was ſenſible of the fault he had been guilty of in thus aſſaulting the brother of one of the confederate kings whom he came to aſſiſt. He called to mind with confuſion the wiſe counſels of Mentor; he was aſhamed of his victory, and perceived that he deſerved to have been overcome. Mean time Phalantus, tranſported with fury, ran to his brother's aſſiſtance; and would have transfixed Telemachus with his javelin, had he not been afraid of transfixing Hippias alſo, whom Telemachus held under him on the ground. The ſon of Ulyſſes could eaſily have taken his antagoniſt's life; but his anger was appeaſed, and he thought only of repairing his fault by ſhewing his moderation. He riſes, ſaying, O Hippias! I am ſatisfied with having taught you not to deſpiſe my youth. Take your life; I admire your ſtrength and courage; the Gods

have preſerved me; yield to their power, and let us for the future only fight together againſt the Daunians. While Telemachus was ſpeaking, Hippias got up, beſmeared with duſt and blood, and full of ſhame and rage. Phalantus not daring to take the life of him who had ſo generouſly given it to his brother, was doubtful and diſordered. All the confederate kings ran to them, and led Telemachus one way, and Phalantus and Hippias another. Hippias had loſt his fierce and haughty air, and was aſhamed to lift up his eyes. The whole army was greatly aſtoniſhed that Telemachus had been able at ſo tender an age, when men are not arrived at their full ſtrength, to vanquiſh Hippias, who in might and bulk reſembled the giants, thoſe ſons of earth, that formerly attempted to drive the immortals from Olympus.

But the ſon of Ulyſſes was far from receiving any pleaſure from this victory. While the army thought they could not ſufficiently admire him, he retired to his tent aſhamed of his fault, unable to ſupport himſelf, and bewailing his haſtineſs of temper. He was ſenſible how unjuſt and unreaſonable he was in his tranſports; he found great vanity, weakneſs and meanneſs in his unbounded haughtineſs, and perceived that true greatneſs is inſeparable from moderation, juſtice, modeſty and humanity: he perceived this; but not preſuming to hope that he ſhould amend after ſo many relapſes, he was at war with himſelf, and was heard to roar like a lion in his fury.

He remained two days ſhut up all alone in his tent, puniſhing and unable to prevail on himſelf to go into company. Alas! ſaid he, ſhall I dare to ſee Mentor again? Am I the ſon of Ulyſſes, the wiſeſt and moſt patient of men? Did I come to bring diſſention and diſorder into the army of the allies? Is it their blood, or that of the Daunians their enemies, which I ought to ſhed? I have acted raſhly; I knew not even to throw my javelin; I expoſed myſelf in combat againſt Hippias with ſtrength unequal, and ſhould have expected nothing but death

and the ſhame of being vanquiſhed. And what of that? I ſhould have been no more: no, the raſh Telemachus, the ſenſeleſs youth who does not profit by any advice, would have been no more: my ſhame would have ended with my life. Could I, alas! ſo much as hope never to do again what I am now ſo grieved for having done, I ſhould be happy, abundantly happy! but perhaps before the cloſe of this very day I ſhall commit, nay wilfully commit the very faults of which I am at preſent ſo much aſhamed and have ſo great an abhorrence. O fatal victory! O praiſes which I cannot bear! praiſes which are bitter reproaches of my folly!

While he was thus ſolitary and diſconſolate, Neſtor and Philoctetes came to ſee him. Neſtor deſigned to convince him how much he had been in the wrong; but the wiſe ſenior preſently perceiving the youth's affliction, changed his grave remonſtrances into expreſſions of kindneſs, in order to allay his grief.

This quarrel retarded the progreſs of the confederate princes, who could not march towards the enemy till they had reconciled Telemachus with Phalantus and Hippias; being hourly apprehenſive leſt the Tarentine troops ſhould fall upon the hundred young Cretans that came with Telemachus to this war. All was in confuſion through the fault of Telemachus only; and he perceiving the many preſent evils and future dangers of which he was the author, abandoned himſelf to the bittereſt grief. All the princes were in great perplexity: they durſt not order the army to march, leſt Telemachus's Cretans and Phalantus's Tarentines ſhould fight with each other as they went along; they had great difficulty to keep them from it even in the camp, where they were narrowly watched. Neſtor and Philoctetes were inceſſantly going backwards and forwards from Telemachus's tent to that of the implacable Phalantus, who breathed nothing but revenge. Neither Neſtor's ſweet eloquence nor the great Philoctetes's authority could pacify his ſavage heart, which was moreover continually

irritated by the inflaming diſcourſe of his brother Hippias. Telemachus was much calmer, but dejected by a ſorrow which nothing could alleviate.

While the princes were in this commotion, all the troops were under great conſternation: the whole camp looked like a houſe of mourning that had juſt loſt the father of the family, the ſupport of all his relations, and the ſweet hope of his little children.

During this diſorder and conſternation of the army there was ſuddenly heard a frightful noiſe of chariots and arms, of neighing ſteeds and outcries of men, ſome victorious and ſpurred on to carnage, others running away, dying, or wounded. A black cloud of whirling duſt overſpreads the heavens, and covers the whole camp. The duſt is preſently followed by a thick ſmoke which condenſes the air, and hinders reſpiration. There was likewiſe heard an hollow noiſe like that of the curling flames which mount Ætna belches from the bottom of its burning bowels, when Vulcan with his Cyclops is forging thunder bolts there for the father of the Gods. Terror ſeized on every heart.

The vigilant and indefatigable Adraſtus had ſurpriſed the allies; having concealed his route from them, and procured intelligence of theirs. He had marched with incredible expedition round an almoſt inacceſſible mountain, whoſe paſſes had almoſt all been ſeized by the allies. Now the allies being in poſſeſſion of theſe paſſes thought themſelves perfectly ſafe, and even fancied that they ſhould be able by their means to fall upon the enemy on the other ſide of the mountain, when ſome troops which they expected, were arrived. Adraſtus, who was very laviſh of his money in order to get intelligence of his enemies, had been informed of their reſolution; for Neſtor and Philoctetes, though otherwiſe very wiſe and experienced commanders, were not ſufficiently ſecret in their enterpriſes. Neſtor, now in the decline of life, was too fond of relating things which tended to his own praiſe. Philoctetes was naturally leſs talkative, but then

he was ſo paſſionate, that if one moved his haſty temper ever ſo little, one might make him diſcover things which he had reſolved to conceal. Artful men had found the key to his heart, and drew from it the moſt important ſecrets. They needed only to provoke him; being then tranſported and beſide himſelf, he would burſt out into menaces, and vaunt of having infallible means to accompliſh his deſigns: and if they ſeemed ever ſo little doubtful of his means, he would immediately be ſo inconſiderate as to explain them, and let the cloſeſt ſecrets ſlip from his boſom. Like a fine but cracked veſſel through which leak all the moſt delicious liquors, the heart of this great commander could retain nothing.

Traitors, corrupted by Adraſtus's money, did not fail to make their advantage of the foibles of theſe two princes. They were continually flattering Neſtor with empty praiſes; they reminded him of his paſt exploits, admired his foreſight, and were never weary of applauding him. On the other ſide, they were perpetually laying ſnares for the fiery temper of Philoctetes, and talked to him of nothing but difficulties, accidents, dangers, inconveniencies, irretrievable overſights; for as ſoon as his warm diſpoſition took fire, his wiſdom forſook him, and he was no longer the ſame man.

Telemachus, notwithſtanding the failings we have taken notice of, was much more prudent as to the keeping of a ſecret. He had been habituated to it by his misfortunes, and the neceſſity he had been under from his infancy of concealing his thoughts from Penelope's ſuitors. He knew to keep a ſecret without telling an untruth. And then he had not that reſerved and myſterious air, which is uſual to cloſe men; he never ſeemed burdened with the ſecret he was to keep, but was always free, eaſy, open, like a perſon that bears his heart on his lips. But though he ſaid every thing that could be ſaid without any ill conſequences, yet he knew to ſtop preciſely, and without affectation, at the things which might create ſuſpicions, or furniſh a hint to diſ-

cover his ſecret. Hereby his heart was impenetrable and inacceſſible; even his beſt friends knew nothing but what he judged proper to lay before them for their advice, and there was but Mentor alone for whom he had no reſerve. He did indeed confide in others, but in different degrees, and in proportion to the proofs they had given him of their friendſhip and diſcretion.

Telemachus had often obſerved that the reſolutions of the council were a little too much known in the camp, and had adviſed Neſtor and Philoctetes of it; but they, though men of great experience, did not ſufficiently attend to ſo uſeful an hint. Old age is not at all pliable; inveterate habits bind it as it were in chains, and its failings become incurable. Like trees whoſe rough and knotty trunks are hardened by length of time and cannot be ſtraitened, men hardly have it in their power at a certain age to bend themſelves contrary to cuſtoms which have grown old with them, and are entered into the very marrow of their bones. They often indeed are conſcious of them when it is too late; they bewail them in vain, for tender youth is the only age wherein it is in a man's power to correct his errors.

There was in the army a certain Dolopian, whoſe name was Eurymachus, who was fawning, inſinuating, had the art of adapting himſelf to all the taſtes and inclinations of the princes, and was ingenious and induſtrious in finding out new ways of pleaſing them. When one heard him, one would think there was no difficulty in any thing, and when his advice was aſked, he was ſure to hit upon that which was moſt agreeable. He was an entertaining fellow; he bantered the weak, he cringed to thoſe of whom he ſtood in awe, and ſo ſkilfully ſeaſoned his flattery, that it was grateful to the moſt modeſt ear; he was grave with the grave, and merry with thoſe who were merrily-inclined; for it was no pain to him to aſſume any form whatever. Sincere and virtuous men, who are always the ſame, and who ſubject themſelves to the rules of virtue, can never be ſo agreea-

ble to princes as thoſe who flatter their prevailing paſſions. Eurymachus underſtood war; he was capable of buſineſs, and had, in order to make his fortune, attached himſelf to Neſtor, whoſe confidence he had won, and from whoſe heart, which was a little vain and ſenſible to flattery, he drew every thing which he deſired to know.

Though Philoctetes did not make him his confident, yet the fire and impatience of his temper had the ſame effects as Neſtor's confidence. For Eurymachus needed only to contradict and provoke him, and he diſcovered all. This fellow had received large ſums of Adraſtus, to ſend him intelligence of all the deſigns of the allies. The Daunian king had ſeveral deſerters in their army, who were to make their eſcape one after another from the confederate camp, and to return to his. When there was any thing of importance to be communicated to Adraſtus, Eurymachus uſed to diſpatch one of theſe deſerters. The treachery could not eaſily be diſcovered; becauſe as they never carried any letters, nothing was found upon them if they were taken that could render Eurymachus ſuſpected.

Adraſtus therefore conſtantly prevented all the enterpriſes of the allies: a reſolution was hardly taken in the council, but the Daunians did preciſely what was neceſſary to hinder its ſucceſs. Telemachus was indefatigable in his endeavours to find out the cauſe of this, and to excite the ſuſpicions of Neſtor and Philoctetes; but his cares were vain, for their eyes were not to be opened.

It had been reſolved in council to wait for a large number of troops which were to arrive, and an hundred ſhips had been ſent privately by night to tranſport them the more expeditiouſly from a very rugged ſea-coaſt to which they were to come, to where the army was encamped. Mean time the confederates thought themſelves ſecure, becauſe their troops were in poſſeſſion of the ſtraits of the neighbouring mountain, which was an almoſt inacceſſible ſide of the Appennines. The army

was encamped on the banks of the river Galeſus, near the ſea. This delightful country abounds in paſturage, and in all things neceſſary to the ſubſiſtence of an army. Adraſtus was on the other ſide of the mountain, which the allies believed it was impoſſible for him to paſs. But as he knew they were yet but weak, that a great re-inforcement was coming, that ſhips were waiting for the troops which were to arrive, and that the army was divided by Telemachus's quarrel with Phalantus, he immediately made a large circuit, marching night and day along the ſea-ſhore, and going through ways which had always been deemed abſolutely impaſſable. Thus do reſolution and labour ſurmount the greateſt obſtacles; thus is there hardly any thing impoſſible to the daring and the patient of fatigues; and thus do thoſe who ſleep and magnify difficulties into impoſſibilities, deſerve to be ſurpriſed and oppreſt.

Adraſtus early in the morning ſurpriſed the hundred ſhips which belonged to the allies. As theſe ſhips were ill-guarded and apprehenſive of nothing, he took them without reſiſtance, and made uſe of them to tranſport his troops with incredible diſpatch to the mouth of the Galeſus; he then ſailed very expeditiouſly up the river. The advanced guards of the confederate camp that were ſtationed towards the river, imagined that theſe barks had brought them the troops which were expected, and immediately ſhouted aloud for joy. Adraſtus and his ſoldiers landed before they could be known, and fall upon the allies, who apprehend nothing, as they are ſcattered up and down in an open camp, unarmed, and without a commander.

The part of the camp which Adraſtus firſt attacked, was that of the Tarentines, where Phalantus commanded. The Daunians entered it with ſuch vigour, that the Lacedæmonian youth being in a ſurpriſe, could not reſiſt them. While they are looking for their arms, and hinder each other in their confuſion, Adraſtus orders the camp to be fired. The flames inſtantly aſcend from the

tents, and reach the very clouds; roaring like a deluge that pours over a whole country, and up-roots and bears away by its rapidity the largeſt oaks, the corn, barns, ſtables, flocks and herds. The wind impetuouſly drives the fire from tent to tent, and the whole camp inſtantly reſembles an old dry foreſt, which a ſingle ſpark has kindled into a blaze.

Phalantus, though he has the neareſt view of the danger, can apply no remedy to it. He perceives that his troops will all periſh in the flames, if they do not immediately abandon the camp; but he perceives alſo how much the confuſion of ſuch a retreat is to be dreaded before a victorious enemy. He begins however to draw off his half-armed Lacedæmonian youth, but Adraſtus allows them no time to breathe. On one ſide a band of ſkilful archers gall Phalantus's ſoldiers with innumerable arrows, and ſlingers on the other pour a ſtinty ſhower. Adraſtus himſelf, marching ſword in hand at the head of a choſen band of the moſt intrepid Daunians, purſues the fugitives by the light of the flames; he mows down all who eſcape them with his keen ſteel; he ſwims in blood; he cannot ſlake his thirſt of ſlaughter: lions and tigers equal not his fury when they rend the ſhepherds and their flocks. Phalantus's troops ſink before him; their courage forſakes them; pale death, led on by an infernal fury, whoſe head briſtles with ſnakes, freezes the blood in their veins; their benumbed limbs ſtiffen, and their ſhivering knees rob them even of the hopes of flight.

Phalantus, whom ſhame and deſpair ſtill ſupply with ſome remains of ſtrength and vigour, lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven, ſees his brother Hippias fall at his feet, beneath the blows of Adraſtus's thundering hand. Hippias is ſtretched on the earth, and rolls in the duſt; black bubbling gore ſpouts like a torrent from the deep wound in his ſide; his eyes exclude the light, and his furious ſoul iſſues out with his blood. Phalantus himſelf, all beſmeared with his brother's gore, and unable

to aſſiſt him, finds himſelf beſet with a croud of enemies who ſtrive to fell him to the earth. His ſhield is pierced with a thouſand darts; he is wounded in ſeveral parts of his body, and cannot rally his flying troops: the Gods ſee, but do not vouchſafe him their pity.

End of the ſixteenth Book.

THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS,

The Son of ULYSSES.

BOOK the SEVENTEENTH.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus, clad in his divine armour, runs to Phalantus's assistance, kills Iphicles the son of Adrastus, repulses the victorious enemy, and would have obtained a compleat victory over them, if a sudden storm had not put an end to the battle. He afterwards orders the wounded to be carried off, and takes care of them himself, particularly of Phalantus. He celebrates the funeral rites of his brother Hippias, and presents him with his ashes which he had collected together in a golden urn.

JUPITER in the midst of all the celestial deities beheld the slaughter of the allies from the top of Olympus; and at the same time consulting the immutable destinies, saw all the chiefs whose thread of life was that day to be cut by the fatal sisters. All the immortals looking earnestly upon him to read his pleasure in his countenance, the father of Gods and men, with a sweet but majestic voice, said: You see to what an extremity the confederates are reduced, you see Adrastus overthrowing his enemies; but this is a deceitful spectacle. The glory and prosperity of the wicked is short; the impious Adrastus, detestable for his perfidy, shall not obtain a compleat victory. This calamity befalls the

allies only to teach them to correct their errors, and to keep their enterprises more secret. The wise Minerva is now preparing fresh glory for her darling, the young Telemachus. He said; and all the Gods continued to view the combat in silence.

Mean time Nestor and Philoctetes are informed that part of the camp is already burnt; that the flames, driven by the winds, were continually spreading; that the troops were in disorder, and that Phalantus could no longer sustain the efforts of the enemy. These dreadful words no sooner strike their ears but they run to arms, assemble the officers, and order them to hasten out of the camp to escape the flames.

Telemachus, who was dejected and inconsolable, now forgets his grief, and takes his arms, the inestimable present of the wise Minerva, who appearing in the shape of Mentor, pretended that she had received them of an excellent artist of Salentum, though she had in reality prevailed on Vulcan to make them in the smoaky caverns of mount Ætna.

These arms were smooth as glass, and glittered like the rays of the sun. On the shield were seen Neptune and Pallas contending which of them should have the honour of giving their name to an infant city. Neptune struck the earth with his trident, and one beheld a furious steed springing from it. Fire darted from his eyes, and foam issued from his mouth. His mane waved with the wind; his pliant and nervous legs moved with vigour and swiftness. He did not walk; he bounded by the mere strength of his loins, but with such rapidity that he left no footsteps behind him: and one thought one heard him neigh.

In another part was Minerva presenting olives, the fruit of the tree of her own planting, to the inhabitants of her new city. The bough on which the fruit hung, was an emblem of gentle peace and plenty, preferable to the troubles of war, of which the horse was a symbol.

The Goddeſs obtained the victory by her plain and uſeful giſts, and ſtately Athens bore her name.

Minerva was alſo ſeen aſſembling around her all the polite arts, which were repreſented by little children with wings. Terrified at the brutal fury of all-deſtroying Mars, they fled to her for ſhelter, as bleating lambkins fly for refuge to their dams at the ſight of a ravenous wolf, that darts with extended flaming jaws to devour them. Minerva, with a diſdainful and angry countenance, was alſo confounding, by the excellence of her works, the fooliſh temerity of Arachne, who preſumed to vie with her as to the perfection of her tapeſtry. One ſaw the wretch's leſſening limbs loſing their form, and changing into thoſe of a ſpider.

Near this part Minerva appeared again, giving advice to Jupiter himſelf in the war of the giants, and ſuſtaining all the other affrighted deities. She was alſo repreſented with her lance and ægis on the banks of Xanthus and Simois, leading Ulyſſes by the hand, reviving the courage of the flying Greeks, and withſtanding the efforts of the moſt valiant Trojan commanders and of the formidable Hector himſelf; and laſtly, introducing Ulyſſes into the fatal machine which was in a ſingle night to ſubvert the empire of Priam.

Another part of the ſhield repreſented Ceres in the fruitful fields of Enna, in the midſt of Sicily. The Goddeſs was aſſembling the inhabitants together, who were ſcattered up and down, and lived by hunting, or picking up the wild fruits that dropped from the trees. She taught theſe rude mortals the art of manuring the earth, and of extracting their food out of her fertile boſom; ſhe preſented them with a plough, and taught them to yoke the oxen to it. One might ſee the earth parting into furrows by means of the ſharp-edged ſhare; and then one beheld the golden harveſts which hid the fruitful fields. The reaper with his ſickle was cutting down the kindly fruits of the earth, and paying himſelf for all his toils. Iron, elſewhere an inſtrument to deſtroy, was here uſed

but to procure a plenty, and to give birth to every kind of pleaſure.

The nymphs, with wreaths of flowers on their heads, were dancing together, near a grove in a meadow, on the banks of a river. Pan was playing on his pipe; and the Fauns and wanton Satyrs were friſking together in a corner. Bacchus, crowned with ivy, was likewiſe there, leaning one hand on his Thyrſus, and holding in the other a vine adorned with leafy branches and cluſtering grapes. His beauty was effeminate, but blended with I know not what of noble, of amorous and languiſhing. He looked as when he appeared to the unhappy Ariadne, when he found her ſolitary, forſaken, overwhelmed with ſorrow on an unknown ſhore.

To conclude, in all parts were ſeen multitudes of people; old men bearing their firſt fruits to the temples; young men tired with the toils of the day, returning home to their wives; their wives going to meet them, fondling their little children, and leading them by the hand. There were alſo ſhepherds that ſeemed to ſing, and others to dance to the ſound of their reeds. Every thing was an image of peace, plenty, and pleaſure; every thing ſeemed ſmiling and happy: nay, the very wolves were ſporting among the ſheep in their paſtures, and the lion and the tyger having quitted their fierceneſs, were feeding with tender lambkins: a child was their ſhepherd, and he governed them all with his crook. This delightful picture put one in mind of all the charms of the golden age.

Telemachus being clad in this celeſtial armour, inſtead of taking his own ſhield, takes the terrible ægis, which Minerva had ſent him by Iris, the ſwift meſſenger of the Gods. Iris had taken away his own ſhield without his perceiving it, and had given him the ægis, dreadful even to the Gods themſelves, inſtead of it.

Thus armed he runs out of the camp to avoid the flames, and calls all the chiefs of the army to him with a ſtrong voice, which inſtantly revives all the terrified

allies. Celeſtial fire ſparkles in the eyes of the youthful warrior. He all the while ſeems as calm, as free and compoſed, as diligent in iſſuing out his orders, as a wiſe ſenior could who is intent on the regulation of his family, and the inſtruction of his children; but then he is as rapid and violent in the execution, as an impetuous river, which not only rolls its foamy waves with rapidity, but alſo bears away with its torrent the heavieſt veſſels with which it is loaded.

Philoctetes, Neſtor, and the chiefs of the Mandurians and of the other nations perceived that the ſon of Ulyſſes had I know not what of authority, to which they were forced to ſubmit. The experience of the ſeniors fails them; counſel and wiſdom forſake all the commanders; nay, jealouſy itſelf, ſo natural to man, is extinguiſhed in every heart; all are ſilent, all admire Telemachus, all wait for his commands without reflecting on what they do, and as if they had been uſed to do it. He advances and aſcends an eminence; and from thence obſerving the poſture of the enemy, he inſtantly judges that it is neceſſary to uſe the utmoſt diſpatch to ſurpriſe them in the diſorder into which they had put themſelves by burning the confederate camp. He fetches a compaſs with great expedition, followed by all the moſt experienced commanders, and falls upon the Daunians in the rear, at a time when they thought that the army of the allies was involved in the flames. The Daunians are diſordered by this ſudden attack, and fall beneath Telemachus's hands, as leaves in the cloſe of autumn in the foreſts, when the boiſterous north-wind, bringing back the winter, makes the trunks of the old trees groan, and violently ſhakes all the branches. The earth is ſtrewed with men ſlain by Telemachus. With his javelin he pierces the heart of Iphicles, the youngeſt of Adraſtus's children, who preſumed to engage him, in order to ſave his father's life, who was in danger of being killed by Telemachus. The ſon of Ulyſſes and Iphicles were both handſome, vigorous, expert and brave, of the ſame ſtature,

of the ſame ſweet diſpoſition, of the ſame age, and both alike dear to their parents; but Iphicles reſembled a flower in the fields, which blooms and is cut down by the ſcythe of the mower. Telemachus then kills Euphorion, the moſt renowned of all the Lydians that came into Hetruria. His ſword afterwards ſlays Cleomenes, who was lately married, and had promiſed his bride to bring her the rich ſpoils of the enemy; but he was never to ſee her again.

Adraſtus quivers with rage when he ſees that his ſon and ſeveral of his commanders are dead, and that victory is ſlipping out of his hands. Phalantus, juſt ready to ſink at his feet, looks like a half-ſlain victim, that ſtarts from the ſacred knife, and flies away from the altar. A moment more had been ſufficient for Adraſtus to have compleated the Lacedæmonian's deſtruction.

Phalantus drowned in his own blood and in that of thoſe who fought around him, hears the ſhouts of Telemachus coming to his relief. The ſame inſtant life returns, and the cloud which had already overſpread his eyes, diſperſes. The Daunians perceiving this unexpected attack, leave Phalantus to repulſe a more dangerous enemy. Adraſtus reſembles a tiger, from whom a company of ſhepherds ſnatch the prey he was going to devour. Telemachus ſeeks him in the throng, being deſirous to end the war at once by delivering the allies from their implacable enemy; but Jupiter would not grant the ſon of Ulyſſes ſo quick and eaſy a victory. Nay, Minerva herſelf was willing that he ſhould ſuffer more hardſhips, that he might be the better qualified to govern.

The impious Adraſtus was preſerved therefore by the father of the Gods, that Telemachus might have time to acquire more glory and virtue. A thick cloud which Jupiter formed in the air, ſaved the Daunians; dreadful thunders ſpoke the will of the Gods. One would have thought that the eternal vaults of high Olympus were going to break down on the heads of feeble mortals; lightnings cleft the clouds from pole to pole, and the

eye was ſcarcely dazzled by their piercing fires, but all was wrapt again in the moſt hideous midnight darkneſs. A ſluicy ſhower which fell at the ſame time, contributed likewiſe to part the two armies.

Adraſtus made his advantage of the ſuccour of the Gods without being duly ſenſible of their power, and by this ingratitude merited to be reſerved for a ſeverer vengeance. He immediately marched his army between the half-burnt camp, and a moraſs which reached quite to the river; and this he did with ſuch dexterity and diſpatch, that his retreat was a proof of his readineſs at expedients and of his preſence of mind. The allies ſpurred on by Telemachus, were eager to purſue him; but by the favour of the ſtorm he eſcaped from them, as a ſwift-winged bird eſcapes from the nets of the fowler.

The allies now return to their camp, and think only of repairing their loſs. As they entered it, they beheld the moſt lamentable effects of war; the ſick and the wounded wanting ſtrength to crawl out of their tents, had not been able to ſave themſelves from the flames: they ſeemed half burnt, and with a doleful dying voice ſent up bitter cries to heaven, which pierced the very ſoul of Telemachus. He could not retain his tears; he often turned away his eyes through horror and compaſſion, nor could without ſhuddering behold their bodies, though ſtill alive, devoted to a lingering and painful death, and looking like the fleſh of victims that has been burnt on the altars, and diffuſes a ſmell all around.

Alas! cried Telemachus, lo! the evils which war draws after it! How blind a fury poſſeſſes wretched mortals! They have but a few days to live on the earth, and thoſe are days of ſorrow; why then will they quicken the pace of death which is already ſo near? Why will they add ſo many ſhocking evils to the bitterneſs with which the Gods have crouded their ſpan of life? Men are all brothers, and yet they tear each other in pieces. Savage brutes are leſs cruel than they: lions make not war upon lions, nor tygers upon tygers; they attack but ani-

mals of a different ſpecies. Man only, notwithſtanding his reaſon, does what creatures void of reaſon never did. And then why theſe wars? Are there not lands enough in the world to ſupply all men with more than they can cultivate? What a waſte of deſolate tracts which mankind can never ſtock with inhabitants! What then! Does ambition, a prince's aiming at the vain title of a conqueror, kindle wars in countries ſufficiently large? Yes, a ſingle perſon, ſent into the world by the Gods in their wrath, brutally ſacrifices millions to his vanity. Every thing muſt be deſtroyed; every thing muſt ſwim in blood; every thing muſt be involved in flames, that what eſcapes the ſword and fire, may periſh by famine ſtill more cruel than they; and all this, that a ſingle man who mocks at human nature, may gratify his humour and ambition in this general devaſtation. What a monſtrous kind of vanity! Can one too much deteſt and deſpiſe men who have thus far forgotten humanity? No, no, inſtead of being demi-Gods, they are not ſo much as men, and ought to be had in execration in all the ages by which they hoped to be admired. Oh! how cautious ought kings to be with reſpect to the wars they undertake! Their wars ought to be juſt; nay more, they ought to be neceſſary for the public weal. The blood of the people ought not to be ſhed but to ſave the people themſelves in caſes of extremity. But flattering counſels, falſe notions of glory, groundleſs jealouſies, unbounded avarice, hid under fair diſguiſes, in ſhort, imperceptible motives, almoſt always hurry kings into wars which render them miſerable, which tempt them needleſsly to riſk their all, and prove as fatal to their own ſubjects as their enemies. Thus reaſoned Telemachus.

But he did not ſatisfy himſelf with deploring the evils of war; he endeavoured to ſoften them. He went himſelf into the tents, to relieve the ſick and the dying; he gave them money and medicines; he comforted and en-

couraged them by friendly diſcourſes, and ſent others to viſit thoſe he could not viſit himſelf.

There were among the Cretans that accompanied him, two old men whoſe names were Traumaphilus and Nozophugus. Traumaphilus had been at the ſiege of Troy with Idomeneus, and had learnt the divine art of healing wounds of Æſculapius's ſons. He uſed to pour into the deepeſt and moſt envenomed a certain odorous liquid which eat away the dead and mortified fleſh ſo that there was no need of inciſion, and quickly formed new fleſh, which was ſounder and of a better colour than the former. As for Nozophugus, he had never ſeen the ſons of Æſculapius, but had by means of Merion been poſſeſſed of a ſacred and myſterious book which Æſculapius had given his ſons. Beſides, Nozophugus was beloved of the Gods; he had compoſed hymns in honour of Latona's children, and daily ſacrificed a white ſheep without blemiſh to Apollo, by whom he was often inſpired; he no ſooner ſaw a ſick perſon but he knew the cauſe of his malady by his eyes, his complection, the conformation of his body, and his manner of breathing. Sometimes he adminiſtered ſudorifics, and ſhewed by the ſucceſs of ſweating, how much the opening or ſhutting of the pores contributes to the diſorder or reſtoration of the whole bodily machine. Sometimes in lingering diſtempers he gave certain draughts, which gradually ſtrengthened the noble parts, and renewed men's vigour by ſweetening their blood. But he uſed to declare that it was through a want of virtue and reſolution, that men ſo often needed phyſic. It is a ſhame to mankind, ſaid he, that they ſhould have ſuch a multitude of maladies; for ſound morals are productive of health. Their intemperance converts into deadly poiſons the aliments which are deſigned to preſerve their lives. Immoderate pleaſures ſhorten men's days more then medicines can lengthen them. The poor are ſeldomer ſick for want of food, than the rich are by eating too much. Aliments which are too grateful to the palate, and cauſe men to

eat more than is needful, poiſon inſtead of nouriſhing. Medicines themſelves are real evils which ruin the conſtitution, and ſhould never be uſed but on urgent occaſions. The grand medicine, which is always innocent and always uſeful, is ſobriety, moderation in all ſorts of pleaſures, tranquillity of mind, and bodily exerciſe. Thereby is generated a ſweet and well-tempered blood, and redundant humors are diſſipated. Thus was the wiſe Noſophugus leſs admirable on account of his cures, than on account of the regimen he preſcribed to prevent diſeaſes, and to render medicines uſeleſs.

Theſe two men being ſent by Telemachus to viſit all the ſick in the army, cured many by their medicines, but more by the care they took to have them well looked after; for they made it their buſineſs to keep them clean, in order to prevent any unwholeſome air, and to make them obſerve a ſober and regular diet during their recovery.

All the ſoldiers moved by theſe benefits, rendered thanks to the Gods for having ſent Telemachus into the confederate army. He is not a man, ſaid they; he is undoubtedly ſome beneficent deity in an human ſhape; at leaſt if he be a man, he reſembles the reſt of mankind leſs than he does the Gods; he is come into the world only to do good, and is more amiable for the ſweetneſs of his temper and his humanity than for his valour. Oh! that we could have him for our king! but the Gods reſerve him for ſome happier people whom they love, and among whom they deſign to renew the golden age.

Telemachus as he went in the night to viſit the ſeveral quarters of the camp by way of precaution againſt any ſtratagems of Adraſtus, heard theſe praiſes, which could not be ſuſpected of adulation, like thoſe which flatterers often beſtow on princes to their faces, ſuppoſing that they have neither modeſty nor delicacy, and that nothing is neceſſary to gain their favour but to praiſe them beyond meaſure. The ſon of Ulyſſes could reliſh nothing but truth; he could hear no commendations but thoſe which were privately given him in his abſence,

and he had really deſerved. To ſuch his heart was not inſenſible; he felt that ſweet that pure delight which the Gods have annexed to virtue only, and which ill men, for want of having experienced it, can neither comprehend nor believe: but he did not indulge himſelf in this pleaſure. All the faults he had committed would preſently croud into his mind; he forgot not his natural haughtineſs and indifference for mankind; he was ſecretly aſhamed of being born with ſo hard a heart, and of appearing ſo inhuman; he referred to the wiſe Minerva all the glory which was given him, thinking that he himſelf did not deſerve it.

It was you, great Goddeſs, ſaid he, who gave me Mentor to inſtruct me, and to rectify my evil diſpoſition; it is you who give me the wiſdom to improve by my faults, and to be diffident of myſelf; it is you who check my impetuous paſſions; it is you who make me ſenſible of the pleaſure of relieving the diſtreſt; but for you, I ſhould be hated, and deſerve to be ſo; but for you, I ſhould commit irreparable errors, and be like a child, that, unconſcious of its weakneſs, quits its mother, and falls the very firſt ſtep it takes.

Neſtor and Philoctetes were ſurpriſed to ſee Telemachus become ſo humane, ſo careful to oblige, ſo officious, ſo ready to relieve the wants of all, and ſo ſkilful and induſtrious to prevent them; they perceived him to be quite another man, but knew not how to account for it. What ſurpriſed them yet more, was the care he took of Hippias's funeral. He went himſelf to fetch his bloody and diſfigured body from the place where it was buried under an heap of dead; he ſhed pious tears over it, and ſaid, O mighty ſhade, thou now knoweſt how much I eſteem thy valour. Thy haughtineſs indeed provoked me, but thy failings proceeded only from the warmth of youth. I well know how much need that age has of pardon. We ſhould hereafter have been ſincere friends. I alſo was in the wrong. Why, ye Gods! have you

raviſhed him from me, before it was in my power to force him to love me?

Telemachus afterwards cauſed his body to be waſhed with odorous liquors, and then ordered a funeral pyre to be prepared. Lofty pines groaning beneath the ſtrokes of the axe, roll from the tops of the mountains. Oaks, thoſe aged ſons of earth, that ſeemed to menace heaven, tall poplars, elms with verdant heads and thick-leaved branches, and beeches, the honour of the woods, are brought and laid upon the banks of the river Galeſus. There a pile, reſembling a regular building, is erected; the flame begins to appear, and curling clouds of ſmoke aſcend to the ſkies. The Lacedæmonians advanced with ſlow and mournful ſteps, with downcaſt eyes and pikes inverted; the deepeſt ſadneſs is imprinted on their wild faces, and floods of tears ſtream from their eyes. Next them came the aged Pherecides, leſs bowed down by his numerous years than by the grief of ſurviving Hippias, whom he had brought up from his infancy. He lifted up his hands and his tearful eyes to heaven. Since Hippias's death he had refuſed all manner of ſuſtenance; gentle ſleep had not been able to weigh down his eyelids, nor to ſuſpend his anguiſh a moment: he walked with tottering ſteps behind the croud, unknowing whither he went. Not a ſingle word proceeded from his mouth, for his heart was too much oppreſt; he was ſpeechleſs through grief and deſpair. But when he ſaw the kindling pyre, he was inſtantly tranſported, and cried out,

O Hippias, Hippias! I ſhall never ſee thee more! Hippias is no more, and yet I ſtill live! O my deareſt Hippias! It was I, a cruel, a mercileſs wretch! it was I taught thee to deſpiſe death. I hoped thy hands would have cloſed my eyes, and that thou wouldſt have catched my lateſt breath. Ye cruel Gods! to lengthen out my life that I might ſee the death of Hippias! O my dear child! whoſe education has coſt me ſo many cares, I ſhall ſee thee no more; but I ſhall ſee thy mother die of grief, reproaching me with thy death; I ſhall ſee thy

youthful wife beat her boſom and tear off her hair, and I ſhall be the cauſe. O beloved ſhade! ſummon me to the Stygian ſhore; the light is hateful to me; it is thou alone, my dear Hippias, I wiſh to ſee again. Hippias! Hippias! O my deareſt Hippias! I live but to pay my laſt duty to thy aſhes.

Mean time the corps of youthful Hippias appeared, ſtretched out at its length, and borne on a bier adorned with purple, gold and ſilver. Death, which had extinguiſhed his eyes, had not been able to efface all his beauty, for there ſtill remained on his pallid viſage a faint picture of the graces. Around his neck, whiter than ſnow, but reclined on his ſhoulder, waved his long black hair, which, more beautiful than that of Atys or Ganymede, was now to be reduced to aſhes. In his ſide was ſeen the deep wound which let out all his blood, and ſent him down to Pluto's gloomy realm.

Telemachus, ſorrowful and dejected, came next to the corps, and ſtrewed flowers upon it. When it arrived at the pyre, the ſon of Ulyſſes could not ſee the flames catch the linnen it was wrapt in, without weeping afreſh. Farewell, brave Hippias, ſaid he; for I dare not call thee my friend; be appeaſed, thou ſhade, who has merited ſo much glory! Did I not love thee, I ſhould envy thy happineſs; thou art delivered from the miſeries we ſtill ſuffer, and haſt retreated from them in the path of glory. Ah! how happy ſhould I be in making a like end! May Styx not ſtop thy ghoſt! may the Elyſian fields be open to it! may fame preſerve thy renown throughout all ages, and may thy aſhes reſt in peace!

He had ſcarcely ſpoken theſe words which were intermingled with ſighs, but the whole army made a loud lamentation; they were moved for Hippias, whoſe gallant actions they recited, and their ſorrow for his death recalling all his good qualities to their minds, made them forget the failings which were owing to the impetuoſity of youth and a bad education: but they were ſtill more moved with the tender ſentiments of Telemachus. In

this then, ſaid they, the proud, the haughty, the ſcornful, the ſtubborn young Greek? Lo! how gentle, how humane, how kind he is. Without doubt Minerva, who ſo greatly loved his father, loves him alſo; ſhe without doubt has made him the choiceſt preſent which the Gods can make to men, by giving him a heart ſuſceptible of friendſhip, as well as wiſdom.

And now the body was conſumed by the flames. Telemachus himſelf beſprinkled the yet ſmoaking aſhes with perfumed liquors; he then incloſed them in a golden urn, which he crowned with flowers, and carried it to Phalantus; who was ſtretched at his length, pierced with various wounds, and ſo extremely weak that he had a near proſpect of the gloomy gates of hell.

Already had Traumaphilus and Nozophugus, whom the ſon of Ulyſſes had ſent to him, adminiſtered all the aſſiſtance of their art; they had gradually recalled his ſoul, which was ready to take its flight; new ſpirits inſenſibly revived him; an agreeable penetrating vigour, the balm of life, inſinuated itſelf from vein to vein even to the inmoſt receſſes of his heart, and a pleaſing warmth ſnatched him from the icy hands of death. The moment his ſwooning was over, grief ſucceeded: he began to be ſenſible of the loſs of his brother, which he had not before been in a condition of feeling. Alas! ſaid he, why all theſe pains to ſave my life? Were it not better for me to die, and follow my deareſt Hippias? I ſaw him periſh by my ſide. O Hippias, the joy of my life, my brother, my dear brother, thou art no more! I then no more ſhall ſee thee, nor hear thee, nor embrace thee, nor tell thee my pains, nor comfort thee under thine! Ye Gods! ye enemies of mankind! there is no Hippias for me! Is it poſſible? Is it not a dream? No, it is but too true. O Hippias! I have loſt thee, I ſaw thee die, and muſt live till I have revenged thy death: I will ſacrifice the cruel Adraſtus, beſmeared with thy blood, to thy manes.

Whilſt Phalantus was ſpeaking thus, Traumaphilus

and Nozophugus endeavoured to appeaſe his grief, that it might not increaſe his diſorders, and prevent the effect of their medicines. Perceiving of a ſudden that Telemachus was coming to him, his heart was at firſt agitated by two contrary paſſions; on one hand, he retained a reſentment of all that had paſt between Telemachus and Hippias, which was quickened by his grief for Hippias's death; and on the other, he could not be ignorant that he owed the preſervation of his own life to Telemachus, who had ſnatched him, quite covered with blood and half dead, out of Adraſtus's hands. But when he ſaw the golden urn in which the dear aſhes of his brother Hippias were incloſed, he ſhed a torrent of tears; he immediately embraced Telemachus without being able to ſpeak, and at length with a feeble voice, interrupted with ſobbings, he ſaid:

Worthy ſon of Ulyſſes, your virtue compels me to love you; to you I am indebted for this remainder of life which draws towards its end; but I am indebted to you for ſomething much dearer to me. But for you, my brother's body had been the prey of vultures; but for you, his ſhade, deprived of ſepulture, had miſerably wandered on the Stygian banks, and been continually repulſed by the inexorable Charon. Muſt I be ſo much obliged to one I have ſo much hated? Reward him, ye Gods! and rid me of ſo wretched a life. As for you, Telemachus, perform for me the laſt duties which you performed for my brother, that nothing may be wanting to your glory.

This ſaid, Phalantus was quite ſpent and overwhelmed with an exceſs of grief. Telemachus ſtood by him, not daring to ſpeak to him, and waiting till he ſhould recover his ſtrength. Phalantus ſoon returning from his ſwoon, took the urn out of Telemachus's hands, kiſſed it ſeveral times, bedewed it with his tears, and ſaid: Ye dear, ye precious aſhes! when ſhall mine be incloſed in this urn with you? O thou ghoſt of Hippias, I follow thee to the ſhades below; Telemachus will revenge us both.

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And now Phalantus's diſorder daily decreaſed by the care of the two men who were ſkilled in the ſcience of Æſculapius. Telemachus conſtantly attended them when they viſited their patient, to make them the more diligent to haſten his cure; and the whole army admired the goodneſs of his heart in thus relieving his greateſt enemy, more than the valour and wiſdom he had diſcovered in ſaving the confederate army in battle. Telemachus at the ſame time was indefatigable in the hardeſt toils of war. He ſlept little, and his ſlumbers were often interrupted either by advices, which he received at all hours of the night as well as of the day, or by his viſiting the ſeveral quarters of the camp, which he never did twice together at the ſame hour, that he might the more eaſily ſurpriſe thoſe that were not ſufficiently vigilant; he uſed often to return to his tent beſmeared with ſweat and duſt; his food was plain; he lived like the common ſoldiers, to ſet them an example of ſobriety and patience. The army having but little proviſions in this incampment, he thought fit to ſtop the murmurs of the ſoldiers by voluntarily bearing himſelf the ſame inconveniences as they. His body, inſtead of being weakened by ſo laborious a life, was ſtrengthened and hardened daily; he began to loſe the ſoft graces which are as it were the bloom of youth; his complection grew browner and leſs delicate, and his limbs more robuſt and nervous.

End of the ſeventeenth Book.

THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS,

The Son of ULYSSES.

BOOK the EIGHTEENTH.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus, perſuaded by various dreams that his father Ulyſſes is not on the earth, executes his deſign of going to ſeek him in hell. He goes privately out of the camp, attended by two Cretans as far as a temple near the famous cavern of Acherontia; he there plunges through a dark dreary paſſage, arrives on the banks of Styx, and is taken by Charon into his bark. He goes and preſents himſelf before Pluto, whom he finds prepared to permit him to ſeek for his father. He croſſes Tartarus, where he ſees the tortures of the ungrateful, the perjured, the hypocrite, and particularly of bad kings.

ADRASTUS, whoſe troops had been conſiderably weakened in this engagement, retired behind mount Aulon, to wait for various re-inforcements, and to endeavour once more to ſurpriſe his enemies: ſo an hungry lion, driven back from the ſheep-fold, returns to the gloomy wood, and re-enters his den, where he whets his teeth and claws, and waits for a favourable opportunity to deſtroy the whole flock.

Telemachus having taken care to eſtabliſh a ſtrict diſcipline through all the camp, thought only of executing a deſign which he had formed and concealed from all

the chiefs of the army. He had long been diſturbed every night with dreams, which ſhewed him his father Ulyſſes. His dear image uſed conſtantly to return towards the end of the night, before Aurora came with her dawning fires to chace the wandering ſtars from heaven, and gentle ſlumbers with all their trains of fluttering dreams from the earth. Sometimes he thought he ſaw Ulyſſes in a delightful iſland, on the bank of a river in a flowery meadow, quite naked, and ſurrounded by nymphs who were throwing him garments that he might cover himſelf with them. Sometimes he thought he heard him talking in a palace all glittering with gold and ivory, where men with wreaths of flowers on their heads were liſtening to him with pleaſure and admiration. And Ulyſſes would often appear to him of a ſudden amidſt the merriments and pleaſures of feſtivals, wherein the ſweet harmony of a voice was heard in concert with a lyre more raviſhing than that of Apollo, and than the voices of all the muſes.

When Telemachus awaked, he was troubled at theſe agreeable dreams. O my father! my dear father Ulyſſes! cried he, the moſt frightful dreams would be more pleaſing to me. Theſe images of felicity convince me that you are already deſcended to the manſion of happy ſouls, whoſe virtue the Gods reward with an eternal peace. Methinks I ſee the Elyſian fields. Oh! how dreadful it is to hope no more! O my much-loved father! Shall I never ſee thee? Shall I never embrace him who ſo dearly loved me, and in queſt of whom I undergo ſo many toils? Shall I never hear that mouth ſpeak, which uſed to utter wiſdom? Shall I never kiſs thoſe hands, thoſe dear victorious hands, which have vanquiſhed ſo many enemies? Will they not puniſh Penelope's frantic ſuitors, nor Ithaca ever riſe again from its ruin? You, ye Gods, who hate my father, you ſend me theſe fearful dreams to rob my heart of every hope, to rob me of my life. No, I will live no longer in this uncertainty. What ſay I! Alas! I am but too certain that my father is no

more; I will go even to hell to ſeek his ghoſt. Theſeus, the impious Theſeus, who preſumed to offer violence to the infernal deities, deſcended thither; but piety is my motive for going. Hercules deſcended thither: I indeed am not Hercules; but an attempt to imitate him is glory. Orpheus, by the recital of his misfortunes, moved the heart of that God who is repreſented as inexorable, and obtained his leave for Eurydice's return to the living. I am more worthy of compaſſion than Orpheus, for my loſs is greater. Who would compare a young girl, who was no more than multitudes of others, with Ulyſſes the admiration of all Greece? We will go, we will die, if it muſt be ſo. And why ſhould I, whoſe life is ſo miſerable, be afraid of death? O Pluto! Proſerpine! I will quickly try if you are ſo inexorable as you are ſaid to be. O my father, having vainly compaſſed earth and ſeas to find you, I will now go and ſee if you are not in the gloomy manſions of the dead. Though the Gods refuſe to let me ſee you on the earth, and in the enjoyment of the light of the ſun, perhaps they will not refuſe to let me ſee at leaſt your ghoſt in the ſable realm of night.

Telemachus, as he ſpoke theſe words, bedewed his bed with his tears. He immediately roſe, and endeavoured by means of the light to ſoothe the ſmarting grief theſe dreams had occaſioned; but the arrow having pierced his heart, he carried it every where with him. During his anguiſh he reſolved to deſcend to hell at a famous place, which was not far from the camp; it is called Acherontia, becauſe there is a hideous cavern there, which leads down to the banks of Acheron, a river whereby the Gods themſelves are cautious how they ſwear. The city was built on the top of a rock, like a neſt on the top of a tree. At the foot of the rock was this cavern, which fearful mortals durſt not approach. The ſhepherds were careful to turn their flocks from it. The ſulphurous vapours of the Stygian lake which inceſſantly exhaled through this opening, infected all the air. Nor

herbs nor flowers grew around it; there no gentle Zephirs ever breathed, no vernal bloom was ſeen, nor autumn's precious gifts. The earth was parched and languid, and one ſaw but a few fatal cypreſſes and leafleſs ſhrubs. Even at a diſtance Ceres all around denied the husbandmen her golden harveſts, and Bacchus ſeemed in vain to promiſe his delicious fruits, for the cluſtering grapes withered inſtead of ripening. The mourning Naids poured no limpid ſtream; their waves were always bitter and muddy. In this ſpot, over-run with thorns and brambles, no birds did ever warble, nor find a grove to retreat to; they went and ſung their loves under a milder ſky. Here nothing was heard but the croaking of ravens, and the diſmal ſcreams of the owl. The graſs itſelf was bitter, nor ſkipped with joy the flocks that fed upon it. The bull fled from the heifer, and the diſconſolate ſwain forgot his pipe and his flute.

Out of this cavern iſſued from time to time a black thick ſmoke, which formed a kind of night at the mid of day. The neighbouring people then redoubled their ſacrifices to appeaſe the infernal divinities; but men in the flower of their age and earlieſt bloom of youth, were often the only victims which theſe cruel deities took a pleaſure in ſacrificing by a fatal contagion.

It was here Telemachus reſolved to find a way to Pluto's gloomy manſion. Minerva, who inceſſantly watched over him and covered him with her ægis, had rendered Pluto propitious to him; Jupiter himſelf, at her requeſt, having commanded Mercury, who daily deſcends to hell to deliver up to Charon a certain number of dead, to bid the king of the ſhades permit the ſon of Ulyſſes to enter into his empire.

Telemachus ſteals out of the camp by night; he travels by the light of the moon, and invokes that powerful deity, who being in the heavens the bright planet of the night, and on earth the chaſte Diana, is in hell the formidable Hecate. This Goddeſs kindly heard his vows; becauſe his heart was pure, and he was led

by the pious affection which a ſon owes to his father.

He was ſcarcely arrived at the mouth of the cavern, when he heard the ſubterraneous empire roar; the ground trembled beneath his feet, and the heavens were armed with lightnings and flaſhes of fire, which ſeemed to fall on the earth. The young ſon of Ulyſſes felt his heart moved, and his whole body covered with a cold ſweat; but his courage ſupported him. Lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven, Ye mighty Gods, cried he, theſe omens, which I deem propitious, I accept with pleaſure; compleat your work. He ſaid, and redoubling his pace, ruſhed boldly forward.

Whereupon the thick ſmoke which rendered the mouth of the cavern fatal to all animals that approached it, was diſperſed, and the poiſonous ſtench ceaſed for a while. Telemachus entered alone; for what mortal durſt attend him? Two Cretans, who came with him to a certain diſtance from the cave, and to whom he had communicated his deſign, waited in a temple at a diſtance, trembling, half-dead, offering up their vows, and deſpairing of ever ſeeing Telemachus again.

Mean time the ſon of Ulyſſes ruſhes ſword in hand into this horrible darkneſs. He preſently perceives a faint glimmering light, like that which is ſeen in the night-time on the earth; he obſerves the airy ghoſts fluttering around him, and drives them away with his ſword. He afterwards ſees the doleſome banks of the boggy river, whoſe foul and ſluggiſh waters are continually whirling round. On the ſhore he diſcovers an innumerable croud of unburied dead, vainly preſenting themſelves to the inexorable Charon. This God, whoſe everlaſting age is eternally ſurly and moroſe but full of vigour, threatens them, drives them away, and immediately admits the young Greek into his bark. Telemachus, as he enters it, hears the groans of a diſconſolate ghoſt.

What occaſions your diſtreſs, ſaid he? Who were you on the earth? I was, replied the ſhade, Nabopharzan king of haughty Babylon. All the nations of

the eaſt trembled at the very ſound of my name; I cauſed myſelf to be worſhipped by the Babylonians in a marble temple, where I was repreſented by a golden ſtatue, before which were burnt both night and day the moſt precious perfumes of Æthiopia. Whoever preſumed to contradict me, was immediately chaſtiſed for it. New pleaſures were daily invented to make my life more delightful, and I was ſtill young and robuſt. Oh! what joys had I to taſte on a throne! But a woman whom I loved, and who did not love me, made me very ſenſible that I was not a God. She poiſoned me. I now am nothing. My aſhes were yeſterday depoſited in a pompous manner in a golden urn. My people wept for me; they tore off their hair; they ſeemed as if they would throw themſelves into my flaming pyre to die with me, and they ſtill go and pour forth their groans at the foot of the ſtately tomb in which my aſhes are laid: but nobody really laments me; my memory is abhorred even in my own family, and I already ſuffer here below an horrible kind of treatment.

Telemachus moved by this ſight, ſaid, Were you really happy while you reigned? Did you feel that ſweet peace of mind, without which the heart is always oppreſt and withers in the midſt of pleaſures? No, replied the Babylonian, I do not even know what you mean. The ſages indeed vaunt of this peace as the only good; but for me, I never experienced it. My heart was continually agitated by new deſires, by fear and by hope. I endeavoured to make myſelf giddy by the rapid motions of my paſſions, and I took care to maintain the intoxicating career, and to make it laſting. The ſhorteſt interval of calm reaſon had been very irkſome to me. This is the peace which I enjoyed; all other ſeemed to me but a fable and a dream. Theſe are the bleſſings which I regret.

The Babylonian, as he ſpoke thus, wept like a mean-ſpirited wretch, that had been enervated by proſperity, and had not been uſed to bear adverſity with fortitude.

There were ſeveral ſlaves about him who had been put to death to honour his funeral. Mercury had delivered them up to Charon with their king, and had given them an abſolute power over him whom they had ſerved on the earth. The ſhades of theſe ſlaves were no longer afraid of Nabopharzan's ſhade; they held it in chains, and offered it the moſt cruel indignities. One ſaid to him, Were we not men as well as thee? What made thee ſo frantic as to think thyſelf a God? Shouldeſt thou not have remembered that thou wert of the ſame race as others? Another, to inſult him, ſaid, Thou wert in the right in being unwilling to be taken for a man; for thou wert a monſter void of humanity. A third cried out, Well! where are thy flatterers now! Wretch, thou haſt no longer any thing to give; thou haſt not the power to do any more miſchief; thou art become the ſlave even of thy own ſlaves. The Gods are ſlow to do juſtice, but they do it at laſt.

At theſe grating words Nabopharzan threw himſelf proſtrate on the earth, tearing off his hair in a fit of rage and deſpair. But Charon ſaid to the ſlaves, Haul him up by his chain, raiſe him whether he will or no; he ſhall not have even the conſolation of hiding his confuſion; all the ghoſts of Styx muſt be witneſſes of it, to juſtify the Gods, who have ſo long ſuffered this impious wretch to reign on the earth. This, Babylonian, is but the beginning of thy ſorrows; prepare thyſelf to be tried by Minos, the inflexible judge of hell.

During this ſpeech of the terrible Charon, the bark reached the ſhore of Pluto's realm. All the ghoſts ran to view the living mortal that appeared in the boat in the midſt of the dead; but the moment Telemachus ſet his foot on the ſhore, they fled like the ſhades of night, which the leaſt glimpſe of day diſperſes. Charon with a brow leſs wrinkled, and eyes leſs fierce than uſual, ſaid to the young Greek, Thou mortal beloved of the Gods, ſince it is given thee to enter the kingdom of night, which is inacceſſible to the living, make haſte and go

where the deſtinies call thee; go along this gloomy path to the palace of Pluto, whom you will find on his throne; he will permit you to enter regions whoſe ſecrets I am forbidden to diſcover to you.

Hereupon Telemachus advances with haſty ſteps. He ſees on all ſides fluttering ſhades more numerous than the grains of ſand on the ſea-ſhore; and obſerving the confuſion and hurry of this infinite multitude, and the profound ſilence of theſe ſpacious regions, he is ſtruck with an holy fear. His hair riſes upright on his head, on his arrival at the inexorable Pluto's drear abode; his knees tremble, his voice fails him, and it is with difficulty that he is able to addreſs theſe words to the God: You behold, O tremendous deity, the ſon of the unhappy Ulyſſes; I am come to inquire if my father be deſcended into your empire, or if he be ſtill wandering on the earth.

Pluto was ſeated on a throne of ebony. His countenance was pale and ſevere, his eyes hollow and ſparkling, his brows wrinkled and threatning. The ſight of a living man was hateful to him, as the light is offenſive to the eyes of animals that are uſed to go out of their retreats only by night. By his ſide appeared Proſerpine, who alone attracted his looks, and ſeemed a little to mollify his heart. She enjoyed an ever-blooming beauty; but ſhe ſeemed to have joined to her divine charms I know not what of the obduracy and cruelty of her huſband.

At the foot of the throne was pale devouring death, with his keen ſcythe, which he was continually whetting. Around him hovered gloomy cares, cruel jealouſy, revenge all dropping with blood and covered with wounds; groundleſs hate; avarice gnawing her own fleſh; deſpair rending herſelf with her own hands; mad ambition overthrowing every thing; treaſon thirſting for blood, and unable to enjoy the evils ſhe had occaſioned; envy pouring her deadly venom around her, and raging at her want of power to injure; impiety digging a bottomleſs pit, and flinging herſelf in deſpair into it; ghaſtly ſpectres; phantoms which aſſume the form

of the dead to terrify the living; frightful dreams, and want of ſleep as tormenting as they: all theſe dreadful images environed the haughty Pluto, and crouded his palace. He anſwered Telemachus in a voice which made the bottom of Erebus roar.

Young mortal, deſtiny has given thee to violate this ſacred aſylum of ſhades; purſue thy glorious fortune; I ſhall not tell thee where thy father is; it ſuffices that thou art free to look for him. As he was a king upon the earth, you need only run through, on one hand, that part of dreary Tartarus where wicked kings are puniſhed, and the Elyſian fields, on the other, where good kings are rewarded. But you cannot go from hence to the Elyſian fields, without paſſing through Tartarus. Haſten thither, and quit my dominions.

Telemachus inſtantly ſeems to fly through thoſe empty and immenſe ſpaces, ſo much did he long to know if he ſhould ſee his father, and to get out of the dreadful preſence of the tyrant who awes both the living and the dead. Near him he preſently perceives the diſmal Tartarus, from which iſſued a black thick ſmoke, whoſe poiſonous ſteam would have been mortal, had it been diffuſed in the manſions of the living. This ſmoke hovered over a river of fire and whirlwinds of flames, whoſe roaring like that of the moſt impetuous torrents falling from the higheſt rocks into the deepeſt abyſſes, prevented one's hearing any thing diſtinctly in theſe regions of ſorrow.

Telemachus being ſecretly encouraged by Minerva, enters this gulph undaunted. He immediately perceived a great number of men who had lived in the loweſt ſtations, and were puniſhed for having ſought riches by fraud, treachery and cruelty. He obſerved many impious hypocrites, who pretending to love religion, had uſed it only as a ſpecious pretence to gratify their ambition, and to impoſe upon the credulous. Theſe wretches, who had abuſed virtue itſelf, though it is the moſt precious gift of the Gods, were puniſhed as the moſt wicked

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of all mankind. Children who had killed their fathers and their mothers, wives who had dipt their hands in their huſbands blood, and traitors who had violated all the moſt ſolemn oaths, and ſacrificed their country, ſuffered leſs cruel tortures than theſe hypocrites: ſuch is the pleaſure of the three judges of hell, and their reaſon for it is, becauſe hypocrites are not ſatisfied with being wicked like other impious wretches; they endeavour to be thought good, and make men by their counterfeit virtue afraid of relying on true. The Gods whom they mocked, and rendered contemptible to men, take a pleaſure in exerting their whole power to revenge themſelves of their inſults.

Near theſe appeared others, who, though not eſteemed culpable by the vulgar, are proſecuted by the divine vengeance without mercy: theſe are the ungrateful, the liar, the flatterer who applauded vice, malignant cenſurers who endeavoured to ſully the pureſt virtue, and thoſe who raſhly judged of things without knowing them thoroughly, and thereby injured the reputation of the innocent.

But of all kinds of ingratitude that which is committed with regard to the Gods, was puniſhed as the blackeſt. What! ſaid Minos, is a man reputed a monſter, who is ungrateful to his father, or his friend, of whom he has received ſome favours, and does he glory in being ungrateful to the Gods, of whom he holds his life, and all the bleſſings it includes! Does he not owe his birth to them more than to the father and mother of whom he was born? The more crimes are winked at and excuſed on the earth, the more are they the objects of an implacable vengeance, which nothing eſcapes, in hell.

Telemachus ſeeing the three judges ſitting, and paſſing ſentence on a perſon before them, was ſo free as to aſk them what his crimes were. Upon which the criminal took the word, and cried, I never did any harm; I placed all my delight in doing good; I was generous, liberal, juſt, compaſſionate; with what then can I be

charged? Whereupon Minos ſaid, Thou art charged with nothing as to men; but didſt thou not owe them leſs than the Gods? What is this juſtice thou vaunteſt of? Thou haſt failed in no duty towards men who are nothing: thou haſt been virtuous, but thou didſt aſcribe all thy virtue to thyſelf, and not to the Gods who gave it thee; for thou wouldeſt needs enjoy the fruit of thy own virtue, and make that the only ſpring of thy happineſs. Thou haſt been thy own deity; but the Gods who made all things, and made nothing but for themſelves, cannot give up their right. Thou haſt forgotten them; they will forget thee, and deliver thee up to thyſelf, ſince thou reſolvedſt to be thy own and not theirs. Now therefore find thy conſolation, if thou canſt, in thy own boſom. Lo! thou art now for ever ſeparated from men whom thou ſoughteſt to pleaſe. Lo! thou, who waſt thy own idol, art now alone with thyſelf. Be aſſured that there is no true virtue without a reverence and love of the Gods, to whom all things are due. Thy falſe virtue, which long dazzled the eyes of men who are eaſily impoſed upon, will now be put to confuſion. Men judging of virtue and vice by what thwarts or ſuits with their intereſt, are blind both as to good and evil. Here a divine light overthrows all their ſuperficial opinions, and often condemns what they admire, and juſtifies what they condemn.

At theſe words the philoſopher, as if he had been thunderſtruck, could not ſupport himſelf. The complacency with which he had formerly contemplated his moderation, his courage and generous inclinations, was changed into deſpair. A ſurvey of his own heart, which had been an enemy to the Gods, became his puniſhment. He views himſelf, and cannot ceaſe to view himſelf. He ſees the vanity of the opinions of men, whom in all his actions he ſought to pleaſe. There is an univerſal change of every thing within him, as if all his bowels had been turned up-ſide down; he no longer finds himſelf the ſame man, and every prop in his heart fails him. His

conſcience, whoſe teſtimony uſed to pleaſe him ſo highly, riſes up againſt him, and bitterly reproaches him with his miſtaken and chimerical virtues, which had not the worſhip of the deity for their principle and end; he is troubled, aſtoniſhed, overwhelmed with ſhame, remorſe and deſpair. The furies indeed do not torment, becauſe they are ſatisfied with giving him up to himſelf, as his own heart abundantly revenges the derided Gods. He ſeeks the blackeſt corners to hide himſelf from the reſt of the dead, unable to hide himſelf from himſelf; he ſeeks for darkneſs, but he cannot find it. A troubleſome light follows him every where; every where the piercing rays of truth purſue him, in order to avenge the truth he neglected to follow. Every thing which he loved becomes hateful to him, as being the ſource of his miſeries, which are to be eternal. O fool, ſays he to himſelf, I have known neither Gods, nor men, nor myſelf. No, I have known nothing, ſince I never loved the only true good. All my ſteps have been erroneous; my wiſdom was but folly; my virtue was only a blind and impious pride; I was my own idol.

At laſt Telemachus beheld the kings who had been condemned for abuſing their power. On one hand a vengeful fury preſented a mirror which ſhewed them all the deformity of their vices. There they ſaw, and could not avoid ſeeing, their groſs vanity and greedineſs of the moſt ridiculous encomiums; their barbarity to mankind, whom they ought to have rendered happy; their inſenſibility to virtue; their fears to hear the truth; their affection for baſe flatterers; their ſupineneſs, their luxury, their indolence, their miſplaced jealouſies, their pomp; their exceſſive magnificence, founded on the ruin of the people; their ambition to purchaſe a little empty glory with the blood of their citizens; and laſtly their inhumanity, in daily ſeeking for new delights, in the tears and deſpair of the miſerable multitude. In this mirror they continually viewed themſelves, and found that they were more frightful and monſtrous than the Chimera

which Bellerophon vanquiſhed, than the Lernæan Hydra which was ſubdued by Hercules, and even than Cerberus himſelf, though he diſgorges from his three yawning mouths, a black venomous gore, which is enough to poiſon the whole race of mankind.

At the ſame time, on the other hand, another Fury repeated to them in an inſulting manner all the praiſes which their flatterers had beſtowed upon them while they were living, and held up another mirror in which they ſaw themſelves ſuch as adulation had deſcribed them; the contraſt of theſe two portraits was the puniſhment of their vanity. It was remarkable that the wickedeſt of theſe princes were thoſe to whom the moſt fulſome commendations had been given in their life-time; becauſe the wicked are more dreaded than the good, and are not aſhamed to require the baſe incenſe of the poets and orators of their time.

They are heard to groan in this profound darkneſs, where they can ſee nothing but the inſults and deriſions which they are doomed to ſuffer, and have nothing about them that does not repulſe them, that does not thwart them, that does not confound them. Whereas on the earth they ſported with the lives of men, and pretended that all things were made for their uſe; in Tartarus they are delivered up to all the caprices of certain ſlaves, who make them in their turn feel all the rigours of ſervitude. They ſerve with reluctance, and deſpair of ever being able to ſoften their captivity. Under the laſhes of theſe ſlaves, now become their mercileſs tyrants, they are like the anvil under the ſtrokes of the hammers of the Cyclops, when Vulcan urges them to work in the burning forges of mount Ætna.

There Telemachus ſaw pale, ghaſtly, diſmayed countenances; for gloomy grief preys on theſe guilty wretches. They are terrified at themſelves, and can no more ſhake off this terror than their nature itſelf. They need no other puniſhment of their crimes than their crimes themſelves, which they continually ſee, in

all their enormity, ſtaring them in the face, and haunting them like hideous ſpectres. To avoid theſe they ſeek for a more powerful death than that which ſeparated them from their bodies; they call in their deſpair for a death which will extinguiſh all ſenſe and conſciouſneſs; they implore the abyſſes to ſwallow them up, and to ſcreen them from the vengeful and perſecuting rays of truth. But they are reſerved for a vengeance which diſtils upon them drop by drop, and is inexhauſtible. The truth which they dreaded to ſee, becomes their puniſhment; they ſee it, and have eyes only to ſee it riſe up againſt them. The ſight of it pierces them, rends them, tears them. It reſembles lightning; without hurting the out-ſide, it penetrates to the inmoſt bowels. The ſoul, like metal in a flaming furnace, is as it were melted by this vindictive fire, which deſtroys its whole texture, but conſumes nothing; which diſſolves even the firſt principles of life, and yet makes it impoſſible to die. They are racked with inconceivable tortures; they can find nor comfort nor reſt for a ſingle moment; they exiſt only by their fury againſt themſelves, and a deſpair which makes them outrageous.

Among theſe objects, which made Telemachus's hair riſe upright on his head, he ſaw ſeveral of the ancient kings of Lydia, who were puniſhed for having preferred the pleaſures of an effeminate life to the toils of making their people happy, which ought to be inſeparable from royalty.

Theſe princes reproached each other with their blindneſs. One ſaid to another, who had been his ſon, Did I not often, during my old age and before my death, recommend to you the redreſſing the evils which I had occaſioned by my negligence? Ah! unhappy father! replied the ſon, it was you who ruined me; it was your example that inſpired me with a love of pomp, with pride, voluptuouſneſs, and cruelty. Seeing you reign in ſuch luxury and with a croud of flatterers about

you, I was habituated to love flattery and pleaſure; I thought that the reſt of men were with reſpect to kings, what horſes and other beaſts of burden are with reſpect to men, animals which we value only for their ſervice, and as they contribute to our convenience. This I believed; it was you that made me believe it, and I now ſuffer theſe numberleſs miſeries for imitating you. To theſe reproaches they added the moſt ſhocking imprecations, and ſeemed in a rage to tear each other in pieces.

Around theſe kings ſtill hovered, like owls in the night, cruel jealouſies, groundleſs alarms, diffidence which revenges the people of the cruelty of their princes, an inſatiable thirſt of riches, falſe glory which is always tyrannical, and ſhameful luxury which doubles all the miſeries of men, and has it not in her power to yield them ſubſtantial pleaſures.

Several of theſe kings were ſeverely puniſhed, not for the evil which they had done, but for the omiſſion of the good which they ought to have done. All the crimes of the people that proceed from a negligent execution of the laws, were imputed to their kings, who ought to reign only that the laws may reign by their miniſtry. To them alſo were imputed all the diſorders which ariſe from pomp, luxury, and all other exceſſes which reduce men to extremity, and tempt them to violate the laws for the ſake of money. Thoſe kings eſpecially were treated with the greateſt rigour, who inſtead of being good and watchful ſhepherds of the people, had ſtudied only to worry the flock like ravenous wolves.

But what aſtoniſhed Telemachus yet more, was to ſee, in this abyſs of darkneſs and miſery, a great number of kings, who having paſt on the earth for tolerably good kings, had been condemned to the pains of Tartarus for ſubmitting to be governed by wicked and crafty men. They were puniſhed for the evils which

they had ſuffered to be committed by their authority. Moſt of theſe had been ſo weak, that they had been neither good nor bad; they had never been afraid of knowing the truth, but they had not reliſhed virtue, nor placed their delight in doing good.

End of the eighteenth Book.

THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS,

The Son of ULYSSES.

BOOK the NINETEENTH.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus enters into the Elyſian fields, where he is known by Arceſius his great-grandfather, who aſſures him that Ulyſſes is living, that he will ſee him again in Ithaca, and reign there after him. Arceſius gives him a deſcription of the felicity which good men enjoy, and eſpecially good kings, who in their life-time ſerved the Gods, and were a bleſſing to the people they governed. He makes him obſerve, that the heroes who had excelled only in the art of war, are much leſs happy in a place by themſelves. He gives Telemachus ſome inſtructions, who then returns with ſpeed to the confederate camp.

WHEN Telemachus came out of this place, he found himſelf relieved, as if a mountain had been removed from his breaſt; he was ſenſible by this relief of the miſery of thoſe who are confined there without hopes of ever being releaſed, and was terrified to ſee how much more rigorouſly kings were tormented than other offenders. What! ſaid he, ſo many duties, ſo many dangers, ſo many ſnares, ſo many difficulties in getting at the truth in order to guard againſt others and againſt one's ſelf alſo! and at laſt ſo many tortures in hell, after one has been ſo envied, ſo diſquieted, ſo

thwarted during a ſhort life! O how ſenſeleſs is he that is ambitious of reigning! Happy the man who confines himſelf to a private and peaceful ſtation, in which he may with leſs difficulty be virtuous!

As he made theſe reflections his ſoul was diſordered; he trembled, and fell into a conſternation, which made him feel ſomething of the deſpair of the wretches he had juſt ſeen; but as he went away from this doleſome manſion of darkneſs, horror and deſpair, his courage began inſenſibly to revive: he already felt, and had a glimpſe of the pure and ſweet light of the abode of heroes.

Here reſided, ſeparated from the reſt of the juſt, all the good kings that had ever ruled over mankind. As wicked princes ſuffered puniſhments in Tartarus infinitely more ſevere than private offenders; ſo good kings enjoyed in the Elyſian fields an happineſs infinitely greater than that of other men who had loved virtue on the earth.

Telemachus advanced towards theſe princes, who were in fragrant groves on an ever-ſpringing and flowery turf. A thouſand limpid rills watered, and diffuſed a delicious freſhneſs over theſe enchanting ſcenes. An infinite number of birds made the groves ring with their tuneful chantings. One beheld the vernal flowers ſpringing beneath one's feet, at the ſame time that the richeſt autumnal fruits were hanging on the trees. There were never felt the raging dog-ſtar's heats; there the lowering boreal winds never durſt to breathe the ſeverities of winter. Neither blood-thirſty war, nor cruel envy that bites with an invenomed tooth, and bears writhen adders in her boſom and around her arms, nor jealouſy, nor diffidence, nor fear, nor vain deſires, do ever approach this happy manſion of peace. Here the day never ends, and night with her ſable veil is a ſtranger. A pure and grateful light is diffuſed around the bodies of theſe righteous men, and inveſts them with its rays as with a garment. This light does not reſemble the glimmering light, which enlightens the eyes

of wretched mortals, and is nothing but darkneſs; it is rather a celeſtial glory than a light. It more thoroughly penetrates the groſſeſt bodies than the rays of the ſun penetrate the pureſt cryſtal. It never dazzles: on the contrary, it ſtrengthens the eyes, and conveys an inexpreſſible ſerenity through all the receſſes of the ſoul. This is the only food of the bleſſed. It proceeds from and enters into them; it penetrates and is incorporated with them, as aliments are incorporated with us. They ſee it, they feel it, they breathe it; it cauſes an inexhauſtible fountain of tranquillity and joy to ſpring up in them. They are immerſed in this abyſs of delights as fiſhes in the ſea. They covet nothing more; they have all things without having any thing, for the taſte of this pure light appeaſes the hunger of their hearts. All their deſires are ſatisfied, and their plenitude raiſes them above every thing that empty greedy mortals purſue on the earth. All the ſurrounding delights are nothing to them, becauſe the conſummate happineſs which comes from within, leaves them no cravings for any thing they ſee of delightful without. They are like the Gods, who, repleniſhed with nectar and ambroſia, would not deign to feed on any groſs aliments which might be ſet before them at the moſt ſumptuous tables of mortals. All evils fly far from theſe ſerene abodes: death, ſickneſs, want, pain, ſorrow, remorſe, fear, hope itſelf which often gives us as much trouble as fear, diviſions, hatred, quarrels, can have no admiſſion here.

Should the lofty mountains of Thrace, whoſe brows, covered with ice and ſnow from the beginning of the world, cleave the clouds, ſhould they I ſay be thrown from their foundations that are fixed in the center of the earth, the ſouls of theſe righteous men would not even be moved: they only pity the miſeries which depreſs thoſe who live in the world; but it is a ſweet and peaceful pity, that does not in the leaſt leſſen their unchangeable felicity. Eternal youth, endleſs happineſs, a glory wholly divine, is painted on their faces; but their joy

has nothing of wanton or indecent. It is a ſweet, a noble, a majeſtic joy; it is a ſublime, a raviſhing taſte of truth and virtue. They every moment experience without interruption that extacy of ſoul which a mother feels at the ſight of a beloved ſon whom ſhe thought dead; but the rapture which quickly forſakes the mother, never flies from their ſouls. It never languiſhes a moment; it is always new! they taſte the tranſports of inebriating joys without their diſorder and ſtupefaction. They diſcourſe together of what they ſee and of what they taſte. They deſpiſe and deplore the ſoft pleaſures, and the vain grandeur of their former condition; they review with pleaſure the few but ſorrowful years, in which they were under a neceſſity of combating againſt themſelves, and againſt a torrent of corrupt men, in order to be virtuous; they admire the aſſiſtance of the Gods who led them, as it were by the hand, through innumerous dangers to virtue. Something inconceivably divine flows inceſſantly through their ſouls, like a flood of the divine nature itſelf which is united to them. They ſee, they taſte that they are happy, and are conſcious that they ſhall always be ſo; they ſing the praiſes of the Gods, and make all together but one voice, one mind, one heart: the ſame tide of felicity ebbs and flows as it were in their united ſouls.

In theſe heavenly raptures ages roll away more ſwiftly than hours among mortals; and yet a thouſand and a thouſand ages ſubtract nothing from their happineſs, which is always new and always perfect. They all reign together, not on thrones which the hand of man can ſubvert, but in themſelves and with an unalterable power; for they no longer need to make themſelves formidable by a power borrowed of a vile and wretched people. They no longer wear thoſe vain diadems, whoſe luſtre conceals numberleſs fears and anxious cares; the Gods themſelves having crowned them, with their own hands, with crowns which nothing can tarniſh.

Telemachus, who was ſeeking his father, and expected

to find him in these enchanting regions, was so ravished with this taste of peace and happiness, that he would have been glad to have found him there, and was sorry that he himself was obliged to return to the society of mortals. Here, said he, is life indeed, whereas ours is but death. But he was astonished, as he had seen so many kings in the tortures of Tartarus, that he saw so few happy in the Elysian fields; he was hereby convinced that there are very few princes resolute and courageous enough to resist their own power, and to repulse the numerous flatterers who are used to stir up all their passions. Good kings therefore are very rare; and most are so wicked that the Gods would not be just, if having suffered them to abuse their power in their lifetime, they did not chastise them after their death.

Telemachus not seeing his father Ulysses among all these kings, looked for the divine Laertes his grandsire. While he was seeking him in vain, a venerable majestic old man came towards him, whose age did not resemble that of mortals, who are bowed down with the weight of years on the earth. One perceived only that he had been old before his death; for all the gravity of age was now blended with all the graces of youth, which revive in the most decrepid the moment they are introduced into the Elysian fields. This senior advanced hastily, and viewed Telemachus with complaceney, as one who was very dear to him. Telemachus, who did not know him, was in pain and suspence.

I excuse, my dear son, said this senior, your not knowing me; I am Arcesius, the father of Laertes. I finished my course a little before my grandson Ulysses departed for the siege of Troy. Though thou wert then but an infant in thy nurse's arms, I conceived great hopes of thee, and they have not deceived me; since I see that thou art descended into Pluto's kingdom in quest of thy father, and that the Gods support thee in this enterprise. O my happy child! the Gods love thee, and are preparing a glory for thee which will equal that

of thy father. And happy I to ſee thee again! Ceaſe to ſearch for Ulyſſes here; he is ſtill alive, and is reſerved to be the reſtorer of our houſe in the iſland of Ithaca. Laertes himſelf, though bowing under a weight of years, ſtill enjoys the light, and waits for his ſon's coming to cloſe his eyes. Thus mortals paſs away like flowers which bloom in the morning, and wither and are trodden under foot in the evening. The generations of men roll away like the waves of a rapid river; nothing can ſtop the tide of time, which draws after it every thing that ſeems the moſt immoveable. Thou thyſelf, my ſon, my dear ſon, thou who now enjoyeſt ſuch a ſprightly pleaſurable youth, do thou remember that this gay ſeaſon is but a flower which will wither almoſt as ſoon as it is blown. Thou wilt perceive thyſelf inſenſibly alter: The ſmiling graces, the ſweet pleaſures which attend thee, ſtrength, health, joy, will vaniſh like a pleaſing dream; nothing but a regretful remembrance will be left thee. Languid old age, that enemy to pleaſure, will come and wrinkle thy brows, bow down thy body, weaken thy limbs, dry up the ſource of joy in thy heart, and make thee loath the preſent, and apprehenſive of the future, and inſenſible to all things but pain. This time appears to you at a diſtance. Alas! thou deceiveſt thyſelf, my ſon; it comes with haſty wings; lo! it is here. What advances with ſuch rapidity is not far from thee, and the preſent fleeting moment is already at a diſtance, ſince it ceaſes to be the inſtant we ſpeak, and can approach us no more. Never rely therefore, my ſon, on the preſent; but ſupport thyſelf in the rugged thorny path of virtue by viewing the future. Prepare thyſelf a manſion, by purity of manners and a love of juſtice, in this bliſsful abode of peace. Thou ſhalt quickly ſee thy father reſume his authority in Ithaca; thou wert born to reign after him; but alas! my ſon; how deceitful is a crown! When one views it at a diſtance, one ſees nothing but grandeur, luſtre and pleaſures, but when near, it is all beſet with thorns. A pri-

vate perſon may without reproach lead a life of eaſe and obſcurity; but a king cannot, without diſhonouring himſelf, prefer a life of pleaſure and indolence to the painful duties of government. He owes himſelf to his ſubjects; he is never permitted to be his own maſter, and his leaſt over-ſights are of the greateſt conſequence, becauſe they make his people wretched, and that ſometimes for ages. He ought to curb the audaciouſneſs of the wicked, to ſupport innocence, to ſuppreſs calumny. It is not enough for him not to do any evil; he muſt do all the poſſible good of which the ſtate ſtands in need. Nay, it is not enough that he does good himſelf; he muſt likewiſe prevent all the evil which others would do, were they not reſtrained. Be apprehenſive therefore, my ſon, be apprehenſive of ſo dangerous a ſituation; arm thyſelf with reſolution againſt thyſelf, againſt thy paſſions, and againſt flatterers.

Arceſius, as he ſpoke theſe words, ſeemed animated by a divine fire, and let Telemachus ſee by his countenance that he greatly pitied kings on account of the miſeries which are inſeparable from a crown. When it is aſſumed, ſaid he, to gratify one's ſelf, it is a monſtrous tyranny; and when it is aſſumed to diſcharge the duties of it, and to govern a numerous people, as a father governs his children, it is a grievous thraldom, which requires an heroic fortitude and patience: and it is accordingly certain, that they who have really reigned virtuouſly here, enjoy every thing which the power of the Gods can beſtow in order to render their happineſs compleat.

While Arceſius was ſpeaking in this manner, his words ſunk deep into Telemachus's heart, and were engraved upon it, like the figures which a ſkilful artiſt engraves on braſs, and deſigns to tranſmit to the view of the lateſt poſterity. This ſage diſcourſe was like a ſubtle flame that penetrated into the bowels of the young Telemachus; he found himſelf moved and on fire; ſomething divine ſeemed to melt his heart within him. What

he had in his inmoſt parts ſecretly conſumed him; he could neither contain it, nor ſupport it, nor reſiſt ſo violent an impreſſion: it was a lively pleaſing ſenſation, immixed with pains capable of depriving one of life.

Telemachus beginning at length to breathe more freely, perceived in the countenance of Arceſius a great reſemblance of Laertes; nay, he fancied that he had a confuſed idea of having ſeen the like features in his father Ulyſſes, when he departed for the ſiege of Troy.

This remembrance melted his very heart; ſweet and joyful tears ſtreamed from his eyes. He was deſirous of embracing ſo dear a perſon, and ſeveral times attempted it in vain. The empty ſhade eluded his arms, as flattering objects ſlip from a man in a dream when he thinks himſelf ſure of them: one while the thirſty mouth of the ſleeper purſues a fugitive ſtream; another while his lips move to form words which his ſtiffened tongue cannot utter; then his hands are eagerly extended, and catch nothing. So Telemachus was unable to gratify his fondneſs: he ſees Arceſius, he hears him, he talks to him, he cannot feel him. At length he aſks him who the perſons are whom he ſees around him.

You ſee, my ſon, replied the ſage ſenior, men who were the ornament of their times, and the glory and happineſs of the human race; you ſee the ſmall number of kings who were worthy to be ſo, and who faithfully diſcharged the office of Gods on the earth. The others whom you ſee near, but ſeparated from them by that little cloud, enjoy a much lower degree of glory. Thoſe indeed are heroes; but the reward of their valour and military expeditions cannot be compared with that of wiſe, juſt, and beneficent princes.

Among theſe heroes you ſee Theſeus, whoſe face is ſomewhat melancholy. He had the misfortune to be too credulous with regard to an artful wife, and is ſtill grieved for having requeſted of Neptune the cruel death of his ſon Hippolytus. Oh how happy! had he not been ſo paſſionate and ſo eaſily provoked! You likewiſe

behold Achilles leaning on his ſpear, by reaſon of the wound he received in his heel by the hand of the effeminate Paris, which put an end to his life. Had he been as juſt, wiſe, and moderate as he was intrepid, the Gods would have granted him a long reign; but they pitied the Phthians and Dolopians, over whom, according to the courſe of nature, he would have reigned after Peleus, and determined not to deliver ſo many people to the mercy of a fiery man, who was more eaſily enraged than the moſt ſtormy ſea. The fatal ſiſters ſhortened the thread of his days, and he reſembled a flower, which when hardly blown is cut down by the plough-ſhare, and falls before the cloſe of the day which gave it birth. The Gods made uſe of him, as of floods and tempeſts, to puniſh the crimes of men; they made Achilles their engine to throw down the walls of Troy, in order to revenge Laomedon's perjury, and Paris's unlawful love. Having made this uſe of the inſtrument of their vengeance, they were appeaſed, and refuſed, notwithſtanding the tears of Thetis, to ſuffer this young hero to continue longer in the world, who was fit only to diſturb mankind, and to overturn cities and kingdoms.

But doſt thou ſee that other perſonage there with that fierce countenance? It is Ajax, the ſon of Telamon, and the couſin of Achilles. You undoubtedly are not ignorant of his glory in battle. After the death of Achilles he pretended that his armour could be given to none but himſelf; your father did not think that he ought to yield it to him; the Greeks adjudged it in favour of Ulyſſes. Ajax killed himſelf through rage and vexation, and indignation and fury are ſtill viſible in his face. Do not approach him, my ſon; for he would think that you intended to inſult him in his misfortunes, though he really merits pity. Do you not perceive that he looks upon us with uneaſineſs, and is entering abruptly into that gloomy grove, becauſe we are odious to him? On the other ſide you ſee Hector, who had been invincible, if the ſon of Thetis had not lived at the ſame

time. But lo! there goes Agamemnon, who ſtill bears the marks of Clytemneſtra's perfidy. O my ſon, I tremble when I think of the calamities of the impious Tantalus's family. The enmity of the two brothers, Atreus and Thyeſtes, filled that houſe with horror and blood. Alas! what a multitude of others does a ſingle crime draw after it? Agamemnon returning at the head of the Greeks from the ſiege of Troy, had not time to enjoy in peace the glory he had acquired: Such is the fate of almoſt all conquerors. All the perſons you ſee there were formidable in war; but they were not amiable and virtuous. Accordingly they are admitted only into the ſecond manſion of the Elyſian fields.

As for theſe, they reigned with juſtice, they loved their ſubjects, and are the favourites of the Gods. While Achilles and Agamemnon, who were ſo prone to diſſention and war, do ſtill even here retain their pains and natural failings, while they vainly regret the loſs of their lives, and are grieved at their being now but empty and impotent ſhadows; theſe righteous princes, being purified by the divine light, on which they feed, have nothing more to wiſh for the completion of their happineſs. They view the anxious cares of mortals with pity; and the greateſt affairs which diſquiet the ambitious, appear to them like the ſports of children. Their ſouls are repleniſhed with truth and virtue, which they draw at the fountain head. They have nothing more to ſuffer from themſelves or others, no more deſires, no more wants, no more fears. All is at an end as to them, except their felicity, which cannot end.

Take notice, my ſon, of old king Inachus, who founded the kingdom of Argos. What ſweetneſs! What majeſty in his old age! Flowers ſpring beneath his ſteps. His eaſy gait reſembles the flight of a bird. He holds an ivory lyre in his hand, and ſings in an eternal tranſport the marvellous works of the Gods. His heart and mouth breathe an exquiſite perfume. The harmony of his voice and lyre would raviſh both Gods

and men. Thus is he rewarded for loving the people whom he aſſembled within his new walls, and whoſe legiſlator he was.

On the other ſide, thou mayſt ſee among thoſe myrtles, Cecrops the Egyptian, who was the firſt king of Athens, a city ſacred to the Goddeſs of wiſdom, whoſe name it bears. Cecrops bringing uſeful laws from Egypt, which was the ſource of letters and morality, to Greece, ſoftened the ſavage nature of the Attic towns, and united them in the bonds of ſociety. He was juſt, humane, compaſſionate; he left his ſubjects in affluence, and his own family in moderate circumſtances, being unwilling that his power ſhould deſcend to his children, becauſe he thought that others were more worthy of it.

In that little valley I muſt likewiſe ſhew you Erichthon, who invented the art of making money of ſilver. He did it with a view of facilitating commerce between the iſlands of Greece; but he foreſaw the inconveniences which would attend this invention. Apply yourſelves, ſaid he to the people, to multiply the riches of nature among you, which are the true riches: Manure the earth, that you may have plenty of corn, wine, oil and fruits; take care to have innumerable flocks and herds, which may feed you with their milk and clothe you with their wool, and you will thereby place yourſelves in circumſtances of never being afraid of poverty. The more children you have, the richer you will be, provided you inure them to labour; for the earth is inexhauſtible, and increaſes her fertility in proportion to the number of inhabitants that cultivate her with care; ſhe liberally rewards all ſuch for their toils, whereas ſhe is ſparing and ungrateful to thoſe who cultivate her in a negligent manner. Confine yourſelves therefore chiefly to the true riches which ſuffice the wants of man. As for money, it muſt be eſteemed only as it is neceſſary either in the wars which we are inevitably forced to maintain abroad, or for the trading in ſome neceſſary commodities which are wanting in our own country: and it is accordingly

to be wiſhed, that men would ceaſe to trade in all things which ſerve only to maintain extravagance, pomp and luxury.

The ſage Eric̆thon would often ſay, I greatly fear, my children, that I have made you a fatal preſent, in communicating to you the invention of money. I foreſee that it will excite avarice, ambition, pomp; that it will cheriſh an infinite number of pernicious arts, which tend only to the ſoftening and to the corruption of manners; that it will give you a diſguſt of the happy ſimplicity in which all the repoſe and all the ſecurity of life conſiſts; that it will in ſhort make you deſpiſe agriculture, which is the foundation of the life of man, and the ſource of all real bleſſings: but the Gods are witneſſes to the integrity of my heart, in imparting this invention to you, which is in itſelf uſeful. At laſt when Eric̆thon perceived that money corrupted the people as he had foreſeen, he retired through grief to a ſavage mountain, where he lived poor and ſequeſtered from mankind to an extreme old age, and would not concern himſelf in the government of cities.

A little while after him the famous Triptolemus appeared in Greece, whom Ceres taught the art of tilling the earth, and of covering it every year with a golden harveſt. Not that men before him were ſtrangers to corn or to the manner of multiplying it by ſowing, but they were not perfect in the art of tillage, till Triptolemus, ſent by Ceres, came with plough in his hand, to offer the Goddeſs's gifts to all who ſhould have reſolution enough to conquer their natural ſloth, and addict themſelves to conſtant labour. Quickly did Triptolemus teach the Greeks to furrow the earth, and to make her fruitful by rending her boſom; quickly did the ardent and indefatigable reapers cauſe the yellow ears which covered the fields, to fall beneath their ſharp-edged ſickles. Even wild and ſavage people, who wandered up and down the woods of Epirus and Ætolia, in queſt of acorns for their food, ſoftened their manners, and be-

came ſubject to laws, when they had learnt how to make the harveſts riſe, and to live on bread. Triptolemus made the Greeks reliſh the pleaſure of owing their riches only to their labour, and of finding in one's own field all that is neceſſary to render life eaſy and happy. This ſimple this innocent plenty, which is inſeparable from agriculture, made them recollect the wiſe counſels of Erichthon; they contemned money and all artificial riches, which are riches only in the imagination of men, which tempt them to purſue dangerous pleaſures, and divert them from labour, wherein they would find all real bleſſings, together with purity of manners and perfect freedom. The Greeks therefore knew that a fertile and well-cultivated field is the real treaſure of a family, which is wiſe enough to chuſe to live frugally as their fathers lived. And happy had they been had they remained ſteady in maxims ſo proper to make them powerful, free, happy, and worthy of being ſo by a ſolid virtue! But alas! they begin to admire falſe riches; they by little and little neglect the true, and degenerate from this admirable ſimplicity. O my ſon, you will one day reign; then remember to bring men back to the practice of agriculture, to honour that art, to encourage thoſe who apply themſelves to it, and not to ſuffer men to live idle, or to be employed in arts which nouriſh pomp and luxury. Theſe two men, who were ſo wiſe on the earth, are here beloved of the Gods. Take notice, my ſon, that their glory as much ſurpaſſes that of Achilles and other heroes who excelled only in battle, as the delightful ſpring is pleaſanter than the icy winter, or as the light of the ſun is brighter than that of the moon.

While Arceſius was talking in this manner, he perceived that Telemachus's eyes were fixed on a little laurel-grove, and a river bordered with violets, roſes, lilies and ſeveral other fragrant flowers, whoſe lively colours reſembled thoſe of Iris, when ſhe deſcends from heaven to the earth, to declare the commands of the Gods to mortals. The great king Seſoſtris was in this

beautiful grove, and Telemachus knew him again, though he was a thouſand times more majeſtic than he had ever been on the throne of Egypt. Rays of benign light ſhot from his eyes, and dazzled thoſe of Telemachus. When one ſaw him, one would have thought that he was inebriated with nectar; ſo much had the divine ſpirit raiſed him above the reach of human reaſon as a reward of his virtues.

Telemachus ſaid to Arceſius, O my father, I perceive Seſoſtris, the wiſe king of Egypt, whom I ſaw not long ſince. That indeed is Seſoſtris, replied Arceſius; and you ſee by him how bountifully the Gods reward good princes. But you muſt know that all this happineſs is nothing in compariſon of that which was deſigned him, if too great a proſperity had not made him forget the rules of moderation and juſtice. His paſſion to lower the pride and inſolence of the Tyrians, engaged him to take their city. This conqueſt inſpired him with a deſire of making others; and ſuffering himſelf to be ſeduced by the vanity of conquerors, he ſubdued, or to ſpeak more juſtly, he ravaged all Aſia. At his return to Egypt he found that his brother had ſeized upon the crown, and had by an unrighteous adminiſtration changed the beſt laws of the country. Thus did his great conqueſts only ſerve to imbroil his own kingdom. But what made him more inexcuſable, was his being ſo intoxicated with vain glory, as to cauſe his chariot to be drawn by the proudeſt of the kings he had conquered. He was afterwards ſenſible of his error, and aſhamed of having been ſo inhuman. Such was the fruit of his victories, and ſuch are the miſchiefs which conquerors bring upon themſelves and their kingdoms, by endeavouring to uſurp thoſe of their neighbours. This was what ſullied the reputation of a prince who was otherwiſe ſo juſt and beneficent, and it is this which diminiſhes the happineſs which the Gods had prepared for him.

Doſt thou not ſee him, my ſon, whoſe wound appears ſo glorious? He was a king of Caria, Dioclides

by name, who ſacrificed himſelf for his people in battle, becauſe the oracle had declared that the nation whoſe king ſhould periſh, would be victorious in the war between the Carians and the Lycians.

Take notice of that other perſonage alſo: he was a wiſe legiſlator, who having enacted laws which were adapted to make his ſubjects virtuous and happy, made them ſwear that they would never violate any of them in his abſence. This done, he departed, became a voluntary exile from his country, and died poor in a foreign land, in order to oblige his people by this oath for ever to obſerve ſuch ſalutary laws.

The other whom you ſee, is Eunesimus, king of the Pylians, and one of the anceſtors of the ſage Neſtor. During a peſtilence which ravaged the whole earth and covered the banks of Acheron with new ghoſts, he laying down his life for ſo many millions of innocent perſons, beſought the Gods to lay aſide their wrath. The Gods heard him, and here beſtowed a real crown upon him, of which all earthly crowns are but empty ſhadows.

The old man whom you ſee with a wreath of flowers on his head, is the famous Belus: he reigned in Egypt, and married Anchynoe the daughter of the God Nilus, who conceals the ſource of his waters, and enriches the country by his inundations. He had two ſons; Danaus whoſe hiſtory you know, and Egyptus who gave his name to this beautiful kingdom. Belus thought himſelf richer by the plenty he procured his ſubjects, and by their affection for him, than by all the taxes which he could have impoſed upon them. Theſe men, my ſon, whom you look upon as dead, are alive; and the wretched life which men drag on the earth is death: the names only are changed. May the Gods render thee virtuous enough to merit this bleſſed life, which nothing can put a period to, nor diſquiet! But haſten hence; it is time to go and ſeek thy father. Alas! what blood wilt thou ſee ſhed before thou findſt him! But then what glory awaits thee in the fields of He-

ſperia! Be mindful of the wiſe Mentor's counſels: if thou followeſt them, thy name will be glorious among all nations and in all ages.

He ſaid; and immediately conducted Telemachus to the ivory door which leads out of Pluto's darkſome realm. Telemachus departed, with tears in his eyes, without being able to embrace him; and aſcending from theſe gloomy regions, haſtened back to the confederate camp; having in his way rejoined the two young Cretans, who had accompanied him as far as the cavern, and expected to ſee him no more.

End of the nineteenth Book.

THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS, The Son of ULYSSES.

BOOK the TWENTIETH.

The ARGUMENT.

In an assembly of the chiefs, Telemachus prevails on them not to surprise the city of Venusium, which had been left by both parties in trust in the hands of the Lucanians. He shews his wisdom with regard to two deserters; one of them, whose name was Acanthus, had undertaken to poison him, and the other, named Dioscorus, offered the allies the head of Adrastus. In the ensuing battle Telemachus carries death wherever he goes in quest of Adrastus; and that king who seeks him also, meets with and kills Pisistratus, the son of Nestor. Philoctetes comes to his assistance, and as he is about to kill Adrastus, is wounded and obliged to retire from the battle. Telemachus follows the cries of the confederates, of whom Adrastus makes a terrible havock; he engages this enemy, and gives him his life on conditions which he imposes upon him. Adrastus getting up again, attempts to surprise Telemachus, who seizes him a second time, and takes away his life.

IN the mean time the chiefs of the army assembled to deliberate whether they should seize on Venusium, a strong city, which Adrastus had formerly usurped from his neighbours the Peucetæ of Apulia; who had

entered into the league againſt Adraſtus, in order to demand juſtice for that invaſion. Adraſtus, to ſatisfy them, had delivered the city by way of truſt into the hands of the Lucanians: but he had corrupted the Lucanian garriſon and its commander by his money; ſo that the Lucanians had in reality leſs authority than he in Venuſium; and the Apulians, who had conſented that the Lucanian garriſon ſhould keep Venuſium, had been over-reached in this negotiation.

A citizen of Venuſium, named Demophantes, had privately offered the allies to deliver up one of the gates of the city to them by night. This propoſal was ſo much the more advantageous, as Adraſtus had laid up all his proviſions and military ſtores in a caſtle near Venuſium, which could not defend itſelf if that city were taken. Philoctetes and Neſtor had already declared that they ought to embrace ſo favourable an opportunity; and all the other commanders being ſwayed by their authority, and dazzled by the advantages which would ariſe from ſo eaſy an enterpriſe, approved their opinion: but Telemachus at his return did all he could to diſſuade them from it.

I am not ignorant, ſaid he, that if ever a man deſerved to be circumvented and deceived, it is Adraſtus, who has ſo often over-reached all others. I plainly ſee that in ſurpriſing Venuſium you will only take poſſeſſion of a city which belongs to you, ſince it belongs to the Apulians, a nation who have entered into your league. I own that you may do this with a greater ſhow of reaſon, as Adraſtus who put this city as a pledge into the hands of the Lucanians, has corrupted the governor and the garriſon, in order to enter it whenever he ſhall think proper. And then I am ſenſible as well as you, that if you take Venuſium, you will the next day become maſters of the caſtle in which Adraſtus has lodged all his ſtores; and that you would thus in two days put an end to this formidable war. But is it not better to periſh than to conquer by ſuch means? Muſt fraud

be repelled by fraud? Shall it be ſaid that ſo many princes having entered into a league to chaſtiſe the impious Adraſtus for his treacheries, are become treacherous like him? If it is lawful for us to act like Adraſtus, he is not guilty, and our endeavours to puniſh him are wrong. What! has all Heſperia, ſupported by ſo many Greek colonies, and heroes returned from the ſiege of Troy, no other arms againſt the perfidy and perjury of Adraſtus, but perfidy and perjury? You have ſworn by things the moſt ſacred to leave Venuſium as a pledge in the hands of the Lucanians. But their garriſon, ſay you, is corrupted by Adraſtus's money; I perceive that as well as you. But this garriſon is ſtill in the pay of the Lucanians; it has not refuſed to obey them, and has, at leaſt in appearance, obſerved the neutrality. Neither Adraſtus nor any of his ſoldiers have ever entered Venuſium; the treaty ſubſiſts, and your oath is not forgotten by the Gods. Shall we keep our promiſes, only when we want plauſible pretences to break them? Shall we be faithful and religious obſervers of oaths, only when we can get nothing by violating them? If the love of virtue and the fear of the Gods have no influence upon you, have at leaſt ſome concern for your reputation and intereſt. If you give mankind this pernicious inſtance of breaking your word and of violating your oath to terminate a war, what wars will you not kindle by this impious conduct? What neighbour will not be conſtrained to apprehend every thing from and to deteſt you? Who for the future in the moſt preſſing exigencies will confide in you? What ſecurity will you be able to give when you deſign to be ſincere, and when it is of conſequence to you to perſuade your neighbours that you are ſo? Will a ſolemn treaty do it? You will have trampled one under your feet. Will an oath do it? Ah! will it not be known that you look upon the Gods as cyphers, when you expect to draw any advantage from perjury? You will not therefore be ſafer in peace than in war. Every thing which comes

from you, will be received as a diſguiſed or open war. You will perpetually be the enemies of all who ſhall have the misfortune to be your neighbours. All tranſactions which require reputation, probity and confidence, will become impoſſible to you; you will have no means of making people believe what you promiſe.

There is, added Telemachus, a yet nearer concern which muſt needs affect you, if you have any ſenſe of probity, or any foreſight with regard to your own intereſt, viz. that ſo treacherous a conduct would be an internal attack upon your whole league, and quickly ruin it; your perjury would cauſe Adraſtus to triumph.

The whole aſſembly, murmuring at theſe words, aſked him how he could take upon him to ſay, that an action which would infallibly make the confederates victorious, would ruin the confederacy? How, replied he, will you be able to confide in each other, if you once violate your ſincerity, the only band of ſociety and confidence? When you have laid it down as a maxim, that the laws of probity and fidelity may be diſpenſed with for the ſake of ſome ſignal advantage, which of you will truſt another, ſince another may find it very advantageous to falſify his word and to deceive you? Where will you be then? Which of you will not endeavour by his own artifices to prevent thoſe of his neighbour? What will be the fate of confederacy of ſo many nations, when they have agreed among themſelves after a general diſcuſſion of the matter, that it is lawful to over-reach one's neighbour and to violate one's plighted faith? How great will your mutual jealouſies be, your diſſentions, your zeal to deſtroy each other? Adraſtus will have no occaſion to attack you; you will ſufficiently worry one another, and juſtify his perfidies. Ye ſage, ye magnanimous princes, you who ſo wiſely govern innumerable multitudes, diſdain not to hearken to the counſels of a young man. Should you ever fall into the moſt terrible extremities into which war ſometimes precipitates men, you may riſe again by your vigilance and the

ſtruggles of your virtue; for true courage never deſpairs: but if you have once broken down the barrier of honour and probity, your ruin is inevitable; you can never revive the confidence which is neceſſary to make all important affairs ſucceſsful, nor reclaim men to the principles of virtue which you have taught them to deſpiſe. And what do you apprehend? Are you not brave enough to conquer without treachery? Is not your valour, together with the forces of ſo many nations, ſufficient for this? Let us fight, let us die, if it muſt be ſo, rather than conquer by ſuch vile means. Adraſtus, the impious Adraſtus, is in our power, provided we abhor imitating his baſeneſs and perfidy.

When Telemachus concluded his ſpeech, he perceived that ſoft perſuaſion had flowed from his lips, and ſunk deep into their hearts. He obſerved that there was a profound ſilence throughout the whole aſſembly; every one's thoughts being employed, not on him or the graces of his words, but on the force of truth, which was ſo ſtriking in the whole courſe of his reaſoning. Amazement was painted on their faces. At length an hollow murmur was heard ſpreading itſelf by little and little through the whole aſſembly. They all looked one upon another, being afraid to ſpeak firſt, and waiting till the principal commanders ſhould declare themſelves, though every one found it difficult to retain his ſentiments. At laſt the grave Neſtor pronounced theſe words:

Worthy ſon of Ulyſſes, the Gods prompted you to ſpeak, and Minerva, who ſo often inſpired your father, ſuggeſted to you the wiſe and generous counſel which you have given us. I do not regard your youth, I ſee Minerva in all you have ſaid. You have pleaded the cauſe of virtue. Without virtue the greateſt advantages are real loſſes; without virtue men ſoon draw on themſelves the vengeance of their enemies, the jealouſy of their allies, the hatred of all good men, and the juſt wrath of the Gods. Let us therefore leave Venuſium in the hands

of the Lucanians, and think of conquering Adraſtus only by our courage.

He ſaid; and the whole aſſembly applauded the wiſdom of his words. But every one, as he gave his applauſe, turned his eyes with amazement towards the ſon of Ulyſſes, and imagined that he ſaw the wiſdom of Minerva, his inſpirer, ſhine forth in him.

There ſoon aroſe another queſtion in the council of the kings, by which he did not acquire leſs glory. Adraſtus, ever bloody and perfidious, ſent into the camp one Acanthus a deſerter, who was to poiſon the moſt illuſtrious chiefs of the army. He was particularly ordered to ſpare no pains to effect the death of the young Telemachus, who was already become the terror of the Daunians. Telemachus, who had too much courage and candour to be miſtruſtful, readily and kindly received this wretch, who had ſeen Ulyſſes in Sicily, and who related to him the adventures of that hero. He ſubſiſted him, and endeavoured to comfort him in his misfortunes; for Acanthus complained of having been deceived and unworthily treated by Adraſtus. But this was cheriſhing and warming a venomous viper in his boſom, which was ready to ſting him to death. Another deſerter was taken, whoſe name was Arion, whom Acanthus was ſending back to Adraſtus, to inform him of the ſtate of the confederate camp, and to aſſure him that he would the next day poiſon the principal kings and Telemachus, at an entertainment which the latter was to give him. Arion being apprehended, confeſſed his treaſon, and it was ſuſpected that Acanthus was concerned with him, becauſe they were intimate friends; but Acanthus, who was a deep diſſembler and not to be daunted, defended himſelf ſo artfully that he could not be convicted, nor the bottom of the conſpiracy diſcovered.

Several of the kings were of opinion that they ought in this uncertainty to ſacrifice Acanthus to the public ſafety. He muſt, ſaid they, be put to death; the life of a ſingle perſon is nothing, when the ſafety of ſo many

princes is concerned. What if an innocent perſon periſh, when the point in debate is the preſervation of thoſe who repreſent the Gods among men?

What an inhuman maxim! what barbarous policy, replied Telemachus! How! are you ſo laviſh of human blood! O you who are appointed the ſhepherds of men, and who govern them only to take care of them as a ſhepherd takes care of his flock, you are it ſeems ravenous wolves and not ſhepherds; at moſt you are ſhepherds only to fleece and ſlay the flock, inſtead of leading it into good paſtures. According to you a man is guilty the moment he is accuſed; to be ſuſpected merits death; the innocent are at the mercy of the envious and the ſlanderer; and the more your tyrannical jealouſy increaſes in your boſom, the greater number of victims muſt be ſlain.

Telemachus ſpoke theſe words with an authority and vehemence that carried an irreſiſtible conviction with it, and over-whelmed the authors of ſuch baſe advice with ſhame. He afterwards ſaid in a milder tone: as for me I am not ſo fond of life as to pay ſo dear for it; I had rather that Acanthus ſhould be a villain than be one myſelf, and that he ſhould rob me of my life by treachery than that I ſhould be ſo unjuſt as to put him to death on ſuſpicion only. But have a little patience, ye princes; who as you are appointed kings; that is, judges, of the people, ſhould know how to try men with juſtice, wiſdom and moderation; have patience, I ſay, and give me leave to examine Acanthus in your preſence.

Hereupon he queſtions Acanthus concerning his correſpondence with Arion; he preſſes him with a thouſand circumſtances, and ſeveral times makes as if he would ſend him back to Adraſtus, as a deſerter that deſerved to be puniſhed, to ſee whether he was afraid of being ſent back or not. But Acanthus's voice and countenance continued calm and compoſed, and from thence Telemachus concluded that he could not be innocent. Not being able however to draw him into a confeſſion, Telemachus at laſt ſaid, Give me your ring, I will ſend it to

Adraſtus. At this demand of his ring Acanthus grew pale, and was in confuſion. Telemachus, whoſe eyes were continually fixed upon him, perceived it and took the ring. I will immediately ſend it, ſaid he, to Adraſtus by the hands of your acquaintance Polytropas the Lucanian, and he ſhall pretend that he is ſent ſecretly by you. If by this means we diſcover your correſpondence with Adraſtus, you ſhall die without mercy in the moſt racking tortures; but if on the contrary you now confeſs your guilt, you ſhall be pardoned, and we will content ourſelves with ſending you to an iſland where you ſhall want for nothing. Upon this Acanthus made a full diſcovery; and Telemachus prevailing on the kings to give him his life according to his promiſe, he was ſent to one of the Echinadian iſlands, where he lived unmoleſted.

A little while after, one Dioſcorus, a Daunian of an obſcure birth, but of a violent and daring ſpirit, came by night to the camp of the allies, and made them an offer of aſſaſſinating king Adraſtus in his tent. This he was able to effect; for a man is maſter of the lives of others, when he does not value his own. This Dioſcorus breathed nothing but revenge, becauſe Adraſtus had taken from him his wife whom he paſſionately loved, and who was equal in beauty to Venus herſelf. He had privately concerted meaſures to enter the king's tent by night, and to be favoured in this attempt by ſeveral Daunian captains; but he thought it neceſſary that the confederate princes ſhould attack Adraſtus's camp at the ſame time, that he might in the confuſion more eaſily eſcape, and carry off his wife. If he could not carry her off, he was content to periſh, after he had killed the king.

As ſoon as Dioſcorus had explained his deſign to the kings, every body turned towards Telemachus, as it were to aſk his deciſion of the matter. The Gods, ſaid he, who have preſerved us from traitors, forbid us to employ them. And though we were not virtuous enough

to abhor treaſon, yet our own intereſt would be ſufficient to induce us to reject it; for when we have given a ſanction to it by our example, we ſhall deſerve to have it turned againſt us; and from that moment which of us would be ſafe? Adraſtus may poſſibly avoid the blow which threatens him, and make it fall on the confederate kings. Beſides, war would ceaſe to be war; wiſdom and virtue would be of no uſe, and we ſhould ſee nothing but perfidy, treaſon and aſſaſſinations. We ourſelves ſhould feel, and ſhould deſerve to feel, their fatal effects, ſince we ſhould authoriſe the greateſt of evils. I think therefore that this traitor ought to be ſent back to Adraſtus. I own indeed that this prince does not deſerve it; but all Heſperia and all Greece, which have their eyes upon us, deſerve ſuch a conduct from us as the price of their eſteem. Beſides, we owe to ourſelves, we owe to the righteous Gods, this abhorrence of treachery.

Upon this Dioſcorus was ſent to Adraſtus, who trembled at the danger he had been in, and could not enough wonder at the generoſity of his enemies; for the wicked have no idea of pure and diſintereſted virtue. Adraſtus could not but admire what he ſaw, though he had not reſolution enough to commend it. This noble action of the allies recalled to his mind an odious remembrance of all his treacheries and cruelties. He ſought to leſſen the generoſity of his enemies, and was aſhamed to appear ungrateful to thoſe to whom he owed his life; but corrupt men ſoon harden themſelves againſt every thing which might give them the leaſt compunction. Adraſtus perceiving that the reputation of the allies daily increaſed, thought himſelf under a neceſſity of performing ſome ſignal action againſt them; and as it was not in his nature to do a virtuous one, he reſolved at leaſt to endeavour to obtain ſome eminent advantage over them by arms, and haſtened to engage them.

The day of battle being come, Aurora in her roſy progreſs ſcarcely began to open the gates of the eaſt to

the ſun, when the young Telemachus out-ſtripping the vigilance of the oldeſt commanders, broke from the arms of balmy ſleep, and put all the officers in motion. His helmet, crowned with waving hair, already glittered on his head, and the cuiraſs he wore dazzled the eyes of the whole army. The work of Vulcan had, beſides its native beauty, the ſplendor of the ægis which was concealed in it. He held a ſpear in one hand, and pointed with the other to the ſeveral poſts which it was neceſſary to ſecure. Minerva had filled his eyes with a divine fire, and his countenance with a noble majeſty, which already promiſed victory. He marched; and all the princes, forgetting their age and dignity, found themſelves hurried along by a ſuperior power, which compelled them to follow his ſteps. Impotent jealouſy could no longer find admiſſion to their hearts. Every thing yields to him whom Minerva inviſibly leads by the hand. His behaviour had nothing of impetuoſity or raſhneſs: he was affable, calm, patient, always ready to hear others and to profit by their counſels; but active, cautious, extending his views to the remoteſt exigencies, diſpoſing every thing in the beſt manner, never confounding himſelf nor others, excuſing errors, rectifying miſcarriages, obviating difficulties, never exacting too much of any one, and every where inſpiring freedom and confidence. If he gave an order, it was in the plaineſt and moſt perſpicuous terms; he repeated it, to give the perſon who was to execute it, a clearer idea of it; he ſaw by his eyes whether he apprehended it right, and then made him explain in a familiar manner, how he underſtood his words, and what was the principal end of his enterpriſe. When he had thus ſounded the capacity of the perſon he employed, and made him thoroughly underſtand his deſigns, he did not ſend him away till he had given him ſome mark of his eſteem and confidence by way of encouragement. Thus all whom he employed were full of zeal to pleaſe him and to ſucceed in their commiſſions, without being cramped by any apprehenſion of his imputing their ill

ſucceſs to them; for he excuſed all miſcarriages which did not proceed from the want of a good will.

The horizon looked red and enflamed by the dawning rays of the ſun, and the ſea blazed with the fires of the new-born day. All the coaſt was overſpread with men, arms, horſes, rolling chariots; and a confuſed uproar was heard, like that of the angry billows when Neptune in the deep abyſs ſtirs up the lowring tempeſts. Thus Mars began by the din of arms, and the horrid equipage of war, to fire every heart with fury. The plain was thick ſet with briſtling pikes, like ears of corn which hide the fertile furrows in the times of harveſt. Already had a cloud of riſing duſt gradually ſtoln the heavens and the earth from the eyes of men, and confuſion, horror, ſlaughter, ruthleſs death advanced.

The arrows hardly began to fly, when Telemachus lifting up his hands, and eyes to heaven, uttered theſe words: O Jupiter, father of Gods and men, thou ſeeſt the juſtice of our cauſe, and that we have not been aſhamed to ſue for peace. We engage with reluctance; we would ſpare the blood of man, and do not hate even this cruel, this perfidious, this ſacrilegious foe. Behold thou and determine between him and us. If we muſt die, our lives are in thy hands; if Heſperia is to be delivered, and the tyrant overthrown, it will be thy power and the wiſdom of thy daughter Minerva which will give us the victory; the glory of it will be due to thee. Thou holdeſt the balance, and decideſt the fate of battles. For thee we fight; and as thou art righteous, Adraſtus is more thy enemy than ours. If thy cauſe is victorious, before the cloſe of the day, the blood of a whole hecatomb ſhall ſtream on thy altars.

He ſaid, and inſtantly drives his fiery foaming courſers into the thickeſt ranks of the enemy. The firſt he met was Periander the Locrian, clad in the ſkin of a lion which he had killed in his travels in Cilicia. He was armed like Hercules with an enormous club, and reſembled the giants in ſtrength and ſtature. As ſoon

as he ſaw Telemachus, he deſpiſed his youth and beautiful countenance. It well befits thee, ſaid he, effeminate boy, to diſpute the glory of combat with us! Go, child, go to hell, and ſeek thy father. As he ſpoke theſe words, he raiſed his knotty, ponderous and iron-ſpiky club, which looks like the maſt of a ſhip, which makes every one apprehenſive of its fall, and threatens the head of the ſon of Ulyſſes. But he eludes the blow, and ruſhes upon Periander as rapidly as an eagle cleaves the air. The deſcending club daſhes in pieces the wheel of a chariot which was near that of Telemachus. Mean while the young Greek wounds Periander in the throat with a dart; the bubbling blood ſpouts from the gaping wound, and ſtops his voice; his fiery ſteeds no longer feeling his fainting hand, and the reins flowing on their necks, carry him here and there; he falls from his chariot; his eyes are cloſed againſt the light, and pallid death is already ſtamped on his ghaſtly viſage. Telemachus pitied him, and immediately gave his body to his domeſtics; keeping the club and lion's ſkin as a token of his victory.

He then ſeeks Adraſtus in the throng, and in ſeeking him ſends a croud of warriors to hell: Hileus, whoſe car was drawn by a pair of ſteeds which reſembled thoſe of the ſun, and were bred in the ſpacious meadows which the Aufidus waters: Demoleon, who in Sicily did heretofore almoſt equal Eryx in the combat of the cæſtus: Crantor, who was the hoſt and friend of Hercules, when that ſon of Jupiter, in his way through Heſperia, deprived the infamous Cacus of his life: Menecrates, who was ſaid to reſemble Pollux in wreſtling: Hypocoon the Salapian, who imitated Caſtor's addreſs and graceful manner in the management of a ſteed: Eurymenides the famous hunter, who was always beſmeared with the blood of bears and wild boars, which he killed on the ſnowy tops of the cold Apennine, and who was ſaid to be ſo dear to Diana that ſhe herſelf taught him the art of ſhooting with arrows: Nicoſtratus, the vanquiſher of the giant, who uſed to vomit fire on the rocks of mount

Garganus: Eleanthus, who was to marry young Pholoe, daughter of the river Liris. She had been promiſed by her father to him that ſhould deliver her from a winged ſerpent, which was engendered on the banks of the river, and was to devour her in a few days, according to the prediction of an oracle. This youth, through an exceſs of love, made a vow to kill the monſter or to periſh in the attempt; he ſucceeded, but did not taſte the fruits of his victory. For while Pholoe was preparing for her happy nuptials, and impatiently expected Eleanthus, ſhe heard that he had followed Adraſtus to the war, and that the fatal ſiſters had cruelly cut the thread of his life. She filled the woods and the mountains near the river with her wailings; her eyes ſwam in tears; ſhe tore off her lovely treſſes; ſhe neglected the flowery garlands ſhe uſed to gather, and taxed the heavens with injuſtice. As ſhe wept inceſſantly both night and day, the Gods moved by her ſorrows, and by the prayers of the river, put an end to her grief: for ſhe poured forth ſuch floods of tears, that ſhe was ſuddenly changed into a fountain, which gliding into the boſom of the river, mingles her ſtream with that of the God her father. But the water of this fountain is ſtill bitter; nor ſprings the graſs on its banks; nor is there any ſhade but that of the cypreſs on its melancholy borders.

Adraſtus in the mean time hearing that Telemachus ſpread terror all around him, ſought him with great eagerneſs; he expected that he ſhould eaſily conquer ſo young an adverſary, being ſurrounded by thirty Daunians of extraordinary ſtrength, dexterity and courage, to whom he had promiſed great rewards, if they could by any means whatever deſtroy Telemachus in the battle. Had they then met him, theſe thirty men, by environing Telemachus's chariot, while Adraſtus attacked him in the front, would undoubtedly have ſlain him without any difficulty, but Minerva miſled them.

Adraſtus thought that he ſaw and heard Telemachus in a valley at the foot of a hill, where there was a croud

of combatants; he runs, he flies, he longs to ſate himſelf with blood; but inſtead of Telemachus he finds the aged Neſtor, who with a trembling hand was throwing ſome random unavailing darts. Adraſtus in his rage attempts to kill him, but a band of Pylians poured around their king.

Hereupon a cloud of arrows darkened the air, and hid all the combatants; nothing was heard but the doleful cries of the dying, and the clattering of the arms of thoſe who fell in the conflict; the earth groaned beneath an heap of dead, and rivers of blood ſtreamed every where. Bellona and Mars, with the infernal Furies, clad in robes all dropping with gore, feaſted their cruel eyes on the ſight, and inceſſantly renewed the rage of every heart. Theſe deities, the deadly foes of mankind, chaſed far away from both parties generous compaſſion, ſedate valour, and ſoft humanity; there was nothing in this confuſed and enraged throng but ſlaughter, revenge, deſpair and brutal fury. The ſage and invincible Pallas herſelf ſhivered, and ſtarted back with horror at the ſight.

Mean time Philoctetes marching ſlowly, and holding the arrows of Hercules in his hands, advanced to Neſtor's aſſiſtance. Adraſtus not being able to reach the divine ſenior, had hurled his darts at ſeveral Pylians, and made them bite the ground. He had already ſlain Euſilas, ſo ſwift of foot that he hardly imprinted his footſteps in the ſand, and who in his own country outrun the moſt rapid currents of the Eurotas and Alpheus. At his feet were fallen Entiphron, more lovely than Hylas, and as keen a hunter as Hippolytus; Pterelas, who accompanied Neſtor to the ſiege of Troy, and was dear to Achilles himſelf for his ſtrength and courage; Ariſtogiton, who bathing in the waves of the river Achelous, is ſaid to have privately received of that God the power of aſſuming all kind of forms: and indeed he was ſo pliant and nimble in all his motions, that he ſlipt out of the ſtrongeſt hands. But Adraſtus with a

thruſt of his ſpear rendered him motionleſs, and his ſoul immediately took its flight with his blood.

Neſtor ſeeing his moſt valiant captains fall beneath the hands of the cruel Adraſtus, like the golden ears in harveſt beneath the keen ſickle of the indefatigable reaper, forgot the danger to which he vainly expoſed his age. His wiſdom forſook him, and he thought only of purſuing with his eyes his ſon Piſiſtratus, who on his part ardently maintained the fight, to drive the danger from his father; but the fatal moment was come, when Piſiſtratus was to convince Neſtor, how wretched men often are by living too long.

Piſiſtratus puſhed ſo violently at Adraſtus with his ſpear, that the Daunian would have fallen, had he not avoided it; but while Piſiſtratus, ſtaggered with the falſe thruſt he had made, was recovering his ſpear, Adraſtus run his javelin into the midſt of his belly. His bowels came out with a torrent of blood; his colour faded like a flower cropt by the hand of a nymph in the meadows; his eyes were almoſt extinguiſhed, and his voice began to fail him. Alceus his governor, who was near him, caught him as he was ready to fall, and had only time to convey him into his father's arms, where he endeavoured to ſpeak and give the laſt marks of his fondneſs; but as he opened his mouth, he expired.

While Philoctetes was ſpreading ſlaughter and horror around him, to repell the efforts of Adraſtus, Neſtor claſped the body of his ſon in his arms, rending the heavens with his cries, and unable to bear the light. Wretch that I am, ſaid he, in being a father and in living ſo long! Ah! why, ye cruel Fates! why did ye not cut the thread of my life when I chaſed the Calydonian boar, or in my expedition to Colchos, or at the firſt ſiege of Troy? I ſhould not then have died inglorious, nor with anguiſh. I now drag a painful, deſpicable, impotent old age; I live but to ſuffer; I have no ſenſe but of ſorrow. O my ſon! my dear ſon Piſiſtratus! When I loſt thy brother Antilochus, I had thee to com-

fort me; I have thee no more; nothing will comfort me now; all is over as to me. Hope, the only ſweetner of human woes, is a bleſſing which concerns me not. Antilochus! Piſiſtratus! O my dear children, I loſt you both methinks to-day; the death of the one opens again the wound which the other had made in my heart. Never ſhall I behold thee more. Who ſhall cloſe my eyes? Who collect my aſhes? O my dear Piſiſtratus! thou as well as thy brother didſt die like a man of courage; I alone cannot die.

This ſaid, he attempted to kill himſelf with a dart which he had in his hand; but he was with-held. And the body of his ſon being wreſted from him, the unhappy old man fell into a ſwoon, and was carried to his tent, where having a little recovered his ſtrength he would have returned to the battle, had he not been detained by force.

Mean time Adraſtus and Philoctetes were in queſt of each other. Their eyes ſparkled, like thoſe of a lion and a leopard ſtriving to tear each other in pieces, in the fields which the Cayſter waters. Menaces, the rage of war, and bloody revenge appeared in their ſavage looks. They carry certain death wherever they hurl their darts, and all the combatants behold them with terror. They are now within ſight of each other, and Philoctetes takes one of thoſe dreadful arrows, which in his hands never miſt their aim, and whoſe wounds were incurable; but Mars, who favoured the cruel and intrepid Adraſtus, would not ſuffer him to periſh ſo ſoon, being deſirous of making him his inſtrument of prolonging the horrors of war, and of heightening the carnage. The Gods as yet forbore to make Adraſtus an example of their juſtice, in order to chaſtiſe mankind and to ſhed their blood.

The moment Philoctetes deſigns to attack him, he himſelf is wounded by the ſpear of Amphimachus, a young Lucanian, who was more lovely than the famous Nireus, whoſe beauty was only inferior to that of Achilles of all the Greeks that fought at the ſiege of Troy.

Philoctetes was hardly wounded, when he aimed the arrow at Amphimachus which pierced him to the heart. His fine black eyes immediately loſt their luſtre, and were overſpread with the ſhades of death. The roſes of his lips, more ruddy than thoſe with which the riſing Aurora ſtrews the horizon, faded; a ghaſtly paleneſs deadened his cheeks: his ſoft, his delicate face was inſtantly deformed. Philoctetes himſelf was moved with pity, and all the combatants made loud laments, ſeeing the youth weltering in his blood, and his locks, as lovely as theſe of Apollo, trailing in the duſt.

Philoctetes having ſlain Amphimachus, was obliged to retire from the battle; having loſt a great deal of his blood and his ſtrength. Beſides, his old wound in the heat of the action ſeemed ready to bleed afreſh and to renew his pains; for the ſons of Æſculapius by their divine ſkill had not been able to cure him entirely. Lo! he is ready to fall on an heap of bloody bodies which ſurround him; but Archidamus, the moſt bold and expert ſoldier of all the Oebalians, whom he had brought with him to found Petelia, forces him from the fight the moment Adraſtus would eaſily have felled him at his feet. Adraſtus now finds nothing which preſumes to reſiſt him, or to retard his victory: Every thing falls, every thing flies before him; he reſembles a rapid ſtream, which having over-ſwelled its mounds, ſweeps away, with its furious torrent, the corn, the flocks, the ſhepherds and villages.

Telemachus heard at a diſtance the ſhouts of the victors, and beheld the diſorder of the confederates flying before Adraſtus, like an herd of timorous deer croſſing the ſpacious plains, the woods, the mountains, and even the moſt rapid rivers, when they are purſued by the hunters. He deeply ſighs; indignation is manifeſt in his eyes; he quits the place where he had long fought with great danger and glory; he runs to ſuſtain the fugitives; he advances all beſmeared with the blood of a multitude of enemies whom he had ſtretched on the duſt;

and at a diſtance ſhouts loud enough to be heard by both armies.

Minerva had infuſed ſomething terrible into his voice, which made the neighbouring mountains ring: that of the cruel Mars ſounds not louder in Thrace, when he calls the infernal furies, war and death. This ſhouting of Telemachus inſpires his own party with courage and intrepidity, and chills the enemy with fear. Even Adraſtus is aſhamed to find himſelf diſordered; being terrified with I know not how many fatal preſages, and animated rather by deſpair than a ſedate valour. Thrice were his trembling knees going to ſink beneath him, and thrice he drew back without thinking on what he did. A ſwooning paleneſs and a cold ſweat ſpread over all his limbs; his hoarſe and faultering voice could found no word diſtinct; his eyes ſparkling with a gloomy fire, ſeem ready to ſtart out of his head; he looks like Oreſtes tortured by the furies; all his motions are convulſive. Now he begins to believe that there are Gods; he fancies that he ſees them incenſed againſt him, and that he hears a hollow voice ariſing from the deepeſt hell, and citing him to dreary Tartarus. Every thing made him ſenſible of an heavenly and inviſible hand ſtretched over his head, and ready to fall heavy upon him. Hope was extinguiſhed in his heart, and his courage vaniſhed, like the day-light when the ſun ſinks into the boſom of the waves, and the earth is wrapt in the ſhades of night.

The impious Adraſtus, who had already been ſuffered to live too long, if mankind had not wanted ſuch a ſcourge; the impious Adraſtus, I ſay, draws near his lateſt hour. He madly runs to meet his inevitable fate; horror, ſtinging remorſe, conſternation, fury, rage, deſpair attend his ſteps. He ſcarcely ſees Telemachus, but he fancies that he ſees Avernus yawn, and whirlwinds of flames, iſſuing from dreary Phlegeton, ready to ſwallow him up. He cries out, and his mouth remains open without being able to utter a word. So a perſon aſleep in a frightful

dream opens his lips, and ſtrives to ſpeak; but his ſpeech continually fails him, and he ſeeks it in vain. Adraſtus with a trembling haſty hand hurls his javelin at Telemachus. The latter is undaunted, like one favoured of the Gods, and defends himſelf with his ſhield. Victory already ſeems to cover him with her wings, and to hold a crown over his head. A calm and compoſed courage glittered in his eyes, and one would have taken him for Minerva herſelf, ſo wiſe and diſcreet he appears in the greateſt dangers. Adraſtus's javelin is repelled by the ſhield. Upon which the Daunian inſtantly draws his ſword, to deprive the ſon of Ulyſſes of the advantage of throwing his javelin in his turn. Telemachus ſeeing Adraſtus with his ſword in his hand, immediately draws his alſo, and drops his uſeleſs javelin.

When they were thus cloſely engaged, all the other combatants ſilently laid down their arms to gaze upon them, and from this ſingle combat expected the iſſue of the war. Their ſwords, bright as the flaſhes whence the bolts are hurled, frequently croſs each other, and deal their fruitleſs blows upon their burniſhed and reſounding armour. The two combatants ſtretch themſelves out, ſhrink themſelves up, ſtoop down, riſe again in an inſtant, and at length grapple with each other. The ivy growing at the foot of an elm, does not more cloſely embrace its hard and knotty trunk, with its entwining arms, even to its higheſt branches, than theſe two combatants graſp each other. Adraſtus having loſt nothing of his ſtrength, and that of Telemachus not being yet at its height; the former makes ſeveral efforts to ſtagger and throw his antagoniſt by ſurpriſe. At laſt he endeavours to ſeize the ſword of the young Greek, but in vain; for the moment he attempts it, Telemachus lifts him from the ground, and throws him on the ſand. And now this wretch, who had always deſpiſed the Gods, betrays an unmanly apprehenſion of death; he is aſhamed to aſk his life, and yet cannot help manifeſting his deſire of it. He endeavours to move Telemachus's com-

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paſſion. Son of Ulyſſes, ſaid he, I at length acknowlege the righteous Gods; they puniſh me as I have deſerved; nothing but diſtreſs opens mens eyes, and ſhews them the truth; I ſee it, it condemns me; but let an unfortunate prince put you in mind of your father, who wanders far from Ithaca, and let him excite your pity.

Telemachus, who kneeled upon him, and had already raiſed his ſword to plunge it into his throat, immediately replied; I ſought nothing but victory and the peace of the nations I came to aſſiſt; I do not delight in bloodſhed. Live therefore, Adraſtus; but live to repair your faults; reſtore every thing which you have uſurped; reeſtabliſh peace and juſtice on the coaſt of great Heſperia, which you have ſtained by numberleſs maſſacres and treacheries; live and become another man. Learn by your fall that the Gods are righteous, that the wicked are miſerable, that they deceive themſelves by ſeeking for happineſs in violence, inhumanity and falſhood, and in ſhort that nothing is ſo delightful and happy as a plain and ſteady virtue. Give us as hoſtages your ſon Metrodorus, with twelve of the principal perſons of your nation.

This ſaid, Telemachus ſuffers Adraſtus to riſe, and holds out his hand to him without ſuſpecting his treachery. But Adraſtus immediately darts another javelin at him, which was very ſhort and he had kept concealed. It was ſo ſharp, and ſo artfully thrown, that it would have pierced Telemachus's armour, had it not been divine. Adraſtus at the ſame time runs behind a tree to avoid the purſuit of the young Greek. Whereupon Telemachus cries out, Lo! Daunians, the victory is ours; the impious wretch ſaves himſelf only by his treachery. Who fears not the Gods, is afraid of death; on the contrary, who fears the Gods, fears nothing but them. In ſpeaking theſe words, he advances towards the Daunians, and makes a ſign to thoſe of his own party who were on the other ſide of the tree, to intercept the perfidious Adraſtus. Adraſtus is ready to be taken, makes as if he would go back again, and attempts

to break through the Cretans who obſtruct his paſſage. But Telemachus, ſwift as a thunderbolt hurled by the hand of the father of the Gods from the top of Olympus on the heads of the guilty, flies inſtantly on his enemy; he ſeizes him with his victorious hands, he throws him on the earth, as the cruel north-wind beats down the tender harveſts which gild the fields; he hears him no more, though the impious wretch makes a ſecond attempt to abuſe his goodneſs; he plunges his ſword into him, and hurls him headlong into the flames of dreary Tartarus, a puniſhment worthy of his crimes.

End of the twentieth Book.

THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS, The Son of ULYSSES.

BOOK the TWENTY-FIRST.

The ARGUMENT.

Adraſtus being dead, the Daunians hold out their hands to the allies as a ſign of peace, and deſire a king of their own nation. Neſtor being inconſolable for the loſs of his ſon, abſents himſelf from the aſſembly of the chiefs, where ſeveral are of opinion that they ought to divide the countries of the conquered, and to yield the territory of Arpi to Telemachus. Far from accepting of this offer, Telemachus ſhews it to be the common intereſt of the allies to make Polydamas king of the Daunians, and to leave them in poſſeſſion of their lands. He afterwards perſuades thoſe people to give the country of Arpi to Diomedes, who happened at that time to arrive in Heſperia. The troubles being thus ended, they all ſeparate, in order to return every one to his reſpective country.

ADRASTUS was hardly dead, but all the Daunians, inſtead of bewailing their defeat and the loſs of their chief, rejoiced at their deliverance, and held out their hands to the allies in token of peace and reconciliation. Metrodorus, the ſon of Adraſtus, whom his father had bred up in maxims of diſſimulation, injuſtice and inhumanity, was coward enough to fly; but a ſlave, an accomplice in all his infamous and cruel actions, whom

he had made free and loaded with riches, and to whom he had committed himſelf in his flight, thought only of betraying him for his own intereſt; he ſlew him as he fled by a wound in the back; he cut off his head, and carried it to the camp of the confederates, expecting a great reward for a crime which put an end to the war. But they abhorred the villain and ordered him to be put to death.

Telemachus ſeeing the head of Metrodorus, who was a youth of wonderful beauty, and naturally of an excellent diſpoſition, which had been corrupted by pleaſures and ill examples, could not retain his tears. Alas! cried he, lo the effects of the poiſon of proſperity in a young prince; the more elevated his condition and the more ſprightly his temper, the further he ſtrays from every ſentiment of virtue. I ſhould now perhaps have been like him, had not the misfortunes in which, I thank the Gods, I was born, and the inſtructions of Mentor, taught me to govern my paſſions.

The aſſembled Daunians deſired, as the only condition of peace, that they might have a king of their own nation, who might by his virtues wipe off the reproach with which the impious Adraſtus had ſtained the crown. They thanked the Gods for deſtroying the tyrant; they crouded to kiſs Telemachus's hand which had been dipt in the monſter's blood, and their defeat was as it were a triumph to them. Thus in a moment irrecoverably fell the power which threatened all others in Heſperia, and made ſo many nations tremble. As in platforms which ſeem firm and immoveable, but are by little and little undermined, the feeble toils which attack their foundations are a long while derided, nothing appears to be weakened, all is ſmooth, nothing ſhakes; while all the props are gradually deſtroyed, till the moment the earth ſinks, and leaves a chaſm behind it: ſo an unjuſt and fraudful power, whatever ſucceſs it may procure by its violence, digs a pit beneath its own feet. Treachery and cruelty by degrees ſap all the moſt ſolid foundations of unlawful authority. Men admire it, and dread it, and

tremble before it, till the inſtant it is no more. It ſinks beneath its own weight, and nothing can raiſe it up again; becauſe it hath with its own hands deſtroyed the true ſupports of probity and juſtice, which beget love and confidence.

The leaders of the army aſſembled the next day to grant the Daunians a king, and every one was delighted to ſee the two camps blended together by ſo unexpected a friendſhip, and the two armies which were now become but one. The ſage Neſtor was not in a condition to be preſent at this council, becauſe his grief and age had withered his heart, as a ſhower beats down and cauſes a flower to languiſh in the evening, which in the morning, while Aurora was riſing, was the glory and ornament of the verdant fields. His eyes were become inexhauſtible fountains of tears. Balmy ſleep, which ſoothes the acuteſt pains, fled far away from them; and hope, the food of the human heart, was extinguiſhed in him. All aliments were bitter to this unfortunate old man. The light was odious to him; his ſoul deſired only to quit his body, and to plunge into the eternal night of Pluto's empire. In vain was all the diſcourſe of his friends; his drooping heart loathed their friendſhip, as a ſick man loaths the moſt delicate food: to all the moſt affecting things which could be ſaid to him, he only replied by groans and ſighs. He now and then was heard to ſay, O Piſiſtratus! Piſiſtratus! Piſiſtratus! my ſon! thou calleſt me, I come. Thou, Piſiſtratus, wilt render death a pleaſure to me. O my dear ſon! the only bleſſing I crave, is to ſee thee again on the Stygian ſhore. And then would he paſs whole hours without ſpeaking a word, ſighing, and lifting up his hands and tearful eyes to heaven.

Mean while the aſſembled princes were waiting for Telemachus, who remained with Piſiſtratus's body, ſtrewing a profuſion of flowers and the moſt exquiſite perfumes upon it, and ſhedding the bittereſt tears. My dear companion! ſaid he, I ſhall never forget my ſeeing

thee at Pylos, my going with thee to Sparta, and my finding thee again on the coaſt of the great Heſperia. I am thy debtor for a thouſand and a thouſand good offices; I loved thee, thou lovedſt me alſo: I knew thy valour; it would have ſurpaſt that of ſeveral famous Greeks. Alas! it has occaſioned thee a glorious death; but then it has robbed the world of a blooming virtue which would have equalled that of thy father. Yes, thy wiſdom and eloquence would, when matured by age, have been, like that ſenior's, the admiration of all Greece. Thou didſt already poſſeſs that ſweet inſinuation, which whenever he ſpeaks, is irreſiſtible; that ſimple manner of narration; that ſage moderation, which is a charm to ſoothe the irritated mind; that authority, which ariſes from wiſdom and the force of good counſels. When thou ſpokeſt, every one lent an ear, every one was prepoſſeſſed in thy favour, every one wiſhed to find thee in the right; thy plain, thy unadorned words ſtole as gently into the heart as dews deſcend on the ſpringing graſs. Alas! how many bleſſings which we enjoyed a few hours ſince, are raviſhed from us for ever! Piſiſtratus, whom I embraced in the morning, is now no more, nothing but a ſad remembrance of him is left us. Ah! hadſt thou cloſed Neſtor's eyes, and not we thine, he would not then have ſeen what he now ſees, nor have been the moſt wretched of fathers.

This ſaid, Telemachus ordered the gory wound in Piſiſtratus's ſide to be waſhed, and cauſed him to be laid on a purple bed: where with his head reclined and pale as death, he reſembles a young tree, which having covered the earth with its ſhade, and ſhot its flouriſhing branches to heaven, is wounded by the keen axe of the woodman; and having no longer any hold of its roots, or the earth that fruitful mother which nouriſhes her plants in her boſom, it droops and loſes its verdure; it can no longer ſupport itſelf, it falls; its branches, which uſed to hide the heavens, are faded, withered, dragged in the duſt; it is now but a mere trunk, cut down and de-

ſpoiled of all its honours. Thus Piſiſtratus, a prey to death, was now borne away by thoſe who were to lay him on the fatal pyre. The flames already mount to heaven. A band of Pylians with downcaſt ſtreaming eyes, with arms reverſed, and gentle ſteps attended. The body is quickly burnt, and the aſhes are put into a golden urn, which Telemachus, who takes care of the whole ceremony, commits as a great treaſure to Callimachus, who had been Piſiſtratus's governor. Keep theſe aſhes, ſaid he, the ſad but precious remains of him whom you loved, keep them for his father; but do not preſent them unto him till he has fortitude enough to aſk for them: what provokes ſorrow at one time, alleviates it at another.

Telemachus afterwards went into the aſſembly of the confederate kings, where every one, as ſoon as he ſaw him, was ſilent in order to hear him. He bluſhed, and could not be prevailed on to ſpeak. The praiſes which were beſtowed upon him by public acclamations, on account of all his late actions, increaſed his confuſion, and he wiſhed that it had been in his power to hide himſelf. This was the firſt time he ever appeared confounded and dubious. At length he aſked it as a favour, that they would not commend him any more. Not, ſaid he, that I do not love praiſe, eſpecially when it is beſtowed by ſuch good judges of virtue; but becauſe I am apprehenſive of being too fond of it: it corrupts mankind, it makes them full of themſelves, and renders them vain and preſumptuous: we ſhould deſerve and ſhun it. There is a reſemblance between the juſteſt and moſt groundleſs praiſes; and tyrants, the moſt wicked of all men, are thoſe who cauſe themſelves to be praiſed the moſt by flatterers. What pleaſure is there in being commended like them? Valuable praiſe is that which you will give me in my abſence, if I am happy enough to deſerve it. If you think me really virtuous, you muſt alſo think me modeſt and apprehenſive of vanity. Spare me therefore if you eſteem me, and do not praiſe as if I were enamoured of applauſe.

Telemachus having ſpoken thus, made no reply to thoſe who continued to extol him to the ſkies, and by an air of indifference quickly put a ſtop to the encomiums they beſtowed upon him. They began to apprehend that their praiſes were offenſive; but their admiration increaſed, every one knowing the tenderneſs he had ſhowed for Piſiſtratus, and the care he had taken to pay him the laſt offices of friendſhip. The whole army was more affected with theſe marks of the goodneſs of his heart, than with the amazing proofs he had given of his wiſdom and valour. He is wiſe, he is valiant, ſaid they in private to each other; he is beloved of the Gods, and the true hero of our age; he is more than human. But all this is only marvellous and matter of aſtoniſhment. He is humane, he is good, he is a faithful and an affectionate friend; he is compaſſionate, liberal, beneficent, and wholly theirs whom he ought to love; he is the delight of thoſe who live with him; he has diveſted himſelf of his haughtineſs, indifference and pride. This is what is uſeful, this is what touches the heart, this is what endears him to us, and makes us affected with all his virtues: this is what makes us all ready to lay down our lives for him.

As ſoon as theſe diſcourſes were ended, the council conſidered the neceſſity of giving the Daunians a king. Moſt of the princes who were preſent, were of opinion that they ought to divide Daunia, as a conquered country, among themſelves; and they offered Telemachus for his ſhare the fertile territory of Arpi, which twice in a year yields the rich preſents of Ceres, the delicious gifts of Bacchus, and the ever-verdant fruits of the olive, a tree ſacred to Minerva. This country, ſaid they, ought to make you forget the barren Ithaca and its cottages, the frightful rocks of Dulichium, and the ſavage woods of Zacynthus. Go no longer in queſt of your father, who without doubt periſhed in the waves at the promontory of Caphareus, through the vengeance of Nauplius and the wrath of Neptune; nor of your mo-

ther, who has yielded to her ſuitors ſince your departure; nor of your country, whoſe ſoil is not ſo favoured of heaven as that which we offer you. He heard theſe diſcourſes with patience; but the rocks of Thrace and Theſſaly are not more deaf and inſenſible to the plaints of deſpairing lovers, than Telemachus was to all theſe offers.

For my part, replied he, I am not affected with riches and pleaſures. What profits it to poſſeſs a greater extent of land, and to govern a greater number of men? The prince thereby but increaſes his trouble, and leſſens his liberty. Even the wiſeſt and moſt moderate perſons find miſery enough in life, without adding to it the toils of governing intractable, reſtleſs, unjuſt, falſe and ungrateful men. When a man ſeeks to be the maſter of others for his own ſake, and regards nothing but his own authority, pleaſures and glory; he is impious, and a tyrant, and the ſcourge of the human race. When on the contrary he endeavours to govern them according to right maxims, and only for their own good, he is not ſo much their maſter as their guardian; he gets nothing by it but infinite trouble, and is far from deſiring to ſtretch his authority farther. The ſhepherd who does not prey upon his flock, who defends it againſt wolves at the hazard of his life, and watches both night and day to lead it into rich paſtures, has no deſire to increaſe the number of his ſheep, nor to ſeize on thoſe of his neighbour; this were to increaſe his toils. Though I have never governed, added Telemachus, yet have I learnt from laws and wiſe legiſlators, how painful an office it is to rule cities and kingdoms. I am therefore contented with my barren Ithaca. Though it be ſmall and barren, I ſhall acquire ſufficient glory, if I reign over it with juſtice, piety and courage. My reign will even commence but too ſoon. The Gods grant that my father, eſcaping the fury of the billows, may reign over it to the extremeſt old age, and that I may long learn

under him how to ſubdue my paſſions, in order to know how to govern thoſe of a whole nation!

Telemachus then ſaid, Hear, ye aſſembled princes, what I think myſelf obliged to ſay to you for your own intereſt. If you give the Daunians a juſt king, he will govern them with juſtice, and teach them how beneficial it is to preſerve their ſincerity, and never to uſurp the dominions of their neighbours; which they could never learn under the impious Adraſtus. While they are ſwayed by a wiſe and moderate prince, you will have nothing to apprehend from them. They will be indebted to you for the good king that you will have given them; they will be indebted to you for the peace and proſperity they will enjoy. Inſtead of attacking they will continually bleſs you, and both the prince and the people will be the work of your hands. If on the contrary you divide their country among yourſelves, the evils which will enſue, and of which I tell you beforehand, are theſe: the Daunians driven to deſpair will begin the war again; they will juſtly fight for their liberty, and the Gods, who are enemies to tyranny, will fight for them. And if the Gods interfere, you will ſooner or later be confounded, and your proſperity will vaniſh like ſmoke. Counſel and wiſdom will be taken from your commanders, courage from your armies, and fertility from your lands. You will deceive yourſelves with falſe hopes, you will be raſh in your enterprizes, you will ſilence men of probity who tell you the truth, you will fall of a ſudden, and it will be ſaid of you, Are theſe the flouriſhing nations who were to give law to the whole earth? Lo! they fly before their enemies; they are the ſport of nations who trample them under their feet. Theſe are the doings of the Gods; this is what unjuſt, haughty and inhuman nations deſerve.

Again, conſider that if you attempt to divide this conqueſt among you, you will unite all the neighbouring nations againſt you. Your confederacy, formed to defend the common liberty of Heſperia, againſt Adraſtus, will

become odious; and you yourſelves will be juſtly accuſed by all the world of aiming at univerſal tyranny. But ſuppoſing that you are victorious over the Daunians and all other nations, this victory will prove your deſtruction, and I will tell you in what manner. Conſider that this enterpriſe will diſſolve your union. As it is not founded on juſtice, you will have no rule to ſettle every claimant's pretenſions among yourſelves; every one will inſiſt that his ſhare of the conqueſt be proportioned to his power; not one of you will have authority enough over the reſt to make a peaceable partition. Lo! the ſource of a war, of which your grandchildren will not ſee the end. Is it not better to be juſt and moderate, than to follow one's ambition through ſuch a multitude of dangers and inevitable calamities. Are not a profound peace, its train of ſweet and innocent pleaſures, a happy plenty, the friendſhip of one's neighbours, the glory which is inſeparable from juſtice, the authority which is acquired in rendering ourſelves by our integrity the arbiter of all foreign nations; are not theſe, I ſay, more deſirable bleſſings than the fooliſh vanity of an unjuſt conqueſt? O kings! O princes! you ſee that I have no intereſt in what I ſay; have regard therefore to one who loves you enough to contradict and diſpleaſe you, by ſetting the truth before you.

While Telemachus was diſcourſing in this manner with an authority which they had never ſeen in any other, and all the aſtoniſhed and ſuſpenceful princes were admiring the wiſdom of his counſels, there was heard a confuſed noiſe which ſpread itſelf through the camp, and reached even to the place where the aſſembly was held. A ſtranger, it was ſaid, is juſt landed on this coaſt with a band of ſoldiers. This unknown perſon is of a lofty mein; every thing in him looks heroic; one eaſily perceives that he has ſuffered a long while, and that his great courage has rendered him ſuperior to all his ſufferings. The people of the country, who guard the coaſt, at firſt reſolved to repel him as an enemy that was come

to invade them: but drawing his ſword with an intrepid air, he told them that he knew how to defend himſelf in caſe he were attacked, but that he deſired nothing but peace and hoſpitality. Upon which he held out an olive branch as a ſuppliant; he was heard; he deſired to be brought before thoſe who rule in this part of Heſperia, and is conducted hither to be examined by the aſſembled kings.

This was hardly ſaid, but the ſtranger entered with a majeſty which ſurpriſed the whole aſſembly. He might eaſily have been taken for the God of war, when he aſſembles his blood-thirſty troops in the mountains of Thrace. He began thus:

O ye ſhepherds of the people, who are undoubtedly aſſembled here to defend your country againſt its enemies, or to give life to the moſt righteous laws, hear a man whom fortune has perſecuted. May the Gods grant that you may never taſte the like diſtreſs! I am Diomed, king of Ætolia, who wounded Venus at the ſiege of Troy. The vengeance of that Goddeſs purſues me through the whole world. Neptune, who can refuſe nothing to the divine daughter of the ſea, gave me up to the rage of the winds and the billows, which have often daſhed my ſhips in pieces againſt the rocks. Inexorable Venus has robbed me of all hopes of ever ſeeing again my kingdom, my family, and that grateful light of the country where I firſt beheld the day. No, I ſhall never ſee more what was deareſt in the world to me. I come, after various ſhipwrecks, to ſeek on theſe unknown ſhores a little repoſe and a ſafe retreat. If you fear the Gods, and eſpecially Jupiter who takes care of ſtrangers; if you have any ſenſe of pity, refuſe me not ſome barren corner of theſe ſpacious regions, ſome deſert, ſome ſandy ſpot, or ſteepy rocks, where I and my companions may found a city which may at leaſt be a melancholy image of our loſt country. We only deſire ſome ſmall tract which is uſeleſs to you. We will live in peace and ſtrict friendſhip with you; your enemies ſhall be ours; we

will eſpouſe all your intereſts, and deſire nothing but to live according to our own laws.

While Diomedes was ſpeaking thus, Telemachus keeping his eyes fixt upon him, diſcovered all the different paſſions in his countenance. When Diomed began to mention his long ſufferings, he hoped that this majeſtic perſon would prove to be his father. As ſoon as he had declared that he was Diomed, Telemachus's countenance withered like a beautiful flower, blaſted by the cruel breath of the bitter north-winds. And at laſt Diomed's complaint of the implacable wrath of a goddeſs melted his ſoul, by reviving his idea of the like calamities which his father and he had ſuffered; tears of grief and joy run down his cheeks, and he immediately fell upon Diomed's neck and embraced him.

I am, ſaid he, the ſon of Ulyſſes whom you formerly knew, and who was not unuſeful to you when you ſeized the famous horſes of Rheſus. The Gods have treated him as well as you without mercy. If there is truth in the oracles of Erebus, he is ſtill alive: but alas! he lives not for me. I have abandoned Ithaca in queſt of him, but I cannot find him, nor my way back to Ithaca. Judge by my diſtreſs of my pity for yours. The benefit of afflictions is to learn to ſympathize with others in their troubles. Though I am but a ſtranger here, yet have I the power, O mighty Diomed, (for notwithſtanding the miſeries which overwhelmed my country in my infancy, I have not been ſo ill educated as to be ignorant of your glory in battle;) I have the power, I ſay, O moſt invincible of all the Greeks next to Achilles, to procure you ſome relief. The princes here preſent are humane; they are ſenſible that there is no virtue, no true courage, no ſolid glory without humanity. Misfortune adds a new luſtre to the glory of the great. They are not perfect, till they have taſted of adverſity; their lives not affording examples of patience and fortitude. Virtue in diſtreſs melts every heart which has any reliſh for virtue. Leave the care therefore of your conſolation

to us; ſince the Gods, in ſending you hither, confer a favour upon us, and we ought to think ourſelves happy in being able to ſoften your miſeries.

While he was ſpeaking, Diomed looked ſtedfaſtly and with aſtoniſhment upon him, and found his heart greatly affected. They embraced as if they had been long bound in the bands of a ſtrict friendſhip. O worthy ſon of the wiſe Ulyſſes, ſaid Diomed, I perceive in you the ſweetneſs of his countenance, the grace of his ſpeech, the ſtrength of his eloquence, the nobleneſs of his ſentiments, and the wiſdom of his thoughts.

Philoctetes then embraced the great ſon of Tydeus, and they related to each other their diſaſtrous adventures. Philoctetes afterwards ſaid, You will without doubt be very glad to ſee the ſage Neſtor; he has juſt loſt Piſiſtratus the laſt of his children, and all that is now left him in life is a tearful path which leads him to the grave. Come and ſoothe his grief; an unfortunate friend is fitter than any other to allay the anguiſh of his heart.

Hereupon they repaired to Neſtor's tent, whoſe mind and ſenſes were ſo depreſt by grief, that he hardly knew Diomed again. At firſt Diomed wept with him, and their interview redoubled the old man's ſorrow; but by degrees the preſence of this friend relieved his heart, and one might eaſily perceive that his woes were a little ſuſpended by the pleaſure of reciting his ſufferings, and of hearing in his turn what had happened to Diomed.

While they were diſcourſing together, the aſſembled kings and Telemachus were conſidering what they were to do. Telemachus adviſed them to give Diomed the country of Arpi, and to chuſe Polydamas, who was of their nation, king of the Daunians. This Polydamas was a famous general whom Adraſtus through jealouſy would never employ, leſt the ſucceſs of his arms, of which he hoped alone to have all the glory, ſhould be attributed to this able commander. Polydamas had often told him in private, that he expoſed his life and the ſafety of the ſtate too much in this war againſt ſo many

confederate nations, and had endeavoured to prevail on him to obſerve a more upright and moderate conduct towards his neighbours; but men who hate the truth, hate thoſe alſo who are bold enough to ſpeak it, and are not affected with their ſincerity, their zeal, or diſintereſtedneſs. The ſeducements of proſperity hardened Adraſtus's heart againſt the moſt wholeſome counſels. By not following them, he daily triumphed over his enemies; for haughtineſs, breach of faith and violence continually made him victorious. The evils with which Polydamas had ſo long threatened him, did not happen. Adraſtus laughed at an apprehenſive wiſdom, which was perpetually foreſeeing inconveniences. Polydamas became inſupportable to him; he was removed from all his poſts, and left to languiſh in ſolitude and poverty.

Polydamas was at firſt greatly dejected at this diſgrace; but it gave him what he wanted, by ſhowing him the vanity of exalted ſtations. He became wiſe at his own expence; he rejoiced that he had been unfortunate; he learnt by degrees to ſuffer, to live upon a little, calmly to nouriſh his ſoul with the truth, to cultivate ſecret virtues, which are of much greater worth than the glaring; in fine, to live without mankind. He dwelt in a deſert at the foot of mount Garganus, where an half-arched rock ſerved him for a houſe; a brook which fell from a mountain, ſlaked his thirſt, and ſome trees preſented him their fruits. He had two ſlaves, who tilled a little field, with whom he himſelf toiled with his own hands. The earth liberally rewarded him for his pains, and ſuffered him to want for nothing; he had not only fruits and pulſe in abundance, but all ſorts of fragrant flowers alſo. There he deplored the miſery of nations, which the mad ambition of a prince hurries on to their ruin. There he daily expected that the righteous Gods, notwithſtanding their forbearance, would cruſh the impious Adraſtus. The more his proſperity increaſed, the nearer he thought he ſaw his inevitable fall; for imprudent meaſures attended with ſucceſs, and power ſcrued up to the higheſt

pitch of abſolute authority, are the forerunners of the downfall of kings and kingdoms. When he heard of Adraſtus's defeat and death, he diſcovered no joy that he had foreſeen it, nor that he was rid of the tyrant; he only grieved leſt he ſhould ſee the Daunians in ſervitude.

This was the man whom Telemachus propoſed to be advanced to the throne. He had for ſome time been acquainted with his courage and virtue; for Telemachus, according to Mentor's advice, was every where continually informing himſelf of the good and bad qualities of all perſons who were in any conſiderable poſt, not only among the confederate nations who ſerved in this war, but among the enemy alſo. His principal care in every place was to find out and ſift the men who had any particular talent or virtue.

The confederate princes were at firſt a little unwilling to place Polydamas on the throne. We have experienced, ſaid they, how formidable a king of the Daunians who underſtands and delights in war, is to his neighbours. Polydamas is a great commander, and may bring us into great dangers. But Telemachus replied, Polydamas indeed underſtands war, but he loves peace; and theſe are the two very things which we ought to wiſh for. A man who knows the calamities, dangers and difficulties of war, is much better qualified to avoid it than one who has no experience of them. Polydamas has learnt to reliſh the bleſſings of a quiet life; he condemned the enterpriſes of Adraſtus, and foreſaw their fatal conſequences. A weak and ignorant prince is more to be dreaded by you, than a man who will enquire into and determine every thing himſelf. A weak, ignorant and inexperienced prince will ſee only with the eyes of a paſſionate favourite, or of a flattering, turbulent, and ambitious miniſter. He will therefore blindly engage himſelf in war contrary to his inclinations; you will never be ſure of him, for he will never have it in his power to be ſure of himſelf; he will break his word with you, and will quickly reduce you to ſuch extremities, that you muſt deſtroy him, or

be you. Is it not more advantageous, more ſafe, and at the ſame time more juſt and noble to make a faithful return to the confidence of the Daunians, and to give them a king worthy of commanding?

This ſpeech convincing the whole aſſembly, Polydamas was propoſed to the Daunians, who were impatiently waiting for an anſwer. When they heard the name of Polydamas, they replied, we now plainly perceive that the confederate princes deſign to deal ſincerely and to make an eternal peace with us, ſince they give us for our king a man ſo virtuous and ſo capable of governing. Had they propoſed to us a cowardly, an effeminate and ignorant perſon, we ſhould have thought that they only intended to depreſs us and to change the form of our government, and we ſhould ſecretly have retained a lively reſentment of ſo cruel and artful a conduct; but the choice of Polydamas is a proof of their real candour. The allies without doubt expect nothing from us but what is juſt and noble, ſince they give us a king who is incapable of doing any thing contrary to the liberty and glory of our country. We accordingly proteſt in the ſight of the righteous Gods, that rivers ſhall up-roll to their ſources, before we ceaſe to love ſuch beneficent princes. May our lateſt poſterity be mindful of the benefit which we this day receive, and renew from generation to generation the peace of the golden age through the whole coaſt of Heſperia!

Telemachus then propoſed to the Daunians the giving the fields of Arpi to Diomed, to ſettle a colony there. This new people, ſaid he, will be indebted to you for their eſtabliſhment in a country which you do not cultivate. Remember that all men ought to love each other; that the earth is too large for them; that you muſt have neighbours, and that it is beſt to have ſuch as may be obliged to you for their ſettlement. Pity the misfortunes of a prince who cannot return to his own country. Polydamas and he, being united together in the bands of juſtice and virtue, which alone are laſting, will

maintain you in a profound peace, and render you formidable to all the neighbouring nations that may think of aggrandizing themſelves. You ſee, ye Daunians, that we have given your nation a king capable of raiſing its glory to the heavens; do you therefore on your part give, at our requeſt, a tract of land which is of no uſe to you, to a king who is worthy of all kind of ſuccour.

The Daunians replied, that they could refuſe Telemachus nothing, ſince he had procured them Polydamas for their king. Hereupon they went to ſeek him in his deſert, and to place him on the throne; having firſt given the fertile plains of Arpi to Diomed, to found a new kingdom there. The allies were over-joyed at this grant, becauſe this colony of Greeks might powerfully aſſiſt their party, if the Daunians ſhould ever attempt to renew the uſurpations of which Adraſtus had given an ill example.

And now all the princes prepared to take their leave of each other. Telemachus with tears in his eyes departed with his troop; having firſt tenderly embraced the valiant Diomed, the ſage and diſconſolate Neſtor, and the famous Philoctetes, the worthy inheritor of the arrows of Hercules.

End of the twenty-firſt Book.

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PL.XI R. Cooper Sculp

THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS, The Son of ULYSSES.

BOOK the TWENTY-SECOND.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus arriving at Salentum is ſurpriſed to ſee the country ſo well cultivated, and to find ſo little magnificence in the city. Mentor explains the reaſons of this change, points out the wrong meaſures which uſually hinder a ſtate from flouriſhing, and propoſes the conduct and government of Idomeneus as a model for him. Telemachus afterwards opens his heart to Mentor concerning his inclination to marry Antiope the daughter of that king. Mentor joins with him in commending her good qualities, and aſſures him that the Gods deſign her for him; but that at preſent he ought to think only of departing for Ithaca, and of freeing Penelope from the perſecutions of her ſuitors.

THE young ſon of Ulyſſes burnt with impatience to join Mentor again at Salentum, and to embark with him in order to return to Ithaca, where he hoped that his father might be arrived. When he approached Salentum, he was greatly aſtoniſhed to ſee all the country round it, which he had left almoſt wholly waſte and deſert, cultivated like a garden, and full of diligent labourers. He knew that this muſt be the work of the wiſe Mentor. As he afterwards entered the city, he ob-

ſerved that there were fewer traders in the luxuries of life, and much leſs magnificence. Telemachus was not pleaſed at this, for he was naturally fond of every thing which is ſplendid and polite; but he quickly changed his mind. He from a-far beheld Idomeneus and Mentor coming towards him, and his heart was immediately tranſported with joy and tenderneſs. Notwithſtanding his ſucceſs in the war againſt Adraſtus, he was apprehenſive that Mentor might be diſſatisfied with him, and, as he advanced, conſulted his eyes to ſee whether he had any thing to reproach him with.

Idomeneus immediately embraced Telemachus as his own ſon; Telemachus afterwards threw himſelf on Mentor's neck, and bedewed him with his tears. Mentor ſaid to him, I am ſatisfied with your conduct, you have committed great faults, but they have taught you to know and to be diffident of yourſelf. Men often reap more fruit from their errors than from their glorious actions. Great actions puff up the heart, and inſpire a dangerous preſumption; errors make a man enter into himſelf, and reſtore him the wiſdom which he loſt while he was ſucceſsful. What yet remains for you to do, is to praiſe the Gods, and not to court the praiſes of men. You have performed great things, but own the truth; you can hardly be ſaid to have performed them. Is it not true that the power to perform them was infuſed into you, like ſomething foreign to your nature? Were you not like to have ruined all by your paſſion and imprudence? Did you not feel that Minerva as it were transformed you into a perſon ſuperior to yourſelf, to make you her inſtrument of performing what you have done? She reſtrained all you failings, as Neptune, when he ſtills a ſtorm, reſtrains the angry billows.

While Idomeneus was eagerly aſking queſtions of the Cretans who were returned from the war, Telemachus was thus liſtening to the wiſe counſels of Mentor. He afterwards turned his eyes with amazement on every ſide, and ſaid to Mentor, Here is a change of which I

cannot comprehend the reaſon: has any calamity befallen Salentum in my abſence? Whence comes it that one no longer ſees that magnificence which ſhone every where at my departure? I now ſee neither gold, nor ſilver, nor precious ſtones; the habits are plain; the buildings which are carrying on are leſs ſpacious and have fewer ornaments; arts languiſh, and the city is become a deſert.

Mentor replied with a ſmile, Did you obſerve the condition of the country round the city? Yes, anſwered Telemachus, I ſaw that tillage is every where eſteemed, and that the fields are cultivated. Which is preferable, added Mentor, a city proud of its marble, gold and ſilver, with an untilled and barren country, or a well-cultivated and fruitful country, with a city that is modeſt in its buildings and manners? A great city crouded with artiſts, who are employed in corrupting mens manners by adminiſtring to their luxury, and ſurrounded with a poor and ill-cultivated kingdom, reſembles a monſter, whoſe head is of an enormous bulk, and bears no proportion to its ſtarved and meagre body: it is the number of the inhabitants and the plenty of proviſions which conſtitute the true ſtrength and the true riches of a kingdom. Idomeneus has now innumerable ſubjects who are indefatigable in labour, and croud the whole extent of his country, which is now but one city, and Salentum no more than the center of it. We have tranſported from the city into the country, men who were wanted in the country, and who were ſuperfluous in the city. We have moreover allured a great many foreigners into the kingdom. The more theſe people multiply, the more are the fruits of the earth multiplied by their labour; this calm, this gentle increaſe inlarges his kingdom more than a conqueſt. We have expelled from the city only ſuperfluous arts, which divert the poor from tilling the earth to ſatisfy their real wants, and corrupt the rich by plunging them into pomp and luxury; we have not done the leaſt prejudice to the liberal arts, nor to men who

really have a genius to cultivate them. Thus is Idomeneus much more powerful than he was when you admired his magnificence. That dazzling luſtre concealed a weakneſs and indigence which would ſoon have overthrown his empire: he has now a greater number of ſubjects, and he ſubſiſts them with more eaſe. Theſe men inured to labour, pain, and a contempt of life through their attachment to good laws, are all ready to fight in the defence of a country which they have cultivated with their own hands. And this kingdom which you think decayed, will ſoon be the wonder of Heſperia.

Remember, Telemachus, that there are two evils in the government of a nation, which are hardly ever cured. The firſt is an unjuſt and too violent a power in the prince; the ſecond is luxury, which corrupts the morals of the people. When kings accuſtom themſelves to know no law but their own abſolute will, and no longer curb their paſſions, they may do any thing; but by their being able to do any thing, they ſap the foundations of their power. They have no certain rules or maxims of government; every one ſtrives who ſhall flatter them moſt; they have no longer any ſubjects; nothing is left them but ſlaves, whoſe number daily decreaſes. Who will tell them the truth? Who will ſet bounds to the torrent? Every thing gives way; the wiſe fly, hide themſelves, and mourn in private. Nothing but a ſudden and violent revolution can reduce this overflowing power into its natural channel, and the meaſures which might circumſcribe, often irrecoverably deſtroy it. Nothing is ſo near a fatal fall as authority ſtretched too far. It reſembles an over-ſtrained bow, which at length ſnaps of a ſudden, unleſs it be ſlackened; but who will preſume to ſlacken it? The very ſoul of Idomeneus was ſeduced by the allurements of this power; he had been dethroned but not undeceived. The Gods were forced to ſend us hither, to put him out of conceit with this blind and exceſſive power, which does not befit men; and a ſort of miracles moreover were neceſſary to open his eyes.

The other almoſt incurable evil is luxury. As too much power poiſons princes, ſo luxury poiſons a whole nation. It is ſaid that luxury feeds the poor at the expence of the rich, as if the poor could not get their bread more uſefully by multiplying the fruits of the earth, without debauching the rich by the refinements of voluptuouſneſs. A whole nation habituates itſelf to look upon the moſt ſuperfluous things as the neceſſaries of life; new neceſſaries are daily invented, and men can no longer live without things which were unknown thirty years before. This luxury is called a good taſte, the perfection of arts, and the politeneſs of the nation. This vice, which is the ſource of an infinite number of others, is commended as a virtue, and ſpreads its contagion from the prince down to the very dregs of the people. The near relations of the king imitate his magnificence; the nobility that of the king's relations; the middle ſort ſtrive to come up to the nobility, (for where is the man who forms a right judgment of himſelf?) and the loweſt deſire to paſs for the middle ſort. Thus every one lives above his circumſtances; ſome through oſtentation, and to glory in their riches; others through a falſe ſenſe of ſhame, and to conceal their poverty: even thoſe who are wiſe enough to condemn ſo great a diſorder, are not enough ſo to dare to be the firſt to riſe up againſt it, and to ſet contrary examples. A whole nation is ruined, and all conditions of men confounded. The deſire of getting money to ſupport a vain expence corrupts the pureſt minds; to be rich is the only thing that is minded, and to be poor is infamous. Let a man be learned, wiſe, virtuous; let him inſtruct mankind, win battles, ſave his country, ſacrifice all his own intereſts; yet will he be deſpiſed, if his talents are not ſet off with pomp and ſhow. Even they who have not money, endeavour to ſeem to have it, and ſpend as if they really had it: they borrow, they cheat, they uſe a thouſand artifices to procure it. But who will cure theſe evils? The taſte and cuſtoms of a whole nation muſt be changed, and new laws

muſt be enacted. And who can attempt this but a king who is ſo much of a philoſopher, and ſo prudent, as to put out of countenance, by the example of his own moderation, all thoſe who are fond of oſtentatious expences, and to encourage the wiſe, who would be very glad to be authoriſed in a laudable frugality?

Telemachus hearing this diſcourſe, was like a man coming out of a profound ſleep. He felt the truth of theſe words, and they were engraved on his heart, as a ſkilful ſtatuary imprints what features he pleaſes on the marble, and gives it ſoftneſs, life and motion. Telemachus made no reply; but revolving what he had heard in his mind, he ſurveyed the alterations which had been made in the city, and at length thus addreſſed himſelf to Mentor:

You have made Idomeneus the wiſeſt of all kings; I neither know him nor his ſubjects again. Nay, I confeſs that what you have done here is infinitely greater than the victories which we have obtained. Chance and ſtrength have a great part in the ſucceſſes of war; we muſt ſhare the glory of battles with our ſoldiers; but all you have done proceeds from a ſingle head: you alone muſt have ſtruggled againſt a king and all his people in order to reform them. The ſucceſſes of war are always fatal and odious; here all is the work of an heavenly wiſdom, all is calm, all is innocent, all is lovely, all diſcovers an authority more than human. When men thirſt for glory, why do they not ſeek it by thus applying themſelves to do good? O what wrong notions have they of ſolid glory, ſince they expect to obtain it by ravaging the earth and by ſhedding human blood! Mentor's countenance ſhewed that he was exceedingly glad to ſee Telemachus form ſo true a judgment of victories and conqueſts, at an age when it was ſo natural for him to be intoxicated with the glory he had acquired.

After this Mentor added, All that you ſee here is indeed laudable and good; but know that it is poſſible to do yet better. Idomeneus curbs his paſſions, and ap-

plies himſelf to govern his people with juſtice; but he ſtill commits a great many errors, which are the unhappy conſequences of his former errors. When men deſire to forſake evil, the evil ſtill ſeems to purſue them; they long retain bad habits, a weakneſs of nature, inveterate errors, and almoſt incurable prejudices. Happy they who never ſtrayed! they may do good to a greater perfection. The Gods, Telemachus, require more of you, than of Idomeneus, becauſe you have known the truth from your youth, and have never been delivered up to the ſeducements of too great a proſperity.

Idomeneus, continued Mentor, is wiſe and knowing; but he applies himſelf too much to particulars, and does not ſufficiently conſider the whole of his affairs to form judicious ſchemes. The art of a king, who is ſet over other men, does not conſiſt in doing all himſelf; it is groſs vanity to hope to do this, or to endeavour to perſuade the world that one is capable of it. A king ought to govern by chuſing and guiding thoſe who govern under him; he muſt not deſcend to particulars, for that is doing the office of his agents; he ought only to make them give him an account, and to know enough to examine that account with judgment. He is an admirable governor, who chuſes and employs thoſe who govern, according to their reſpective talents. The higheſt degree and perfection of government conſiſts in governing thoſe who govern: they muſt be watched, tried, checked, reproved, encouraged, promoted, degraded, removed from one poſt to another, and always kept in dependance. A prince who pries into every thing himſelf, betrays a miſtruſtful narrow ſoul, he abandons himſelf to jealouſy about trifles, which conſumes the time and the freedom of mind which are neceſſary for affairs of importance. To form great deſigns the ſoul muſt be free and compoſed; it muſt think at its eaſe, and be entirely diſengaged from all knotty and difficult affairs; a mind exhauſted by particulars, reſembles the lees of wine which have neither ſtrength nor flavour. Governors who de-

ſcend to particulars, are always determined by the preſent, without extending their views to remote futurity; they are coninually borne away by the affair of the day, which being the only object of their thoughts, makes too great an impreſſion upon and cramps their minds; for men never form a right judgment of things, unleſs they compare them all together, and range them in a certain order, that they may have connection and proportion. Not to obſerve this rule of government is to reſemble a muſician, who ſhould content himſelf with finding out melodious ſounds, and ſhould give himſelf no trouble to combine and make them harmonize with each other, in order to compoſe a ſweet and raviſhing piece of muſic. It is alſo to reſemble an architect, who thinks he does every thing when he heaps together large columns and a great number of well-wrought ſtones, without attending to the order and proportion of the ornaments of his edifice. When he is building the ſaloon, he does not foreſee that there muſt be a ſuitable ſtaircaſe; when he is at work on the body of the ſtructure, he never dreams of the court-yard nor the gate; his work is only a confuſed jumble of magnificent parts which are not made to fit each other. This performance, inſtead of doing him an honour, will be an eternal monument of his ſhame; for it is a proof that the workman had not a ſufficient reach of thought to take in at once the general deſign of his whole work, which is the character of a bounded and ſubordinate genius. When a man is born with a mind thus limited to particulars, he is only fit to execute under another. Be aſſured, my dear Telemachus, that the government of a kingdom requires a certain harmony like muſic, and juſt proportions like architecture.

If you will give me leave to go on with my compariſon from theſe arts, I will convince you what indifferent capacities thoſe men have who deſcend to all the particular parts of government. A perſon in a concert who ſings only particular things, though he ſings them per-

ſectly well, is no more than a ſinger; he who conducts the whole concert, and at once regulates its ſeveral parts, he alone is the maſter of muſic. In like manner he who forms the columns, or raiſes a ſide of the edifice, is no more than a maſon; but he who deſigned the whole building, and has all its proportions in his mind, he alone is the architect. Thus they who toil, who diſpatch and tranſact the moſt buſineſs, are thoſe who have the leaſt ſhare in the government; they are but the underworkmen. The true genius that directs the ſtate, is he who does nothing himſelf, and yet cauſes every thing to be done; who thinks, who contrives, who dives into the future, who reviews the paſt, who orders and proportions every thing, who makes early preparations, who continually bears up againſt and ſtruggles with fortune, as a ſwimmer againſt a torrent of water, and who ſtudies night and day to leave nothing to chance.

Do you think, Telemachus, that a great painter aſſiduouſly toils from morning to night, that he may diſpatch his works the ſooner? No, ſuch conſtraint and drudgery would damp the fire of his imagination; his genius would work no longer; every thing muſt be ſtruck off irregularly and by ſtarts, as his fancy leads and his ſpirit prompts him. Do you think he ſpends his time in grinding colours, and in making pencils? No, that is the buſineſs of his ſcholars. He reſerves himſelf for thought and deſign; he only ſtudies to ſtrike bold ſtrokes, which may give a noble air, and life and paſſion to his figures; his head is full of the thoughts and ſentiments of the heroes he deſigns to repreſent; he tranſports himſelf to their times, and puts himſelf in all the circumſtances in which they have been: to this kind of enthuſiaſm he muſt join the curb of judgment, that the whole may be true, correct and proportionable. Do you think, Telemachus, that leſs elevation of genius and efforts of thought are required to make a great king than to make a good painter? Conclude therefore that the buſineſs of a king ought to be to think, to form great

deſigns, and to chuſe perſons proper to execute them under him.

Telemachus replied, I comprehend, methinks, all you ſay; but if things were thus, a king not entering into particulars himſelf, would often be impoſed upon. You are miſtaken, anſwered Mentor; a general knowlege of government prevents their being impoſed upon. Men who obſerve no maxims in affairs, and who have no true diſcernment of men, are always groping as it were in the dark, and it is a chance if they are not impoſed upon. They do not well know what they look for, nor which way they ought to direct their ſteps; their knowlege extends only to miſtruſt, and they ſooner miſtruſt men of probity who contradict them, than traitors who flatter them. On the contrary, they who have certain principles to govern by, and a knowlege of men, know what they are to expect of them, and the means of coming at it: They know, at leaſt in general, whether the perſons they imploy are proper inſtruments for their deſigns, and whether they enter enough into their views to hit the mark they aim at. Beſides, as they do not burden themſelves with the weight of particulars, their minds are more at liberty to ſurvey at one view the whole of the work, and to obſerve if it tends towards their principal deſign; if they are deceived, it hardly ever is in eſſentials. Again, they are above the little jealouſies which denote a narrow mind and a groveling ſoul. They know that it is not poſſible to avoid being deceived in important affairs, ſince they are obliged to make uſe of men, who are ſo often deceitful. More is loſt by the irreſolution which ariſes from diffidence, than by ſuffering one's ſelf to be a little impoſed upon. Happy the man who is impoſed upon only in things of little conſequence; the more important may go on well, and a great man ought only to be in pain about them. Deceit muſt be ſeverely puniſhed when it is diſcovered, but one muſt expect to meet with ſome deceit, if one would not really be deceived. A mechanic ſees every thing in his

ſhop with his own eyes, and does every thing with his own hands; but a king can neither do nor ſee every thing in a large kingdom. He ought to do nothing but what no body elſe can do under him, nor ought he to ſee any thing but what concerns the deciſion of important affairs.

In fine, Mentor ſaid to Telemachus, the Gods love you, and deſign you a reign of wiſdom. Every thing you ſee here is done leſs for Idomeneus's glory, than for your inſtruction. All the wiſe inſtitutions which you admire at Salentum, are but a ſhadow of what you will hereafter do in Ithaca, if your virtues correſpond to your high deſtiny. It is time for us to think of departing hence. Idomeneus keeps a ſhip ready for our return.

Hereupon Telemachus, though with ſome difficulty, opened his heart to his friend concerning an attachment which made him loth to leave Salentum. You will cenſure me perhaps, ſaid he, for too eaſily conceiving paſſions in the places where I go; but my heart would continually reproach me, ſhould I not tell you that I love Antiope, the daughter of Idomeneus. This, my dear Mentor, is not ſuch a blind paſſion as you cured me of in the iſle of Calypſo. I have been thoroughly ſenſible of the depth of the wound I received from love when I was with Eucharis; I cannot yet pronounce her name without diſorder, nor have time and abſence been able to efface it. This fatal experience teaches me to be diffident of myſelf. But what I feel for Antiope is quite another thing. It is not the phrenzy of love, it is judgment, it is eſteem, it is conviction. How happy ſhould I be in paſſing my life with her! If ever the Gods reſtore me my father, and permit me to chuſe a wife, Antiope ſhall be mine. What charms me in her, is her ſilence, her modeſty, her reſerve, her aſſiduity in labour, her induſtry in works of wool and imbroidery, her application to the management of her father's houſe ſince the death of her mother, her contempt of gaudy apparel, her evident forgetfulneſs or rather ignorance of her

beauty. When Idomeneus bids her lead the dance of the young Cretan maidens to the melody of flutes, ſhe is attended with ſo many graces that one would take her for the ſmiling Venus; when he takes her with him to hunt in the foreſts, ſhe ſeems as majeſtic, and as ſkilful in handling a bow, as Diana in the midſt of her nymphs: ſhe alone is ignorant of it, while all the world admires it. When ſhe enters the temple of the Gods, and carries the ſacred offerings in baſkets on her head, one would think that ſhe herſelf were the divinity which inhabits the temple. With what awe and what devotion do we ſee her offer ſacrifices, and deprecate the wrath of the Gods, when any crime is to be expiated, or any dreadful omen to be averted! In fine, when one ſees her with a company of maidens, holding a golden needle in her hand, one thinks that ſhe is Minerva herſelf, who has aſſumed an human form here on the earth, and is teaching the polite arts to men. She encourages others to work; ſhe ſweetens their toils and wearineſs by the charms of her voice, when ſhe ſings all the marvellous hiſtories of the Gods; and ſhe excells the moſt exquiſite paintings by the delicacy of her imbroideries. Happy the man whom gentle Hymen joins with her! He will have nothing to fear but to loſe and ſurvive her. I here call the Gods to witneſs, my dear Mentor, that I am ready to depart; I ſhall love Antiope as long as I live, but ſhe ſhall not one moment retard my return to Ithaca. Were another to poſſeſs her, I ſhould paſs the reſt of my days in bitterneſs and ſorrow; but I will leave her, though I know that abſence may cauſe me to loſe her. I will not ſpeak to her nor her father of my love; for I ought to ſpeak of it to you only, until Ulyſſes, re-ſeated on his throne, gives me his conſent to do it. You may hereby know, my dear Mentor, how different this attachment is from the paſſion with which you ſaw me blinded for Eucharis.

Mentor replied, I grant, Telemachus, that there is a difference. Antiope is gentle, ingenuous, prudent; her

hands diſdain not labour; ſhe foreſees things long before they happen, ſhe provides for every thing, ſhe knows how to be ſilent, and to do things regularly without being in a hurry; ſhe is always employed, but never in a confuſion, becauſe ſhe does every thing at a proper time. The good order of her father's houſe is her glory, and adorns her more than her beauty. Though ſhe has the care of every thing, and is charged with the office of reproving, denying, ſaving, (things which make almoſt all women hated) yet has ſhe made herſelf the delight of the whole houſe; becauſe they find in her neither paſſion, nor obſtinacy, nor levity, nor humour, as in other women. With a ſingle glance ſhe makes herſelf underſtood, and they are afraid to diſpleaſe her; ſhe gives preciſe orders, ſhe commands nothing but what may be done, ſhe reproves with gentleneſs, and encourages when ſhe reproves. Her father's heart reſts itſelf upon her, as a traveller, fainting with the heat of the ſun, reſts himſelf upon the tender graſs in the ſhade. You are in the right, Telemachus; Antiope is a treaſure worthy to be ſought after in the remoteſt countries. Her mind, no more than her body, is never decked with vain and gaudy ornaments; her fancy, though lively, is reſtrained by her judgment; ſhe does not ſpeak but when it is neceſſary; and when ſhe opens her mouth, ſoft perſuaſion and native graces flow from her lips. When ſhe ſpeaks, every body is ſilent, and ſhe bluſhes at it; ſhe can hardly help ſuppreſſing what ſhe deſigned to ſay, when ſhe perceives that ſhe is liſtened to with ſo much attention; we have ſcarcely heard her ſpeak.

Do you remember, Telemachus, when her father one day ſent for her? She appeared with downcaſt eyes, was covered with a large veil, and ſpoke no more than was neceſſary to appeaſe Idomeneus's anger, who was going to chaſtiſe one of his ſlaves with ſeverity. She at firſt joined in his reſentment, then ſhe calmed him, at length ſhe intimated what might be alleged in the wretch's excuſe, and without making the king ſenſible that he was

too much tranſported, ſhe inſpired into him ſentiments of juſtice and compaſſion. Thetis when ſhe ſoothes old Nereus, does not more gently calm the angry billows. In this manner will Antiope, without aſſuming any authority, or taking any advantage from her charms, one day manage the heart of her huſband, as ſhe now touches her lyre, when ſhe would draw forth its ſweeteſt melody. Once again, Telemachus, I own that your affection for her is reaſonable; the Gods deſign her for you; you love her with a rational paſſion, but you muſt wait until Ulyſſes gives her to you. I commend you for not diſcovering your ſentiments to her; but know that if you had by any indirect means acquainted her with your deſigns, ſhe would have rejected them, and have ceaſed to eſteem you. She will never promiſe herſelf to any body; ſhe will leave her father to diſpoſe of her, and will take for an huſband none but a man who fears the Gods, and diſcharges all his duties. Have you not obſerved as well as I, that ſhe leſs frequently appears, and that ſhe oftner bends her eyes on the ground ſince your return? She knows all your ſucceſs in the war; ſhe is not ignorant of your birth, of your adventures, or of any qualification which the Gods have beſtowed upon you; it is this that makes her ſo ſhy and reſerved. Let us go, Telemachus, let us go to Ithaca; I have nothing more to do but to conduct you to your father, and to put you in a condition to obtain a bride worthy of the golden age: were ſhe a ſhepherdeſs on the frigid Algidus, inſtead of the daughter of a king of Salentum, you would be the happieſt of men in poſſeſſing her.

End of the twenty-ſecond Book.

THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS,

The Son of ULYSSES.

BOOK the TWENTY-THIRD.

The ARGUMENT.

Idomeneus fearing the departure of his two gueſts, propoſes ſeveral intricate affairs to Mentor, aſſuring him that he could not ſettle them without his aſſiſtance. Mentor tells him how he ought to act, and perſiſts in his reſolution to carry Telemachus home. Idomeneus again attempts to detain them by exciting the paſſion of the latter for Antiope: he engages them in a hunting match, at which he orders his daughter to be preſent. She would have been torn in pieces by a wild boar, but for Telemachus who reſcues her. He is afterwards very unwilling to forſake her, and to take leave of the king her father: but being encouraged by Mentor, he overcomes his reluctance, and embarks for his native country.

IDOMENEUS, who feared the departure of Telemachus and Mentor, made it his whole ſtudy to retard it. He repreſented to Mentor that he could not without him adjuſt a diſpute that was riſen between Diophanes, a prieſt of Jupiter Conſervator, and Heliodorus, a prieſt of Apollo, concerning the preſages which are drawn from the flight of birds and the entrails of victims. Why, ſaid Mentor, would you intermeddle in things ſacred? Leave the deciſion of them to the

Etrurians, who have the tradition of the moſt ancient oracles, and are inſpired, that they may be the interpreters of the Gods. Uſe your authority only to ſtifle theſe diſputes in their birth. Show neither partiality nor prejudice; content yourſelf with ſupporting the deciſion when it is made. Remember that a king is to be ſubject to religion, and is never to take upon him the regulation of it: religion comes from the Gods, and is above kings. If kings meddle with religion, inſtead of protecting they enſlave it. Kings are ſo powerful, and other men ſo weak, that every thing will be in danger of being changed, according to the fancy of princes, if they ſhould be permitted to concern themſelves in queſtions relating to things ſacred. Leave therefore the free deciſion of them to the favourites of the Gods, and confine yourſelf to the quelling of thoſe who ſhall not conform to their determination when it is made.

Idomeneus afterwards complained of the perplexity he was in with regard to a great number of law-ſuits between divers private perſons, which he was importuned to determine. Decide, replied Mentor, all new queſtions, which may be the foundations of general maxims, and become precedents of law; but never burthen yourſelf with trying private cauſes: they would come and beſiege you in crouds. You would be the only judge of all your people. All the other judges, who are under you, would become uſeleſs; you would be overburthened; trifling affairs would take you off from the important, and yet you would not be ſufficient to adjuſt all the particulars of the trifling. Take care therefore not to plunge yourſelf into this perplexity; refer the cauſes of private perſons to the ordinary judges; do nothing but what no body elſe can do to eaſe you, and you will then diſcharge the real functions of a king.

I am alſo importuned, ſaid Idomeneus, to interfere in certain marriages. The perſons of diſtinguiſhed birth, who attended me in all my wars, and who loſt large eſtates in my ſervice, aim at a ſort of recompence by

marrying certain rich maidens; and I need but ſpeak one word to procure theſe fortunes for them.

It is true, replied Mentor, that it would coſt you but one word; but this word itſelf would coſt you too dear. Would you deprive fathers and mothers of the liberty and ſatisfaction of chuſing their ſons-in-law, and conſequently their heirs? This were to bring all families into the ſevereſt ſlavery. You would make yourſelf anſwerable for all the domeſtic evils of your ſubjects. Marriage is full enough of thorns without this addition of bitterneſs. If you have faithful ſervants to reward, give them uncultivated lands; to theſe add rank and honours in proportion to their condition and ſervices. Add likewiſe, if neceſſary, ſome money ſaved out of the funds appointed for your own expences: but never pay your debts by ſacrificing young maidens of fortune contrary to the inclination of their families.

Idomeneus ſoon paſt from this queſtion to another. The Sibarites, ſaid he, complain of our uſurping ſome lands that belong to them, and of our giving them as grounds to be cultivated to the ſtrangers whom we have lately allured hither. Shall I yield to theſe people? If I do, every one will think that he needs only to form pretenſions upon us, to have what he claims.

It is not reaſonable, replied Mentor, to believe the Sibarites in their own cauſe, neither is it reaſonable to believe you in yours. Who then muſt decide the matter, replied Idomeneus? Neither of the two parties, continued Mentor. A neighbouring people, whom neither ſide can ſuſpect of partiality, muſt be choſen as an umpire; ſuch are the Sipontines, who have no intereſt oppoſite to yours. But am I obliged, rejoined Idomeneus, to be determined by an umpire? Am I not a king? Muſt a ſovereign ſubmit himſelf to foreigners as to the extent of his dominions?

Mentor thus reſumed the diſcourſe. Since you perſiſt in keeping the lands, you muſt neceſſarily believe that your title to them is good. The Sibarites, on the other

ſide, abate nothing of their pretenſions, and maintain that their right is inconteſtable. In this oppoſition of opinions an arbitrator choſen by both parties muſt make up the difference, or the fate of arms decide it; there is no medium. Were you to go into a republic, where there are neither magiſtrates nor judges, and where every family ſhould think it had a right to do itſelf juſtice by violence againſt all the pretenſions of its neighbours; you would deplore the miſery of ſuch a nation, and be ſtruck with horror at its dreadful diſorders, where all families would arm themſelves one againſt another. Do you think the Gods would with leſs horror behold the whole world, which is the univerſal commonwealth, ſhould every nation, which is but as a large family, think it had a right to do itſelf juſtice by violence, as to all the pretenſions it had upon other neighbouring nations? A private man, who poſſeſſes a field by inheritance from his anceſtors, cannot maintain himſelf in it but by the authority of the laws and the decree of the magiſtrates; he would be ſeverely puniſhed as a ſeditious perſon, ſhould he attempt to maintain by force what juſtice has given him. And do you think that kings may immediately make uſe of violence to ſupport their pretenſions, without having firſt tried all the ways of gentleneſs and humanity? Is not juſtice much more ſacred and inviolable in kings with regard to whole countries, than in private families with regard to a few ploughed fields? Is a man unjuſt, and a robber, who ſeizes a few acres of land? And is he juſt, and an hero, who ſeizes whole provinces? If men are prejudiced, if they are deceived and blinded in the trifling concerns of private perſons, ought they not to be much more afraid of being deceived and blinded in the great concerns of ſtate? Shall a man rely upon his own judgment in an affair wherein he has ſo much reaſon to miſtruſt it? Will he not dread being miſtaken in caſes, wherein the error of a ſingle perſon has ſuch terrible conſequences? The miſtake of a prince whoſe pretenſions are ill-grounded, often occaſions devaſtations,

famines, maſſacres, loſſes, and depravation of manners, whoſe fatal effects extend to the remoteſt ages. Should not a king, who is continually ſurrounded by crouds of flatterers, fear his being flattered on theſe occaſions? If he agrees upon an umpire to decide the difference, he gives a proof of his equity, ſincerity and moderation, and publiſhes the ſolid reaſons on which his cauſe is founded. The appointed umpire is a friendly mediator, and not a ſevere judge. His deciſions are not blindly ſubmitted to, but a great deference is paid to him. He does not prononnce ſentence like a ſupreme judge; but he makes propoſitions, and ſome things are given up by his advice for the preſervation of peace. If a war happens, notwithſtanding all the pains which a prince takes to preſerve peace, he then at leaſt has on his ſide the teſtimony of his conſcience, the eſteem of his neighbours, and the juſt protection of the Gods. Idomeneus was affected by this diſcourſe, and conſented that the Sipontines ſhould be mediators between him and the Sibarites.

The king then perceiving that all his attempts to detain the two ſtrangers were in vain, tried to hold them by a ſtronger tie. He had obſerved that Telemachus loved Antiope, and he hoped to detain him by that paſſion. With this view he ordered her to ſing at ſeveral entertainments; ſhe did it that ſhe might not diſobey her father, but with ſuch a reſerved and melancholy air, that one eaſily ſaw the pain ſhe ſuffered by her obedience. Idomeneus went ſo far as to bid her ſing the victory gained over the Daunians and Adraſtus; but ſhe could not prevail on herſelf to ſing the praiſes of Telemachus; ſhe excuſed herſelf in a reſpectful manner, and her father did not think fit to conſtrain her. Her ſweet and raviſhing voice went to the very ſoul of the young ſon of Ulyſſes; he was quite tranſported. Idomeneus, whoſe eyes were fixed upon him, took a pleaſure in obſerving his tranſport; but Telemachus ſeemed as if he did not apprehend the king's deſigns. He could not help being moved on theſe occaſions; but his reaſon prevailed

over his love, and he was no longer the ſame Telemachus whom a tyrannical paſſion had formerly enſlaved in the iſland of Calypſo. While Antiope was ſinging, he would obſerve a profound ſilence; as ſoon as ſhe had done, he would turn the converſation on ſome other ſubject.

The king not being able this way to ſucceed in his deſign, reſolved at laſt to have a great hunting-match, and ordered his daughter to partake of the diverſion. Antiope wept, being unwilling to go to it; but her father's command muſt be obeyed. She mounts a foaming fiery ſteed, like thoſe which Caſtor broke for battle; ſhe manages him with eaſe; a troop of young virgins with eager joy attend her; and ſhe appears in the midſt of them, like Diana in the foreſts. The king ſees her, and cannot tire his eyes with the ſight, which makes him forget all his paſt misfortunes. Telemachus ſees her alſo, and is more ſtruck with Antiope's modeſty, than with her dexterity and all her graces.

The dogs chaced a wild boar of an enormous bulk, and furious as that of Calydon. His lengthful briſtles were hard and ſtood upright like darts; his glaring eyes were red and fiery; his breath was heard from afar, like the murmurs of ſeditious winds, when Æolus recalls them to his cave to ſtill the ſtorms; his tuſks, long and crooked as the keen ſcythe of the mower, cut the trunks of the trees. All the dogs, that ventured to approach him, were torn in pieces. The boldeſt hunters were afraid to overtake him in their purſuit. Antiope, as ſwift in the chace as the winds, was not afraid to approach and attack him. She hurls a javelin at him, which pierces him above the ſhoulder; the blood of the fierce animal guſhes out like a torrent, and makes him more outrageous. He turns towards her who has wounded him. Upon which Antiope's courſer, notwithſtanding his great courage, trembles and ſtarts back. The monſtrous boar ruſhes againſt him, like ponderous engines which ſhake the walls of the ſtrongeſt cities. The

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Pl. XII R. Cooper Sculp.t

courſer ſtaggers, and is thrown down. Antiope lies on the earth, incapable of avoiding the fatal gripe of the fangs of the exaſperated boar. But Telemachus, ſeeing Antiope's danger, had already leapt from his horſe; he, ſwifter than lightning, darts between the fallen ſteed and the boar, which was going to revenge his blood; he holds a lengthful ſpear in his hand, and buries it almoſt entirely in the flank of the terrible animal, which falls raging on the ground.

Telemachus immediately cuts off his head, which is ſtill terrible when nearly viewed, and which aſtoniſhes all the hunters. He preſents it to Antiope; ſhe bluſhes, and conſults her father with her eyes, who after his fright is tranſported with joy to ſee her out of danger, and makes her a ſign to accept of the preſent. As ſhe took it, ſhe ſaid to Telemachus, I thankfully receive from you a more valuable gift; for I owe you my life. She had hardly ſpoken, but ſhe feared that ſhe had ſaid too much; ſhe looked on the ground, and Telemachus, who perceived her confuſion, ventured to ſpeak only theſe words: Happy the ſon of Ulyſſes in preſerving ſo precious a life? but ſtill more happy, could he paſs his with you! Antiope, without replying, immediately rejoined the troop of her youthful companions, and mounted her ſteed again.

Idomeneus would that moment have promiſed Telemachus his daughter, but he hoped to enflame his paſſion the more by leaving him in ſuſpence, and even imagined that he ſhould detain him longer at Salentum by his deſire to inſure his marriage. Thus reaſoned Idomeneus within himſelf; but the Gods deride the wiſdom of men. What was to detain Telemachus, was the very thing which haſtened his departure; what he began to feel, gave him reaſon to be diffident of himſelf. Mentor redoubled his aſſiduity to inſpire him with an impatience to return to Ithaca; he urged Idomeneus at the ſame time to let him go; the veſſel was now ready. Thus Mentor, who regulated every moment of Tele-

machus's life, in order to raiſe him to the higheſt pitch of glory, did not let him ſtay in any place longer than was neceſſary to exerciſe his virtue, and to make him gain experience.

Mentor had taken care to order the veſſel to be got ready as ſoon as Telemachus arrived; but Idomeneus, who beheld it equipping with great reluctance, fell into a deadly melancholy and a deplorable ſtate of grief, when he ſaw his two gueſts, from whom he had received ſo much aſſiſtance, going to forſake him. He ſhut himſelf up in the moſt private parts of his houſe, where he eaſed his heart by ſighs and tears; he forgot his food; no ſlumbers ſoothed his ſmarting grief; he withered, he pined away with his uneaſineſs, like a large tree, which hides the earth with the ſhade of its ſpreading branches, whoſe trunk a worm begins to gnaw in thoſe curious canals, through which the ſap for its nouriſhment flows: as this tree, I ſay, which the winds could never ſhake, which the fertile earth delights to nouriſh in her boſom, and the axe of the woodman always reſpected, continually languiſhes without any apparent cauſe of its malady, and withers, and is deſpoiled of its leafy honours, and is but a trunk overſpread with cloven bark, and ſapleſs branches; ſo Idomeneus appeared in his grief.

Telemachus was moved, but afraid to ſpeak to him. He dreaded the day of their departure; he ſought for pretences to put it off, and would have remained a long while in this uncertainty, had not Mentor ſaid to him, I am very glad to ſee you ſo altered. You were naturally obdurate and haughty; your heart uſed to be touched only with your own conveniency and your own intereſts; but you are at length become a man, and begin by the experience of your own misfortunes to compaſſionate thoſe of others. Without this ſympathy, a man has neither goodneſs, nor virtue, nor a capacity to govern others; but he muſt not carry it too far, nor ſink into the weakneſſes of friendſhip. I would willingly ſpeak to Idomeneus to prevail on him to conſent to your

departure, and would ſpare you the confuſion of ſo irkſome a converſation; but I would not have a vicious modeſty and ſheepiſhneſs tyrannize over your ſoul. You muſt accuſtom yourſelf to blend reſolution and firmneſs of mind with the warmth and ſoftneſſes of friendſhip; you muſt be afraid of grieving men unneceſſarily; you muſt ſympathize with them in the troubles which you cannot help occaſioning, and ſoften as much as you can the ſtroke from which it is impoſſible to exempt them intirely. It is in order to ſoften it, replied Telemachus, that I ſhould rather chuſe that Idomeneus ſhould be informed of our departure by you than by me.

Mentor immediately anſwered, you are miſtaken, my dear Telemachus; you are naturally like the children of kings, who are bred up in purple, and inſiſt that every thing be done in their own way, and that all nature be obedient to their humour, and yet have not reſolution enough to oppoſe any one to his face. It is not that they have any regard for men, or that they are tender of grieving them through any principle of goodneſs; but it is for their own eaſe; they do not care to ſee ſorrowful and diſcontented faces about them. The diſtreſs and miſeries of mankind give them no concern, provided they are not under their eyes. If they hear them mentioned, the diſcourſe is grating and ſaddens them; to pleaſe them they muſt continually be told that every thing goes well; while they are purſuing their pleaſures, they do not care to ſee or hear any thing which may interrupt their mirth. If there is a neceſſity to reprove, chaſtiſe, or undeceive any one, or to thwart the pretenſions and unreaſonable paſſions of ſome troubleſome perſon, they will always commiſſion others, rather than ſpeak themſelves with mildneſs and reſolution on theſe occaſions: they would ſuffer the moſt unreaſonable favours to be extorted from them, and cauſe the moſt important affairs to miſcarry, for want of courage to determine contrary to the ſentiments of thoſe with whom they have every day to do. This weakneſs, which is

perceived in them, prompts all men to ſtudy to make their advantage of it; they teaze, they ſolicit, they tire them; and by tiring them obtain their ends. They at firſt flatter and praiſe them, in order to ingratiate themſelves; but as ſoon as they have gained their confidence, and are ſeated near them in places of power, they lead them whither they pleaſe, and impoſe their yoke upon them. They groan beneath it, and often try to ſhake it off, but they wear it as long as they live. They are ſolicitous not to ſeem to be governed, and yet they always are ſo; nay, they cannot do without it; for they reſemble feeble vines, which not being able to ſupport themſelves, creep around the trunk of ſome large tree.

I will not ſuffer you, Telemachus, to be guilty of a failing, which unfits a man for government. You, who are of ſo tender a diſpoſition as to be afraid to ſpeak to Idomeneus, will not feel his grief the moment you are got out of Salentum. It is not his grief which affects you, it is his preſence which confounds you. Go, ſpeak to Idomeneus yourſelf; learn on this occaſion to be tender-hearted and reſolute at the ſame time. Tell him how ſorry you are to leave him, but tell him alſo with a peremptory tone how neceſſary your departure is.

Telemachus did not dare either to oppoſe Mentor, or to go to Idomeneus; he was aſhamed of his fears, but had not courage to overcome them; he pauſed, he took a ſtep or two, and immediately returned, to allege to Mentor ſome new reaſon of delay; but a ſingle look of Mentor deprived him of his ſpeech, and made all his fair pretences vaniſh. Is this then, ſaid Mentor with a ſmile, the vanquiſher of the Daunians, the deliverer of the great Heſperia, and the ſon of the wiſe Ulyſſes, who is after him to be the oracle of Greece? He dares not tell Idomeneus, that he can no longer put off his return to his own country, to ſee his father again! O ye people of Ithaca, how unhappy will ye one day be, if you have a king who is a ſlave to a criminal modeſty, and who ſacrifices his moſt important affairs to his weakneſ-

ſes in the vrieſt trifles! See, Telemachus, what difference there is between valour in battle, and courage in buſineſs: you were not afraid of Adraſtus's arms, and yet you fear Idomeneus's grief. This is what diſhonours princes who have performed the greateſt actions; having ſhewn themſelves to be heroes in war, they ſhew themſelves to be the loweſt of mankind in common occurrences, wherein others ſupport themſelves with vigour.

Telemachus feeling the truth of theſe words, and ſtung with this reproach, hurried away without giving his paſſions time to ſpeak. But as ſoon as he entered where Idomeneus was ſitting with downcaſt, languid, and ſorrowful eyes, they were afraid of and durſt not look at each other; they underſtood one another without ſpeaking a word; each feared that the other would break the ſilence, and they both began to weep. At length Idomeneus, prompted by his exceſs of ſorrow, cried out, What profits it to pay one's court to virtue, if ſhe ſo ill requites her lovers? I am made ſenſible of my weakneſs, and then deſerted! Well! I ſhall ſoon relapſe into all my former misfortunes. Let no man talk to me of governing well; no, I am incapable of it, I am ſick of mankind. Whither would you go, Telemachus? Your father is no more, you ſeek him in vain; Ithaca is become the prey of your enemies; they will deſtroy you, if you return thither. Some one of them has married your mother. Stay here, you ſhall wed my daughter, and be my heir; you ſhall reign after me: Nay, during my life you ſhall have an abſolute power here; my confidence in you ſhall be unbounded. But if you are unmoved by all theſe advantages, at leaſt leave me Mentor, who is my only reſource. Speak, anſwer me, harden not your heart, pity the moſt wretched of men. How! ſilent! Ah! I feel how cruel the Gods are to me; I have even a quicker ſenſe of it than I had in Crete, when I ſlew my own ſon.

At length Telemachus replied with a diſordered and

timorous voice. I am not at my own diſpoſal, Deſtiny recalls me to my country. Mentor, who is endued with the wiſdom of the Gods, commands me in their name to depart: what would you have me do? Shall I renounce my father, my mother, my country, which ought to be yet dearer to me than they? As I am born to be a king, I am not deſigned for a life of pleaſure and repoſe, nor to follow my own inclinations. Your kingdom is richer and more powerful than that of my father; but I ought to prefer that which the Gods have allotted me to that which you have the goodneſs to offer me. I ſhould think myſelf happy, were Antiope my wife, without any hopes of your kingdom; but to render myſelf worthy of her, I muſt go where my duty calls me, and it muſt be my father who demands her of you. Did you not promiſe to ſend me back to Ithaca? Was it not upon this promiſe that I, with the allies, fought for you againſt Adraſtus? It is time for me to think of repairing my domeſtic misfortunes. The Gods who gave me to Mentor, gave Mentor alſo to the ſon of Ulyſſes, that he might fulfill the decrees of fate. Would you have me loſe Mentor, after having loſt every thing elſe? I have now neither eſtate, nor place of retreat, nor father, nor mother, nor any certain country; nothing is left me but a wiſe and virtuous man, who is the moſt precious gift of Jupiter. Do you yourſelf judge if I can renounce him, and conſent that he ſhould forſake me. No, I would ſooner die. Take my life, my life is a trifle, but take not Mentor from me.

As Telemachus ſpoke, his voice grew ſtronger, and his fears vaniſhed. Idomeneus knew not what to anſwer, nor could he conſent to what the ſon of Ulyſſes ſaid. When he could no longer ſpeak, he endeavoured at leaſt by his looks and his geſtures to move his pity. The ſame moment he ſaw Mentor appear, who made him this ſerious addreſs:

Do not grieve; we quit you, but the wiſdom which preſides in the councils of the Gods will remain with

you; believe that you are very happy, in that Jupiter has ſent us hither to ſave your kingdom, and to reclaim you from your errors. Philocles, whom we have reſtored to you, will ſerve you faithfully. The fear of the Gods, a taſte for virtue, a love of the people, and compaſſion for the miſerable, will always poſſeſs his heart. Hearken to him, and employ him with confidence and without jealouſy. The greateſt ſervice which you can receive from him, is to oblige him to tell you of all your failings without any ſoftenings. The greateſt fortitude of a good king conſiſts in his ſeeking for real friends, who may point out his miſtakes to him. If you are endued with this fortitude, our abſence will be no prejudice to you, and you will live happy; but if flattery, which inſinuates like a ſerpent, again finds the way to your heart, and makes you miſtruſt diſintereſted counſels, you are ruined. Do not ſuffer yourſelf to be dejected by grief; but exert yourſelf in the purſuit of virtue. I have told Philocles every thing which he ought to do to aſſiſt you, and never to abuſe your confidence; I can anſwer for him. The Gods have given him to you, as they have given me to Telemachus; every one ought courageouſly to follow where his deſtiny leads; it profits not to grieve. Should you ever want my aſſiſtance, after I have reſtored Telemachus to his father and his country, I will viſit you again: and what could I do that would afford me a more ſenſible pleaſure? I ſeek not riches nor power on the earth; I would only aſſiſt thoſe who ſeek after juſtice and virtue. Can I ever forget the marks of confidence and friendſhip which you have ſhewn me?

At theſe words Idomeneus became of a ſudden quite another man; he felt that his ſoul was calmed, as Neptune with his trident calms the angry waves and the moſt lowring tempeſts: There remained only a gentle peaceful ſorrow, which was rather a concern and a ſenſe of fondneſs than anguiſh. Courage, confidence, virtue,

and a reliance on the aſſiſtance of the Gods began to revive within him.

Well then, ſaid he, my dear Mentor, I muſt loſe every thing, and not be diſcouraged! At leaſt be mindful of Idomeneus, when you arrive at Ithaca, where your wiſdom will crown you with happineſs; do not forget that Salentum is the work of your hands, and that you there left an unhappy king, whoſe only hope is in you. Go, worthy ſon of Ulyſſes, I detain you no longer; I am far from oppoſing the Gods, who lent me ſo great a treaſure. Go, Mentor, alſo, thou greateſt and wiſeſt of mortals, (if humanity can indeed perform what I have ſeen in you, and if you are not ſome deity who have borrowed this form to inſtruct weak and ignorant mankind) go, be a guide to the ſon of Ulyſſes, more happy in the poſſeſſion of you, than in being the vanquiſher of Adraſtus. Go both, I dare ſay no more, excuſe my ſighs. Go, live, be happy together; nothing in the world is left me now but the remembrance of having enjoyed you here. O happy, thrice happy days! days of whoſe value I was not ſufficiently ſenſible! O days which are too ſwiftly fled, you will never return! Never will my eyes behold again what they ſee now!

Mentor laid hold of this moment to get away; he embraced Philocles, who bedewed him with his tears without being able to ſpeak. Telemachus would have taken hold of Mentor's hand to get out of thoſe of Idomeneus; but Idomeneus advancing towards the port interpoſed between Mentor and Telemachus; he gazed upon them, he ſighed, he began to ſpeak ſome broken words, but could utter none diſtinct.

And now a confuſed murmur is heard on the ſhore, which is crouded with mariners; the cordage is ſtretched, the ſails are hoiſted, a favourable gale begins to blow. Telemachus and Mentor take leave of the king, who bolds them a long while locked in his arms, and purſues them as far as he can with his eyes.

End of the twenty-third Book.

THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS,

The Son of ULYSSES.

BOOK the TWENTY-FOURTH.

The ARGUMENT.

During their voyage, Telemachus gets Mentor to explain to him ſeveral difficulties concerning government; among others thoſe of knowing men, in order to employ only the good, and not to be impoſed upon by the bad. Towards the end of their converſation a calm obliges them to put in at an iſland where Ulyſſes was juſt landed. Telemachus ſees him there, and talks to him without knowing him. But having ſeen him embark, he feels a ſecret uneaſineſs of which he cannot conceive the cauſe. Mentor explains it to him, comforts him, aſſures him that he will ſoon be with his father again, and makes a trial of his piety and patience, by putting off his departure, to offer a ſacrifice to Minerva. At laſt the Goddeſs concealed under the figure of Mentor, reſumes her own form and diſcovers herſelf. She gives Telemachus her laſt inſtructions, and diſappears. Telemachus departs, arrives at Ithaca, and finds his father in the houſe of the faithful Eumæus.

THE ſails already ſwell, the anchors are weighed, the land ſeems to fly, and the ſkilful pilot deſcries at a diſtance the mountains of Leucate, which hides its head in whirling ſtorms of freezing ſnow, and the Acro-

ceraunian hills, which ſtill uplift their haughty brows to heaven, though they have ſo often been ſhattered by thunder.

During this voyage Telemachus ſaid to Mentor, I now underſtand the maxims of government which you have explained to me. At firſt they appeared to me like a dream, but their obſcurity gradually vaniſhed, and I now view them in a clear light. So all objects look dark at the firſt dawnings of Aurora in the morning, but afterwards ſeem to come as it were out of a chaos, when the light, which inſenſibly increaſes, diſtinguiſhes them, and reſtores them, to uſe the expreſſion, their figures and natural colours. I am thoroughly convinced that the eſſential point of government is to diſcern the different characters of men, in order to chuſe and employ them according to their reſpective talents; but I am ſtill at a loſs to know how one may obtain ſuch an inſight into mankind.

Hereupon Mentor replied, You muſt ſtudy men in order to know them; and to know them, you muſt often ſee and have an intercourſe with them. Kings ought to converſe with their ſubjects, to make them ſpeak, to conſult them, to try them by little employments, of which they ſhould make them give an account, in order to ſee if they are capable of higher functions. How, my dear Telemachus, did you in Ithaca acquire your ſkill in horſes? It was by often ſeeing them, and by taking notice of their faults and perfections in the company of perſons of experience. In the ſame manner ſpeak frequently of men's good and bad qualities with other wiſe and virtuous men, who have long ſtudied their characters, and you will inſenſibly learn the turn of their minds, and what may be expected from them. Who taught you to know the good and the bad poets? It was frequently reading and reflecting upon them with men who had a taſte for poetry. Who procured you judgment in muſic? It was the ſame application in obſerving ſkilful muſicians. How can any one expect to govern

men well, if he does not know them? and how can he know them, if he does not converſe with them? It is not converſing with them, to ſee them in public, where nothing is ſaid on either ſide but what is indifferent, and prepared with art. The buſineſs is to ſee them in private, to draw out to view all the ſecret ſprings of their hearts, to probe them on all ſides, to ſound them in order to diſcover their maxims. But to form a right judgment of men, it is neceſſary to begin by knowing what they ought to be; it is neceſſary to know what real and ſolid merit is, in order to diſtinguiſh thoſe who have it from thoſe who have it not. Men are continually talking of virtue and merit, without knowing preciſely what merit and virtue are. They are only fair words and indefinite terms in the mouths of the generality of mankind, who take a pride in talking of them eternally. It is neceſſary to have certain principles of juſtice, reaſon and virtue, to know who are reaſonable and virtuous. It is neceſſary to underſtand the maxims of a wiſe and good government, to know men who are furniſhed with them, and thoſe who depart from them through a falſe ſubtilty. In a word, to meaſure ſeveral bodies, it is neceſſary to have a fixed meaſure: to form a judgment of men's minds, it is likewiſe neceſſary to have conſtant principles which may be the ſtandard of all our judgments. It is neceſſary to know preciſely what is the end of human life, and what end we ought to propoſe to ourſelves in the government of men. Now this ſole this eſſential end is never to covet power and grandeur for one's own ſake, for this ambitious purſuit would only tend to gratify a tyrannical pride; but a man ought to ſacrifice himſelf to the infinite toils of government, to make men virtuous and happy: he otherwiſe walks in darkneſs and at random as long as he lives: he drives like a ſhip on the open ſea, that has no pilot, that does not conſult the ſtars, nor know any of the neighbouring coaſts; he cannot but be wrecked.

Princes many times, for want of knowing wherein

true virtue conſiſts, know not what they ought to look for in men. True virtue has ſomething of harſhneſs for them; it ſeems to them too auſtere and too independant; it affrights and ſours them: they incline to flattery. From that moment they can no longer find either ſincerity or virtue; from that moment they purſue an empty phantom of vain glory, which renders them unworthy of the true, and they ſoon habituate themſelves to think that there is no true virtue in the world. For the good do indeed diſcern the wicked; but the wicked do not diſcern the good, nor can they believe that there are any. Such princes ſuſpect every body alike; they hide themſelves, they ſhut themſelves up, they are jealous on the moſt trifling occaſions, they dread mankind and make themſelves dreaded by them. They ſhun the light, and dare not appear in their natural colours. Though they would not to be known, they always are ſo; for the malicious curioſity of their ſubjects pries into and gueſſes every thing, but they themſelves know no body. The ſelfiſh crew which beſets them, is overjoyed to ſee them inacceſſible. A king who is inacceſſible to men, is inacceſſible to truth alſo. They blacken by infamous tales, and remove every thing from him which might open his eyes. Such kings paſs their lives in a ſavage inhuman grandeur; they are continually afraid of being impoſed upon, and yet they always unavoidably are and deſerve to be ſo. When a man converſes only with a ſmall number of perſons, he neceſſarily imbibes all their paſſions and prejudices: and even virtuous men have their failings and prepoſſeſſions. Beſides, one is at the mercy of tale-bearers, a baſe malicious tribe, who feed upon venom, who poiſon the moſt innocent things and magnify the leaſt, who invent the evil rather than ceaſe to injure, and who for their own intereſt play upon the jealouſy and baſe curioſity of a weak and ſuſpicious prince.

Get a knowlege therefore, my dear Telemachus, get a knowlege of men; ſift them, make them ſpeak of one

another, try them by little and little; deliver yourſelf up to none; profit by your own experience when you have been miſtaken in your judgment, (for you will ſometimes be miſtaken) and thereby learn not raſhly to judge well or ill of any man. The wicked are too deep diſſemblers not to impoſe upon the good by their diſguiſes; but your paſt miſtakes will be uſeful leſſons of inſtruction. When you find a man of ability and virtue, employ him with confidence; for men of integrity are pleaſed to ſee others conſcious of their uprightneſs: they prefer eſteem and confidence to riches: but do not ſpoil them by entruſting them with an unbounded power. Many a man would have continued virtuous, who is no longer ſo, becauſe his maſter has given him too much wealth and power. A prince, who is ſo beloved of the Gods as to find in a whole kingdom two or three real friends of a ſteady wiſdom and integrity, quickly finds by their means other perſons who are like them, to fill inferior poſts; by the men of virtue in whom he confides, he learns what he could not of himſelf diſcern in his other ſubjects.

But is it right, ſaid Telemachus, to make uſe of ill men when they have talents for buſineſs, as I have often heard it is? One is often, ſaid Mentor, under a neceſſity to make uſe of them. In a convulſed and diſordered ſtate one often finds unjuſt and crafty men who are already in authority; they are poſſeſſed of important poſts which cannot be taken from them; they have inſinuated themſelves into the confidence of certain perſons of influence with whom one muſt needs keep well: nay, one muſt keep well with the villains themſelves, becauſe they are to be feared, and have it in their power to throw every thing into confuſion. It is highly neceſſary therefore to make uſe of them for a time; but it is neceſſary alſo to have in view the rendering them by degrees unneceſſary. As for a real and intimate confidence, take care never to repoſe it in them; for they may abuſe it, and hold you faſt whether you will or not by your ſecrets,

a chain harder to be broken than any chains of iron. Imploy them in temporary negotiations, treat them kindly, and engage them to be faithful to you by their paſſions themſelves, for you have no other hold of them; but never admit them into your more ſecret counſels. Always have ſome ſpring ready to put them in motion whenever you pleaſe, but never give them the key either of your heart or your affairs. When your kingdom is quiet, ſettled, and governed by wiſe and upright men on whom you can depend, the wicked men, whom you were conſtrained to make uſe of, become uſeleſs by degrees. You muſt not then however ceaſe to treat them kindly, for it is never allowable to be ungrateful even to the wicked; but at the ſame time that you treat them kindly, you muſt endeavour to make them virtuous. It is neceſſary to wink at certain human frailties in them; but you muſt however by degrees aſſume more authority, and check the growth of evils which they would commit openly, were they ſuffered to go on. After all, the doing good by wicked inſtruments is an evil; and though this evil is often inevitable, we muſt proceed gradually to put an entire ſtop to it. A wiſe prince who aims only at good order and juſtice, will in time be able to do without corrupt and treacherous men; he will find good men enough who have ſufficient abilities to ſerve him.

But it is not enough to find good ſubjects in a nation; it is neceſſary to make others ſo. That, anſwered Telemachus, muſt needs be very difficult. Not at all, replied Mentor; your diligence in ſeeking for able and virtuous men, in order to prefer them, excites and ſpurs on all perſons of abilities and ſpirit; every one exerts himſelf. How many men are there who languiſh in idleneſs and obſcurity, who would become great men, were they ſpurred on to induſtry by emulation and hopes of ſucceſs! How many men are there whom indigence and an impoſſibility of riſing by virtue, tempt to raiſe themſelves by vice! If therefore you annex rewards and honours to genius and virtue, what numbers

of your ſubjects will of themſelves become eminent and virtuous! But how many will you render ſo, by making them riſe ſtep by ſtep from the loweſt employments to the higheſt? You will exerciſe their talents; you will prove the extent of their genius, and the ſincerity of their virtue. The men who arrive at the higheſt poſts, will have been trained up under your eyes in the inferior. You will have followed them all your life ſtep by ſtep, and will form your judgment of them, not by their words, but by the whole courſe of their actions.

While Mentor was reaſoning thus with Telemachus, they perceived a Phæacian veſſel that had put in at a little iſland, which was deſert, wild, and ſurrounded with frightful rocks. The winds at the ſame time were huſhed, the gentle Zephirs themſelves ſeemed to hold their breath, the ſea was become as ſmooth as a mirror, the flagging ſails could no longer animate the veſſel, and the efforts of the weary rowers were vain; it was neceſſary therefore to land in this iſland, which was rather a rock than earth proper to be inhabited by men. In leſs calm weather it would have been impoſſible to have landed there without the utmoſt danger. Theſe Phæacians, who were waiting for a wind, did not ſeem leſs impatient than the Salentines to proceed in their voyage. Telemachus advances towards them on theſe rocky ſhores, and immediately aſks the firſt man he meets, if he had not ſeen Ulyſſes king of Ithaca in king Alcinous's palace.

The perſon to whom he accidentally addreſt himſelf, was not a Phæacian, but an unknown ſtranger, of a majeſtic but melancholy and dejected air. He ſeemed thoughtful, and at firſt hardly heard Telemachus's queſtion; but at length he anſwered, You are not miſtaken, Ulyſſes was entertained in king Alcinous's palace, a place where Jupiter is revered, and hoſpitality practiſed; but he is not there now; you would ſeek him there in vain; he is departed in order to reviſit Ithaca, if the appeaſed deities will at length ſuffer him to ſalute his houſhold Gods again.

This ſtranger had hardly ſpoken theſe words in a melancholy manner, but he ruſhed into a thick grove on the top of a rock, whence he ſtedfaſtly viewed the ſea, flying from every one he ſaw, and ſeeming uneaſy at not being able to proſecute his voyage. Telemachus looked ſtedfaſtly upon him, and the more he looked the more he was moved and aſtoniſhed. This ſtranger, ſaid he to Mentor, anſwered me like one who does not much attend to what is ſaid to him, and who is oppreſt with grief. I pity the unfortunate, ſince I have been ſo myſelf, and I feel that my heart is concerned for this man, without knowing why. He was not over-civil to me, hardly vouchſafing to hear and anſwer me; and yet I cannot help wiſhing that his miſeries were at an end.

Mentor replied with a ſmile, Lo the uſe of the evils of life; they ſoften the hearts of princes, and make them feel the woes of others. When they have taſted only of the ſweet poiſon of proſperity, they fancy themſelves Gods; they will have mountains become plains, to gratify them; they eſteem mankind as nothing, and make all nature their ſport. When they hear of ſuffering, they know not what it means; it is a dream to them; they have never ſeen the diſtance between good and evil: misfortune alone can teach them humanity, and change their hearts of ſtone into hearts of fleſh. They then find that they are men, and that they ought to be tender of others who are like them. If a ſtranger excites ſo much pity, becauſe he is a wanderer on this ſhore like you; how much more compaſſion ought you to have for the people of Ithaca, when you hereafter ſee them ſuffer! This people, whom the Gods will commit to your care, as a flock is committed to a ſhepherd, will perhaps be rendered miſerable by your ambition, or pride, or imprudence; for the people ſuffer only through the faults of princes, who ought to be watchful to prevent their ſufferings.

While Mentor was ſpeaking thus, Telemachus was overwhelmed with grief and trouble, and at length re-

plied with ſome emotion: If all theſe things are true, the condition of a king is very unhappy; he is the ſlave of all whom he ſeems to command; he is not ſo much born to command as to ſerve them; he owes himſelf entirely to them; he is burdened with all their wants: he is the ſervant of all the people, and of every one in particular; he muſt accommodate himſelf to their weakneſſes, and correct them like a father, that he may render them wiſe and happy. The authority which he ſeems to have, is not his own; he can do nothing for his own glory or pleaſure: his authority is that of the laws; he muſt obey them, in order to be an example to his ſubjects. Properly ſpeaking, he is only the guardian of the laws, to make them reign; he muſt watch and toil to maintain them; he has the leaſt freedom and tranquillity of any man in his kingdom; he is a ſlave, who ſacrifices his own repoſe and liberty for the liberty and happineſs of the public.

It is true, replied Mentor, that a king is a king only to take care of his people, as a ſhepherd takes care of his flock, or a father of his family. But do you think, my dear Telemachus, that he is unhappy in being obliged to do good to ſuch multitudes? He corrects the wicked by puniſhments, he encourages the good by rewards, and repreſents the Gods in thus conducting all the human race to virtue. Has he not glory enough in cauſing the laws to be obſerved? That of placing himſelf above the laws is a falſe glory, which inſpires nothing but horror and contempt. If he is wicked, he cannot but be unhappy; for he can find no peace in his paſſions and vanity. If he is virtuous, he muſt needs taſte the pureſt and moſt ſolid of all pleaſures, in toiling in the ſervice of virtue, and in the expectation of an eternal recompence from the Gods.

Telemachus, who had a ſecret uneaſineſs in his heart, ſeemed as if he had never underſtood theſe maxims, though his mind was well ſtored with them, and he had himſelf taught them to others. A melancholy humour inſpired him, contrary to his real ſentiments, with

a ſpirit of contradiction and ſubtilty, to oppoſe the truths which Mentor explained. To theſe arguments Telemachus oppoſed the ingratitude of men. What! ſaid he, take ſo much pains to win the affections of men, who perhaps will never love you, and to do good to wretches who will make uſe of your benefits to your prejudice!

Mentor made him a calm reply: We muſt expect men to be ungrateful, and yet we muſt do good to them: we muſt ſerve them leſs for their own ſakes, than for the love of the Gods who command it. The good which a man does is never loſt: if men forget it, the Gods remember and reward it. Beſides, if the multitude is ungrateful, there are always ſome virtuous perſons who are affected with your virtue: nay, the multitude itſelf, fickle and capricious as it is, never fails ſooner or later to do a ſort of juſtice to real virtue. But would you prevent the ingratitude of men? Do not labour ſolely to make them powerful, rich, formidable in arms, happy in their pleaſures: this glory, this abundance, theſe pleaſures corrupt them; they will only be the more wicked for them, and conſequently the more ungrateful; it is making them a fatal preſent, it is offering them a delicious poiſon: but apply yourſelf to reform their manners, and to inſtill into them juſtice, ſincerity, a fear of the Gods, humanity, fidelity, moderation, and diſintereſtedneſs. By making them good you will hinder them from being ungrateful, and confer virtue, a real good, upon them; and virtue, if it be real, will for ever attach them to him who has inſtilled it into them. Thus by conferring the real good upon them, you will do good to yourſelf, and will have nothing to fear from their ingratitude. Is it any wonder that men are ungrateful to princes who never taught them any thing but injuſtice, unbounded ambition, a jealouſy of their neighbours, inhumanity, haughtineſs and treachery? The prince ſhould expect nothing from them but what he has taught them to do. But on the contrary if he en-

deavoured by his own example and authority to render them virtuous, he would find the fruits of his labour in their virtues; or at leaſt he would find in his own and in the friendſhip of the Gods, wherewithal to comfort himſelf under all his diſappointments.

This diſcourſe was hardly ended, when Telemachus haſtened towards the Phæacians, whoſe ſhip was anchored on the ſhore. He addreſſed himſelf to an old man amongſt them, and aſked him whence they came, whither they were bound, and if they had not ſeen Ulyſſes. The old man replied, We come from our own iſland, which is that of the Phæacians; we are going to Epirus for merchandize; and Ulyſſes, as you have already been told, came into our country, but is departed from it.

Telemachus immediately added, Who is that melancholy man who ſeeks the moſt ſolitary places, while he waits for the departure of your veſſel? He is, replied the old man, a ſtranger, that is unknown to us. But it is ſaid that his name is Cleomenes; that he was born in Phrygia; that an oracle foretold his mother before his birth that he would be a king, provided he did not remain in his own country; and that if he did remain there, the wrath of the Gods would fall on the Phrygians in a dreadful peſtilence. As ſoon as he was born, his parents delivered him to certain mariners, who carried him to the iſland of Leſbos, where he was privately brought up at the expence of his country, which had ſo great an intereſt to keep him at a diſtance. He ſoon grew tall, robuſt, handſome, and expert in all exerciſes of the body. He even applied himſelf with great taſte and genius to the ſciences and the liberal arts; but he was not ſuffered to ſtay in any country. The prediction concerning him became famous; he was preſently known wherever he went, and kings were every where afraid that he would wreſt their crowns from them. Thus has he been a wanderer from his birth, and can find no part of the world, where he may have the liberty to ſettle. He has often travelled into nations the moſt remote

from his own; but he hardly arrives in any city before his birth and the oracle concerning him are diſcovered. He in vain hides himſelf, and chuſes in every place ſome obſcure kind of life; his talents for war, letters, and the moſt important affairs ſhine forth, they ſay, whether he will or not; there always offers in every country ſome unforeſeen occaſion which gets the better of him, and makes him known to the public. His merit is the cauſe of his misfortune; it makes him feared, and excludes him from all places where he attempts to reſide. It is his fate to be every where eſteemed, beloved, admired, but expelled from all the known countries in the world. He is not young, and yet has he not hitherto been able to find any coaſt, either of Aſia or Greece, where they would ſuffer him to live in peace. He ſeems to have no ambition, and does not aim at greatneſs; he would be very happy, had not the oracle promiſed him a crown. He deſpairs of ever ſeeing his country again; for he knows that he ſhould carry nothing but mourning and tears into every family. A crown itſelf, the cauſe of his ſufferings, ſeems not deſirable to him; he purſues it contrary to his own inclinations, through a ſad fatality, from kingdom to kingdom, and it ſeems to fly before him, in order to mock this unhappy man even to his old age. Fatal gift of the Gods, which clouds his brighteſt days, and cauſes him nothing but pain, at a time when feeble man needs nothing but reſt! He is going, he ſays, to Thrace in queſt of ſome ſavage lawleſs people, whom he may aſſemble, civilize, and govern for ſome years; after which, the oracle being accompliſhed, the moſt flouriſhing kingdoms will have nothing to apprehend from him. He deſigns then to retire to ſome village of Caria, where he will devote himſelf to agriculture, of which he is paſſionately fond. He is a wiſe and ſober man, who fears the Gods, who has a thorough knowlege of mankind, and who knows how to live in peace with them without eſteeming them. This is what is reported

of this ſtranger, of whoſe fortunes you deſired me to inform you.

During this converſation, Telemachus was continually turning his eyes towards the ſea, which began to be in motion. The winds raiſed the waves, which beat againſt the rocks, and whitened them with their foam. The ſame inſtant the old man ſays to Telemachus, I muſt go; my companions cannot wait for me. As he ſpeaks theſe words, he runs to the ſhore; the Phæacians embark, and nothing is heard but the confuſed clamours of the mariners, who were eager and impatient to be gone.

The ſtranger, who was called Cleomenes, had ſtrayed ſome time up and down the iſland, climbing up to the tops of all the rocks, and from thence taking a melancholy ſurvey of the vaſt expanſe of the ſea. Telemachus had not loſt ſight of him, nor ceaſed to watch his ſteps. His heart was moved for a virtuous, wandering, unhappy man, who was born to perform the greateſt actions, and was made, far from his native country, the ſport of rigorous fortune. I perhaps, ſaid he to himſelf, may ſee Ithaca again; but this Cleomenes can never return to Phrygia. An inſtance of a man more unhappy than himſelf alleviated Telemachus's grief.

At length this man ſeeing the veſſel ready, deſcended from the craggy rocks with as much ſpeed and agility, as Apollo in the foreſts of Lycia, having tied his flaxen locks together, flies over the precipices, when he purſues the ſtags and wild boars with his arrows. And now this unknown perſon is on board the ſhip, which cleaves the briny wave, and flies from the land.

Hereupon a ſecret impreſſion of ſorrow is made on Telemachus's heart; he grieves without knowing why; tears trickle from his eyes, and nothing is ſo pleaſant to him as to weep. At the ſame time he ſees all the Salentine mariners on the ſhore, lying faſt aſleep on the graſs; they were tired and quite ſpent; gentle ſleep had inſinuated itſelf into their limbs, and all the humid poppies of the night had been ſhed upon them, by Minerva's

power, in the middle of the day. Telemachus is ſurpriſed to ſee this univerſal drowſineſs of the Salentines, while the Phæacians had been ſo watchful and diligent to improve a favourable wind; but he is more intent on viewing the Phæacian ſhip, which was ready to diſappear in the midſt of the waves, than to go and awake the Salentines. Amazement and ſecret anguiſh faſten his eyes on the departed bark, of which he now ſees nothing but the ſails, which look a little white in the azure waves; he does not even hear Mentor who ſpeaks to him; he is quite beſide himſelf, and tranſported like the prieſteſſes of Bacchus, when they hold the Thyrſus in their hands, and make the banks of Hebrus and the mountains of Rhodope and Iſmarus ring with their frantic howlings.

At length he recovers a little from this kind of inchantment, and tears again begin to ſtream from his eyes. Whereupon Mentor ſays to him: I am not ſurpriſed, my dear Telemachus, to ſee you weep; the cauſe of your ſorrow, which is unknown to you, is not unknown to Mentor; it is nature that ſpeaks and works in you; it is ſhe that melts your heart. The ſtranger, who excited ſuch lively emotions in you, is the great Ulyſſes. What the old Phæacian told you of him under the name of Cleomenes, is only a fiction, the more ſecurely to conceal your father's return to his kingdom. He is going directly to Ithaca; he is already near the port, and at length ſees that ſo long wiſhed for place again. Your eyes have ſeen him, as it was formerly foretold that you ſhould, but without knowing him; you will quickly ſee him again, and know him, and he will know you. But at preſent the Gods do not permit you to know each other out of Ithaca. His ſoul was not leſs moved than yours; he is too wiſe to diſcover himſelf to any mortal, where he might be expoſed to the treachery and inſults of the cruel ſuitors of Penelope. Ulyſſes, your father, is the wiſeſt of all men; his heart is like a deep well; his ſecrets cannot be drawn out of it. He loves truth, and never ſays any thing that wounds

it; but he ſpeaks it only when it is neceſſary; wiſdom, like a ſeal, always keeps his lips ſhut againſt all uſeleſs words. How was he moved when he ſpoke to you! What violence did he do to himſelf, that he might not be known! What did he not ſuffer in ſeeing you! It was that which made him ſad and dejected.

During this ſpeech, Telemachus being greatly moved and troubled could not help ſhedding floods of tears, and his ſobbings hindered him a long while from making a reply. At length he cried out, Ah! my dear Mentor, I felt I know not what in this ſtranger which attracted me to him, and moved all my bowels within me. But why, as you knew him, did you not tell me that it was Ulyſſes before his departure? Why did you let him go without ſpeaking to him, and without ſeeming to know him? Pray what myſtery is this? Shall I be wretched for ever? Will the angry Gods puniſh me with thirſt like Tantalus, whom a deluſive ſtream derides by its flight from his greedy lips. O Ulyſſes! Ulyſſes! art thou gone for ever? Perhaps I ſhall never ſee him more! Perhaps Penelope's lovers may cauſe him fall into the ſnares which they laid for me! Had I went with him, I ſhould at leaſt have died with him. O Ulyſſes! Ulyſſes! if ſtorms do not throw you on the rocks again, (for I have every thing to apprehend from adverſe fortune) I tremble leſt on your arrival at Ithaca you ſhould meet as dreadful a fate as Agamemnon did at Mycenæ. But why, my dear Mentor, did you envy me my happineſs! I had now embraced him, I had now been with him in the port of Ithaca, we had been fighting to vanquiſh all our enemies!

Mentor replied with a ſmile, See, my dear Telemachus, the temper of mankind. You are now in the greateſt diſtreſs, becauſe you have ſeen your father without knowing him; and yet what would you not have given yeſterday to have been aſſured that he was not dead? To day you are aſſured of it by your own eyes, and this aſſurance, which ought to overwhelm you with

joy, fills you with anguiſh. Thus does the ſickly ſoul of mortals eſteem as nothing what it moſt deſired, as ſoon as it poſſeſſes it, and is ingenious in tormenting itſelf with regard to what it does not yet poſſeſs. It is to exerciſe your patience that the Gods keep you thus in ſuſpence. You look upon this as loſt time, but know that it is the moſt uſeful of your whole life; for it exerciſes you in a virtue which is the moſt neceſſary in thoſe who are to command. It is neceſſary to be patient, in order to become maſter of one's ſelf and others. Impatience, which ſeems ſtrength and vigour of ſoul, is nothing but weakneſs and an inability of bearing pain. He that cannot wait and ſuffer, is like a man who cannot keep a ſecret; they both want a firmneſs of ſoul to contain themſelves, like a charioteer in a race, whoſe hand is not ſtrong enough, when it is needful, to ſtop his fiery courſers: they no longer obey the reins, they ruſh down a precipice, and the feeble driver with whom they run away, is daſhed in pieces by his fall. So an impatient man is hurried by his fierce and unconquerable deſires into an abyſs of miſeries. The greater his power is, the more fatal to himſelf is his impatience. He waits for nothing, he does not allow himſelf time to weigh any thing, he breaks through all things to gratify himſelf; he tears off the branches to gather the fruit before it is ripe; he breaks down the doors rather than ſtay until they are opened to him; he will needs reap when the wiſe huſband-man ſows; every thing which he does in a hurry and out of ſeaſon is ill-done, and cannot laſt longer than his fickle deſires. Such are the mad projects of man who thinks he can do every thing, who gives himſelf up to his impetuous deſires, and abuſes his power. It is to teach you to be patient, my dear Telemachus, that the Gods do ſo much exerciſe your patience, and ſeem to mock you in the vagrant life wherein they always keep you in doubt. The good which you hope for ſhows itſelf to you, and flies away like an empty dream, which a man's awaking cauſes to vaniſh,

to teach you that the very things which you think you hold faſt in your hands may ſlip away in an inſtant. The wiſeſt leſſons of Ulyſſes will not be ſo uſeful to you as his long abſence, and the hardſhips you ſuffer in queſt of him.

Mentor afterwards reſolved to put Telemachus's patience to a laſt and yet ſeverer trial. The moment the youth was running to urge the mariners to haſten their departure, Mentor ſtopped him on a ſudden, and engaged him to offer a great ſacrifice to Minerva on the ſhore. Telemachus readily executes what Mentor deſires. Two altars of turf are erected, the incenſe ſmokes, and the blood of the victims ſtreams around. Telemachus ſends up tender ſighs to heaven, and acknowleges the powerful protection of the Goddeſs. As ſoon as the ſacrifice was ended, he followed Mentor into the gloomy paths of a neighbouring grove, where he ſuddenly perceived that the face of his friend aſſumed a new form. The wrinkles of his brow diſappear, as ſhades vaniſh when Aurora with her roſy fingers opens the gates of the eaſt, and enflames all the horizon. His hollow and ſevere eyes are changed into eyes of a celeſtial azure, and filled with a divine fire. His white and uncouth beard diſappears. Noble and majeſtic features, tempered with ſweetneſs and grace, preſent themſelves to the dazzled eyes of Telemachus. He ſees a woman's viſage with a complection more beautiful than a tender flower juſt unfolded to the ſun; the whiteneſs of the lilly is there blended with the crimſon of the opening roſe. Eternal youth blooms on her face, with a plain and unaffected majeſty. An ambroſial odour is diffuſed from her flowing treſſes. Her veſtments gliſter like the lively colours with which the riſing ſun paints the duſky vaults of heaven, and gilds the clouds. The Goddeſs does not touch the earth with her feet, but glides with eaſe through the air, as a bird cleaves it with his wings. In her puiſſant hand ſhe holds a glittering ſpear, that would terrify the moſt warlike cities and nations; nay, Mars,

himſelf would tremble at it. Her voice is ſweet and mild, but ſtrong and inſinuating; all her words are darts of fire, which pierce the very ſoul of Telemachus, and make him feel a pleaſing kind of pain. On her helmet is ſeen the ſolitary bird of Athens, and on her breaſt glitters the formidable Ægis. By theſe marks Telemachus knows Minerva.

O Goddeſs! ſaid he, it is you yourſelf then who have deigned to conduct the ſon of Ulyſſes for the ſake of his father!—He would have proceeded, but his voice failed him, and his lips vainly endeavoured to expreſs the thoughts which impetuouſly ruſhed from the bottom of his heart. The preſence of the Goddeſs overpowered him, and he was like a man who is ſo much oppreſt in a dream as to loſe his breath, and who by the painful agitations of his lips cannot form a ſingle word.

At length Minerva ſpoke theſe words: Son of Ulyſſes, hear me for the laſt time. I have never inſtructed any mortal with ſo much care as you! I have led you by the hand through ſhipwrecks, unknown countries, bloody wars, and all the evils which can try the heart of man. I have ſhewn you by ſtriking examples the true and falſe maxims of government. Your faults have not been leſs uſeful to you than your misfortunes: for where is the man that can govern wiſely, if he has never ſuffered, and never profited by the ſufferings into which his faults have plunged him? You, like your father, have filled the earth and the ſeas with your diſaſterous adventures. Go, you are now worthy to tread in his ſteps. You have but a ſhort and eaſy paſſage to Ithaca, where he is this moment arrived; aſſiſt him in fight, obey him like the meaneſt of his ſubjects, and be an example to others. He will give you Antiope for your wife, and you will be happy with her; becauſe you ſought for beauty leſs than for wiſdom and virtue. When you come to reign, place all your glory in renewing the golden age; hear every body; believe a few; be ſure not to rely too much on yourſelf; be afraid of being deceived, but

never be afraid to let others ſee that you have been deceived; love your people, and uſe all means of winning their love. Fear is neceſſary when love is wanting; but, like the moſt violent and dangerous medicines, it ſhould always be uſed with reluctance. Always conſider at a diſtance all the conſequences of what you deſign to undertake; be careful to foreſee the moſt terrible evils, and know that true courage conſiſts in facing and deſpiſing dangers when they become neceſſary. He that will not look upon them, has not courage enough to bear the ſight of them with tranquillity: he who ſurveys them all, who avoids all thoſe which may be avoided, and who calmly encounters the reſt, he alone is wiſe and magnanimous. Fly luxury, pomp and extravagance; place your glory in ſimplicity; let your virtues and good deeds be the ornaments of your perſon and palace; let them be the guards which ſurround you, and let every body learn of you wherein true honour conſiſts. Never forget that kings do not reign for their own glory, but for the good of their people. The good which they do, deſcends to the lateſt ages; the evil which they do, multiplies from generation to generation even to remoteſt poſterity: one bad reign is often the cauſe of ages of calamity. Be particularly upon your guard againſt your own humour, an enemy which you will carry every where with you as long as you live, which will intrude into your counſels, and betray you if you liſten to her. Humour makes a man loſe the moſt important opportunities; ſhe gives him the deſires and averſions of a child to the prejudice of his greateſt concernments; ſhe cauſes his moſt weighty affairs to be decided by the moſt trifling reaſons; ſhe obſcures his talents, debaſes his courage, and renders him unequal, weak, mean and inſupportable. Be jealous of this enemy. And, O Telemachus, fear the Gods; this fear is the greateſt treaſure of the human heart; it comes attended by wiſdom, juſtice, peace, joy, unmixed pleaſures, real liberty, delightful abundance, and ſpotleſs glory.

I leave you, O ſon of Ulyſſes; but my wiſdom ſhall never leave you, provided you are always ſenſible that you can do nothing without it. It is time for you to learn to go alone. I was ſeparated from you in Egypt and at Salentum, only to accuſtom you to live without me, as children are weaned when it is time to take their milk from them, and to give them more ſubſtantial aliments.

As ſoon as the Goddeſs had ended this ſpeech, ſhe ſprung up into the air, and involved herſelf in a gold and azure cloud, in which ſhe diſappeared. Telemachus ſighing, amazed and tranſported, threw himſelf proſtrate on the earth, and lifted up his hands to heaven. He afterwards went and waked his companions, departed, arrived at Ithaca, and found his father in the houſe of the faithful Eumæus.

End of the twenty-fourth and laſt Book.

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